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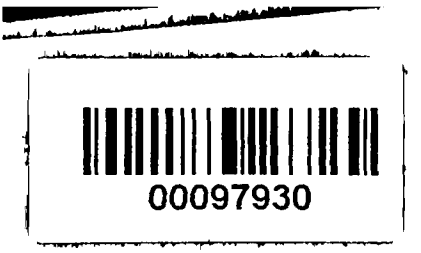
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Literary Society of Bombay

LETTERS

WRITTEN BY

A TURKISH SPY,

Who Lived Five-and-Forty Years Undiſcovered at

PARIS;

Giving an Impartial Account to the Divan at Conſtantinople of the moſt Remarkable Tranſactions of Europe, and diſcovering ſeveral Intrigues and Secrets of the Chriſtian Courts, (eſpecially of that of France) continued from the Year 1659 to the Year 1682.

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Written originally in Arabic, Tranſlated into Italian, and from thence into Engliſh.

N N- h-2

VOLUME SIXTH.

A NEW EDITION.

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Let|Let
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TO THE READER.

As ſuperfluous as prefaces ſeem, yet there is one thing which makes it in a manner neceſſary to prefix a few lines to this volume, in regard there is an occaſion given by the objections ſome gentlemen have been lately pleaſed to make againſt the ſtyle of the Engliſh tranſlation. Theſe perſons having, by a very coſtly inquiſitiveneſs, found and procured the Italian copy of the Letters, and compared them with the Engliſh, pick many faults in the latter, which they would fain improve to the leſſening the reputation of the Turkiſh Spy, or at leaſt to the heightening of their own characters as wits and critics, maſters of languages, and the grand patentees of human ſenſe.

In the firſt place, they ſay the Italian tranſlation keeps cloſe to the original Arabic, whereas the Engliſh abounds too much with Anglicifms, which are not ſufficient to expreſs the author's primitive ſenſe.

How impoſſible a thing it is to pleaſe all people in undertakings of this nature! Formerly they were offended that ſo many Turkiſh and Arabic words were left untranſlated; and that being anſwered in the preface to the fourth volume, they have now

formed new arguments out of that very anſwer to aſſault us on the contrary ſide, and tax us with being too Vernacular. It is true, the letters they have ſent to the bookſeller on this account are not ſubſcribed at length, yet by accident one of the gentlemen's handwriting is known; and though we acknowledge him to be an ingenious perſon, and a man of learning, yet I believe he would be unwilling his letter ſhould here be expoſed in print, or the original ſhowed to ſome that know him, and perhaps may claim an equal rank among the critics.

But to come to the purpoſe: I have often heard tranſlations blamed for keeping too cloſe to the original phraſe, but never any before this for a negligence that is abſolutely neceſſary to retain the ſenſe of a foreign author. All the world knows there is a vaſt difference between Arabic and the languages of Europe; and if the Italian tranſlator was more exact in forming his words up to a near imitation of the Eaſtern proprieties of ſpeech, no doubt but impartial men will rather cenſure it as a fault, than cry it up for an excellency, ſince nothing ſounds well in any language, which is not delivered in the natural idiom. Every thing ought to be written in as familiar a ſtyle as we diſcourſe, eſpecially letters, which are but a proxy method of converſing at a diſtance; and he that tranſlates out of one language into another ought to aim chiefly at this, that he be ſure to retain the original ſenſe, and render it ſmooth and eaſy to the reader. The flowers of Arabia and Italy, when once tranſplanted to our barren Engliſh ſoil, loſe their virtue and beauty till they are naturaliſed;

what then muſt we expect from their weeds? Doubtleſs there are ſome peculiarities in all languages; and to tranſlate *verbatim* from ſo remote a tongue, would ſound as harſh as French does in an Engliſhman's mouth when he pronounces it as it is written.

What I have more to ſay, is, that as this volume contains a hiſtory of things tranſacted within the memory of moſt men now living, ſo the two ſucceeding tomes fall down lower and nearer to the preſent times; giving an account of events whereof many have been eye-witneſſes, and wherein not a few have had a perſonal ſhare, either by way of action, or ſuffering profit or damage; which muſt needs afford delight to thinking men, ſince there is nothing more agreeable to mortals than to reflect on the former paſſages of their lives, according to that of the poet:

Hæc olim meminiſſe juvabit.

Beſides, for the farther encouragement of the candid reader, he may aſſure himſelf, that towards the concluſion of the laſt volume, he will meet with ſeveral ſecrets between the French and Turkiſh courts, which will diſcover the true ſource of the preſent war between the Emperor of Germany and the Grand Signior, and give a glimpſe of the private machinations and ſprings which have put all Europe into the hurly-burly it is now in.

I have but this more to ſay, that we hope to be more ſpeedy in publiſhing the remainder of theſe Letters than we have hitherto been in the former

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LETTERS

WRITTEN BY

A SPY AT PARIS.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.—Mahmut *the Arabian at Paris, to* Dgnet Oglou, *his Friend, at Conſtantinople.*

It makes me ſmile ſometimes, when I reflect how often I was put to it for an addreſs ſuitable to the manners of the Nazarenes, and the particular mode of Paris, when I firſt arrived at this city; for, thou knoweſt, we had other employments than to learn faſhions and congees at Palermo. The mind of a ſlave is dejected, under the circumſtances of his captivity; ſo that he has not leiſure to regard any thing, but how to accompliſh his daily taſk, and to pleaſe his patron. All his ſtudy and care is bent upon this, and there is no room left for generous thoughts; neither has he means or courage to venture on projects, or improve the preſent occurences, in order to his future happineſs; nay, he hardly dares think of ever being happy again. This was my caſe, and I believe it was not much better with thee.

Yet, notwithſtanding all the rigorous uſage I had, the baſtinadoes, kicks, bruiſes, cuts, and wounds I received from the hands of that barbarous Giafer, my maſter, which made me ſometimes incapable of doing him any ſervice by day, or of taking any reſt myſelf by night, I was reſolved to find ſome ſpare time for books; I roſe early, and went late to ſleep, neglecting no moment wherein I could apply myſelf to ſtudy. The acquaintance I had with that Sicilian carpenter, our friend, was of ſingular advantage to me in this kind; for, thou may-eſt remember he was well ſtocked with many ancient and learned treatiſes. He furniſhed me with Plutarch, Polybius, Strabo, Pliny, and other hiſtories; all which, and many more, I devoured with greedineſs, for I had a ſtrong appetite to knowledge. And after my redemption, I paſſed away ſome time in the academies, where I learned the knotty tricks of logic, how to ſplit moods and figures, and chain one impertinent ſyllogiſm to the tail of another to eternity: I alſo ran through a courſe of philoſophy, and other ſciences: Neither was I altogether ignorant of men; for the reading of hiſtories fits a man the better to make practical experiments in the affairs of the world; to which alſo philoſophy is not a little helpful, in directing our obſervations on the various tempers of people, mens perſonal diſpoſitions and ſingularities, with the humours and cuſtoms peculiar to this or that nation; for theſe things depend many times on the difference of the climate, the nature of the ſoil, the qualities of the air, and the manner of their diet.

But neither hiſtory, logic, or philoſophy, were able to efface the impreſſions of my early years, or unteach me the manners in which I had been educated from my infancy. I brought Arabia and Conſtantinople along with me even to Paris. And becauſe I had not been uſed to

diſſemble the profeſſion and carriage of a muſſulman during my thraldom in Sicily, I was at a loſs in my deportment when I came firſt hither.

How often have I been like to diſcover myſelf by pronouncing the ſacred biſmillah, either when I ſat down to eat, or put a glaſs of water to my lips, or when I began any other action of importance! ſo likewiſe in uttering the handillah, after a repaſt, or when any thing happened which prompted me to praiſe God.

When I met any of my acquaintance in the ſtreets, I was apt to forget that I had a hat on; and, inſtead of putting off that, according to the faſhion of the Franks, I laid my hand on my breaſt, and ſometimes bowed ſo low, that my hat fell off from my head, before I was ſenſible of my error.

If I had occaſion to addreſs myſelf to a perſon of quality, I was ready to take up the bottom of his cloak, gown, or robe, and to kiſs it in token of reverence, as the cuſtom is in the Eaſt, when we ſalute the grandees; nay, ſometimes I could not forbear falling on my knee, or proſtrate on the ground before Cardinal Richlieu, and thoſe of his high dignity; all which, nevertheleſs, paſſed only for clowniſhneſs, and want of courtly education, which teaches the nice punctilios of addreſs. They took me for a kind of Moldavian ruſtic, without any farther jealouſy; or, perhaps, they ſmiled at all this, as ſome ſingular caprice or humour, like that of the philoſopher Paſicles, who coming to ſalute a great captain, and the ceremony of thoſe times requiring him to touch the captain's knee, he laid his hands on his genitals; at which the captain being affronted, and thruſting his hand away with ſcornful words, "What! (ſays the philoſopher) does not that part belong to you, as well as your knees?" It often diverts my melancholy, to conſider

how many errors of this kind I have committed, not through ignorance, or any cynical humour, but only in pure overſight and forgetfulneſs.

It was a long time e'er I could frame my fingers to handle a knife and fork at meals, as is the univerſal cuſtom in theſe weſtern parts; whereas thou knoweſt, we make uſe of no other inſtruments in eating but our fingers and teeth; whence it was, that I could not ſometimes forbear thruſting my hand into a whole diſh of meat, which is counted a great indecency in France. And after I was reconciled to thoſe nicer inſtruments of voluptuouſneſs, ſo as to carve my meat à-la-mode; yet, when once I had it on my own plate, I laid aſide thoſe tools as uſeleſs, and tore it aſunder with my fingers and teeth, feeding à la Turceſque, as the French call it, that is, like a muſſulman.

Nevertheleſs, nobody ſuſpected me; but all theſe miſcarriages paſſed for Moldavian barbariſms, the ſavage cuſtoms of that my ſuppoſed country. I tell thee, that though the manner of eating among the French ſeems to have ſomething more of neatneſs and delicacy in it, yet it appears full of ſoftneſs and luxury, and I cannot in reaſon prefer it to the more natural and ſimple method of diet uſed in the Eaſt. Neither would the Franks themſelves condemn us for ſavages in this point, as they commonly do, did they but conſider, that this negligence very well becomes men of the ſword; and that in their campaigns, their own generals are ambitious to appear careleſs in every thing relating to their body.

Doubtleſs, the ancient Romans, who brought the greateſt part of the world under their power, ſhunned all fineneſſes in diet and apparel, till ſuch time as their manners were debauched, and their empire in its decline. Our annals record, that when Sultan Selim lay down

with his army before a certain place, and the governor of the town ſent commiſſioners to treat with him about a ſurrender, they found him at dinner, which conſiſted only of two or three onions, a little ſalt and bread.

Hiſtories alſo relate of the faithful Omar, ſucceſſor of the prophet, that when he was with his army not far from Jeruſalem, the Nazarene prince who governed that city ſent a ſpy into the hoſt of the muſſulmans, to obſerve their diſcipline, and bring him a lively character of their general. The ſpy went according to his maſter's order, and having tarried ſome time in the Arabian camp, returned again, and thus ſpoke to the governor:

"It will be needleſs to recount every thing I obſerved among theſe ſoldiers, ſince by what I ſhall ſay of their leader, thou mayeſt comprehend the manners of them all; for they obey him, and follow his example in every thing, with exquiſite ſilence and modeſty. I ſaw Omar their prince, at the head of his army, ſitting on a camel, his face tawny, and ſcorched by the ſun, in a veſt of Perſian cotton, girded about with a belt of leather, at which hung a ſcimetar and dagger, with a knapſack tied behind him like the meaneſt ſoldier. I ſaw him take out from thence hard cruſts of bread, ſhaking off the huſks of millet which ſtuck to them, and ſaying, 'In the name of God,' eat heartily of the ſame. Then he drank water out of a leathern bottle hanging by his ſide; and when he had done, he ſaid, 'Praiſe be to God.' All his army made their repaſt at the ſame time, and in the ſame manner, with admirable temperance, and ſuch an order and modeſty, as I never ſaw before, neither can I expreſs."

When the prince heard this, he ſtood ſtill a conſiderable time, muſing as one aſtoniſhed. Then turning to the ſeniors and chief of the people who were preſent, he

ſaid, "It is neceſſary that we ſurrender our city to theſe people, for they have the ſmiles of Heaven: Their prophet and their law oblige them to temperance, frugality, obedience, and a modeſt deportment. Theſe virtues are certain ſteps to victory and empire. Beſides, I have received a tradition from my anceſtors, that a people ſhall come out of Arabia, with a new law and religion, which ſhall aboliſh all that went before it; they ſhall ſubdue Paleſtine and Egypt, and ſhall build moſques, wherein their prayers ſhall ſound like the humming of bees; their empire ſhall extend from eaſt to weſt, and to the extremities of the earth. This is what I have learned from my forefathers, and which I believe is now coming to paſs; therefore it will be in vain to reſiſt theſe men, for they are invincible by a decree from above."

Thoſe that were about him, did not approve the counſel of this wiſe Nazarene. However, he ſent to Omar, and obtained favour for himſelf and his family.

Thou wilt ſay, I am got wide of the mark of my firſt diſcourſe, which related to myſelf, and not to any of the primitive caliphs: But it is impoſſible to reſtrain our thoughts from roving. Some ſay, they hang together like the links of a chain; and that one idea being faſtened to another in our memory, we muſter them in rank and file, according to their proper order, when we think, or make reflections: God knows how it is. This I am ſure of, that when I write to my friends, I ſtudy not to make an elaborate ſpeech of it, as if I were penning an oration; but, purſuing my firſt intention at random, I run on, letting one thought and word beget another.

But I was telling thee how great a bungler I was at firſt, in all the ceremonies and manners of the Franks, which differ from thoſe of the Eaſt. I was as much to

ſeek in my addreſs, as an aſs would be to play on a lute, according to the Roman proverb; yet time and practice rendered all theſe things familiar and eaſy. Now, methinks, I am a thorough-paced Nazarene as to my exterior: I go to the court and the temples, with as much ſeeming formality as the Chriſtians, whilſt, God knows, my heart is ſomewhere elſe: All my actions are out of their natural bias, ſo long as I am abſent from the ſociety of true believers.

In a word, I am forced to imitate the fox, which creature, when it is environed with the huntſmen and dogs, counterfeits a barking like the latter, and ſo paſſes undiſcovered for one of their company.

Paris, 3d of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1659.

II.—*To the* Reis Effendi, *or Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.*

I am at this time poſſeſſed with more apprehenſions and jealouſies, than an old infidel uſurer; my lodging affects me with greater melancholy than would a priſon; and my uneaſineſs is the ſame when I go out of doors. Every body that meets me looks either as my accuſer or my judge, and ſome appear as terrible as executioners. By day, my imagination torments me like a fury, and by night I am affrighted with melancholy viſions; I dream of nothing but racks, wheels, ſaws, gibbets, and ſuch like inſtruments of human cruelty; or, that I am in ſome dark dungeon, condemned to more unſufferable tortures, by order of the ſtate, with Cardinal Mazarini ſitting by me, like a Spaniſh inquiſitor, and in the moſt tyrannical manner, threatening me with pains, to which the damned themſelves are wholly ſtrangers, if I will not

confeſs what I am, and reveal the ſecrets with which I am intruſted.

The occaſion of theſe terrors which haraſs me night and day, is this. I have for four or five days together found myſelf dodged up and down Paris, by a man whoſe face I never ſaw before in my life: Let me go where I will, he is always at ſome diſtance from me; if I ſtand ſtill, ſo does he, or if I turn back, he is quickly at my heels. I have endeavoured by all the prudent methods I could take, to drop him in the crowd of people, or in the churches, but all in vain, for ſtill I encounter with the ſame face; he purſues me like my ſhadow. Neither coach nor boat, land or water, houſe or alley, can reſcue me from the fellow's eyes, who is more quick-ſighted than Argus, and nimbler than Mercury. He is very cunning alſo in this buſineſs, and as dexterous as a juggler, conveying himſelf when he pleaſes out of my ſight, yet preſently after he is in view again; and if I chance to loſe him in the dark, I am ſure to find him not far from my lodging next morning.

This it is which gives me ſo much diſturbance, and pierces me with a thouſand anxieties, for I know not what to conjecture of this fellow's deſign: Sometimes I think he is employed by Cardinal Mazarini to watch my motions, obſerve what houſes and company I frequent, and trace me in all my appointments; and I am the more confirmed in this ſuſpicion, when I reflect on my former impriſonment in this city, and the occaſion of it. Beſides, when I went yeſterday to ſee Elkchim the Jew, this ſpark followed me near to the door; and though I tarried there two full hours, yet when I came out, I had not walked an hundred paces, before I ſaw him again, footing it after me in a careleſs manner, with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the ground, as if he knew

nothing of the matter. Theſe are convincing circumſtances, that he is ſet at work by the cardinal, or ſome body elſe, to diſcover my buſineſs.

But when, on the other ſide, I conſider, that if the cardinal ſuſpected me, he might go a nearer way to work, and ſeize me in my chamber, where my letters would betray me, this thought vaniſhes, and I am at a loſs what to think.

Then comes into my mind the encounter I had once with my Sicilian maſter, who ſtrove to ſet the rabble upon me in the ſtreets of Paris; but my better ſtars delivered me out of his and their hands, whilſt, for aught I know, he drew upon himſelf the miſchief he deſigned for me. However, when I reflect on that paſſage, I am apt to think he may be now in Paris, and having by ſome accident ſeen me go in or out at my lodgings, contrives how to revenge himſelf on me, and uſes this fellow's aſſiſtance in compaſſing his ends. Perhaps, think I, he will cauſe me to be ſtabbed or piſtolled at ſome convenient ſeaſon, or he will find out ſome other way, leſs noiſy and more malicious, to diſpatch me. It may be he ſeeks to entrap me, and render me obnoxious to the ſtate. I have a thouſand imaginations about it, and know not what to conclude. I value not myſelf, nor am I careful to prolong a miſerable life for my own ſake: All that I can hope to enjoy in this world would come far ſhort of tempting me to ſcreen myſelf from the ſtroke of death, by any action unworthy of a philoſopher and a man; but the duty and affection I owe to the Grand Signior's ſervice, makes me willing to live, till I have acquitted myſelf of my province with perfect ſucceſs, that ſo I may return to Conſtantinople with honour; and then I care not how ſoon I poſt to that unknown world,

where all the generations of mortals take up their eternal reſt; for in this there is nothing but labour and grief.

In the mean time, I know not what conduct to uſe in this emergency; whether I had beſt ſpeak to this fellow, or diſſemble my ſuſpicion; whether it will be ſafe to truſt this event to the general providence, or to ſacrifice him that gives me ſo much diſquiet, and ſo ſecure my peace. I could eaſily have him diſpatched without any farther noiſe; but then my conſcience would trouble me with after-claps, leſt I ſhould have murdered a man without reaſon, which is expreſsly forbid by the Alcoran. Beſides, I ſhould always ſtand in fear of ſome diſcovery. I proteſt, I am at a loſs for want of ample inſtructions in ſuch caſes as theſe; and I am weary of mentioning what I have ſo often intimated already to the miniſters of the Porte, without any direct anſwer. However, I will do what my reaſon ſuggeſts, and leave the event to deſtiny.

Happy miniſter! the affairs of this world are full of dark windings and meanders, and we have all need of a guide or a clew to conduct us through them. May that Omnipreſent aſſiſt us, whenever we are catched in a knot, or loſt in a labyrinth of difficulties.

Paris, 25th of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1659.

III.—*To* Abdel Melec Muli Omar, *Preſident of the College of Sciences at Fez.*

Thy venerable diſpatch I received with kiſſes, and a tranſport of joy: I thrice touched my eyelids with the paper of high eſteem, and as oft I laid it to my breaſt; I broke up the ſeals with modeſty and reverence, and

my greedy eyes devoured the lines of profound wiſdom, the ſentences and aphoriſms worthy to be written in letters of gold. Then it was I bleſt the hour of my nativity, and the more happy moment wherein I firſt had the honour of thy familiarity and friendſhip: Oh, thou ſincere and eximious patron of ſuch as love the ſciences! Renowned for thy learning and probity of manners! Prince of the alfaquis and doctors! Crown of the ſage aſſembly of philoſophers! Oracle of the age!

Glory be to God, who has neither beginning nor end! who alone poſſeſſes the infinite expanſe and life eternal; who is adored by the inhabitants of heaven, of earth, and of hell: Benedictions on Michael, Gabriel, Iſraphiel, Ithuriel, Jeremiel, Haſmariel, and on all the happy miniſters of his divine majeſty, as alſo on the angel of death. Peace to the true believers on earth, and ſalvation to the devils and damned, after they have accompliſhed their penance in hell, and the term of wrath ſhall be expired.

An univerſal charity dilates my heart; I embrace with love all the creatures of God. This is owing to the ſeaſonable arrival of thy letter; for at the moment when that came, I was plunged in ſo deep a melancholy, that I could hardly afford a kind thought for any thing on earth, and I perfectly hated myſelf. I have theſe fits of ſadneſs often, it being an effect of my conſtitution.

At thoſe ſeaſons, life appears an inſupportable burden, and all the buſtle and noiſe of mortals a vain fatigue. My ſenſes, which at other times adminiſter delight and pleaſure, are now the inſtruments of anguiſh and pain; every thing I ſee and hear diſguſts me; I abhor my neceſſary food; neither can the ſweeteſt odours, or ſofteſt ſtrains of muſic bring me into a better temper, till ſleep eclipſes the light of my buſy imagination, and puts out every glaring thought. Then my ſoul takes her repoſe; and,

ſtealing from my body, enters into the ſhady vale of viſions, and ſports with innocent ideas. Thus having diverted myſelf with jumbling monſtrous eſſences together, and hurling one chimera at another, I return again to my body, and ſighing awake, grieved that I could not longer ſtay in that mock world, where I could have wiſhed my reſidence for ever, rather than in this, which gives me ſo much real pain. Thus is my anguiſh renewed with the morning; light is more irkſome to me than darkneſs; and the day, which brings joy to other mortals, is more terrible to me than night, and the ſhadow of death.

I complain to the elements, but they will not hear or regard me; all nature ſeems to laugh at my affliction, and the beaſts of the field triumph over me. As for men, here are none but infidels, my profeſſed enemies, to whom I can vent my ſorrows; and I am aſhamed to make a woman my confeſſor, though it were my own mother, who lives in Paris, and daily ſees me.

If, in this dolorous condition, I prepare myſelf with the accuſtomed purifications of the law, and addreſſes to the Omnipotent, I know not where to find him; his eſſence is unſearchable, and flies from human thought; I call him aloud by his ninety-nine adorable names, but receive no anſwer; I repeat his incomprehenſible attributes, but all to no purpoſe: In a word, I ſay and do all that the law enjoins, the prophet counſels, holy perſons recommend, or my own reaſon ſuggeſts, as a proper means to obtain the favour of Heaven, and a redreſs of my calamity, but find no comfort; and, for aught I know, that Spaniard might as ſoon be heard, who, being ignorant what form of prayer to uſe, rehearſed the four-and-twenty letters of the alphabet, deſiring God to form ſuch words out of them as beſt expreſſed the petitioner's neceſſities.

I tell thee, illuſtrious prelate, after I am tired with vo-

cal devotions, I have recourſe to contemplation; I examine my paſt life, and find that I myſelf am the ſource of my own melancholy, in not ſtrictly obeying the law of the prophet, the precepts of the ſeniors, and the dictates of my conſcience; and all this for the ſake of loyalty to the Grand Signior, and in confidence of the mufti's diſpenſation. Now I aſk thee, Whether it be lawful to commit a thouſand vices, that I may only acquit myſelf fairly in one virtue; or to think that in ſuch caſes the mufti has power to diſannul the expreſs poſitive injunctions of our holy lawgiver? Is the empire of the faithful to be ſerved by the infidelity and profaneneſs of muſſulmans? or the truth to be ſupported by lies and perjuries?

I tremble to think what a confuſion I ſhall be in when the prophet ſhall reproach me, that I have preferred the favour of men to the ſmiles of Heaven. I know not what to do. Oh that I were in the parching deſarts of Lybia, or any the moſt unfrequented ſolitude of Egypt, a companion of dragons, and other horrid monſters of Afric, rather than in this ſtation, which renders my life a hell upon earth, and torments me with half the diſquiets of the damned.

But, if this appears too extravagant and deſperate a thought, let me at leaſt wiſh myſelf at Fez, the meaneſt of thy ſlaves, or of thy incomparable Muſu Abul Yahyan, of whom thy laſt letter gave ſo high a character. I have addreſſed a diſpatch to him, hoping for the honour of his friendſhip and correſpondence.

Let not the liberty I have taken to tell thee of my ſadneſs diſcourage thee from writing; but reſt aſſured, that whenever thou ſhalt vouchſafe me a letter, though I were in the agonies of death, it would call me back again.

Paris, 25th of the 9th Moon, of the year 1659.

IV.—*To the* KAIMACHAM.

THESE Nazarenes are very fertile in new religions. Europe is a wilderneſs over-run with monſtrous ſects and hereſies; every age produces freſh pretenders to prophecy and divine revelation; error is prolific, and multiplies infinitely, whilſt truth remains the ſame for ever, and is comprehended in a few rules.

Of late years there are a ſort of people ſprung up in England, Holland, Germany, and other parts of the North, boaſting of a new commiſſion given them from Heaven to preach the everlaſting truth, reform the errors and vices of mankind, and lead people the only infallible way to happineſs. Their addreſs is plain and ſimple, bold and uniform, uſing no other ceremonies or compliments in their diſcourſe or carriage to perſons of the greateſt quality than to the vulgar, and thoſe of the moſt inferior rank.

They ſtyle themſelves, The true ſeed, the offspring of Jacob, Jews of the promiſe, Iſraelites without fraud, with ſuch like vain titles; but by others they are generally called Quakers.

They ſay the ringleader of this people profeſſes himſelf to be the Meſſias, being in all parts of his body, and features of his face, like Jeſus the Son of Mary; or, at leaſt, it is obſerved, that he exactly reſembles that portraiture of him which Publius Lentulus ſent to the ſenate of Rome out of Judea, when he was governor of that province. Hence his followers ſcruple not to call him Jeſus, the beauty of ten thouſand, the only begotten Son of God, the prophet who is to ſeal up all things, the prince of peace, king of Iſrael, judge, conſolation, and hope of the world.

When he travels, his diſciples attend him bareheaded,

(which thou knoweſt is a token of reverence among the Franks) yet they never uncover to any other mortal. He rides on horſeback, whilſt they walk on foot before, behind, and on each ſide of him, ſpreading their garments in the way through which he paſſes. The hoofs of his beaſt tread only on ſilks, or other coſtly ſtuffs; and as they enter any town or city, they chant aloud his praiſes, proclaiming him the Son of David, and heir of the divine promiſes.

All his followers pretend to be prophets, boaſting of ſtrange illuminations and raptures, foretelling things to come, and reproaching the vices of governors, and the greateſt princes, with a boldneſs which has but few precedents. In a word, they every where preach, that God is laying the foundation of a new monarchy, which ſhall deſtroy all the reſt in the world, and ſhall never have an end itſelf.

This gives a jealouſy to the ſtates where they live, and therefore they are perſecuted in all places; yet they appear very conſtant in their ſufferings, and tenacious of the doctrines they preach.

They ſeem, in my opinion, to reſemble one of our muſſulman ſects, who aſſert, that Jeſus the Son of Mary ſhall return again upon earth; that he ſhall marry and beget children, be anointed King of the nations who believe in one God, and in this glorious ſtate ſhall reign forty years; after which he ſhall ſubdue Antichriſt, and then ſhall follow the diſſolution of all things. Yet the orthodox believers reject this tenet as fabulous; neither is there any countenance given to it in that verſicle of the Alcoran, wherein it is ſaid, "Thou Mahomet ſhalt ſee thy Lord return in the clouds;" ſince that only intimates the glorious deſcent which Moſes, Jeſus, and Mahomet ſhall make from paradiſe, with Enoch, Elias, and the one

hundred and twenty-four thouſand prophets, to aſſemble the elect at the day of judgment.

If thou wouldeſt have my opinion of theſe new religioniſts in Europe, and their leader, I take him to be an impoſtor, and his followers to be either fools or madmen; even juſt ſuch another crew as thoſe who followed Moſeileima, in the days of our holy lawgiver. This was an Arabian impoſtor, who pretended to ſet up for a prophet, and attempted to compoſe a book like the Alcoran; but he was infatuated with a vain arrogance, and there was no truth or elegance in his writings, no juſtice on his ſide, nor underſtanding in him or his party: To be ſhort, both he and they were all cut to pieces in the Vale of Akreb, by the troops of Abu-Bacroſſadic, the firſt caliph.

As to theſe modern ſeducers, they are not men of arms, but a herd of ſilly inſignificant people, aiming rather to heap up riches in obſcurity, than to acquire a fame by an heroic undertaking: They are generally merchants or mechanics, and are obſerved to be very punctual in their dealings, men of few words in a bargain, modeſt and compoſed in their deportment, temperate in their lives, and uſing great frugality in all things. In a word, they are ſingularly induſtrious, ſparing no labour or pains to increaſe their wealth; and ſo ſubtle and inventive, that they would, if poſſible, extract gold out of aſhes. I know none that excel them in theſe characters but the Jews and the Banians; the former being the craftieſt of all men, and the latter ſo ſuperlatively cunning, that they will over-reach the devil.

But theſe are no ſigns of a pure religion, for that only preſcribes the methods of withdrawing and ſeparating the ſoul from the contagion of earthly things, and of uniting it to the Deity, which is its ſource.

Illuſtrious Kaimacham, I bid thee adieu, praying, that thou and I may at laſt meet in that centre of all things, after our various epicycles and excurſions in this lower world.

Paris, 15th of the 11th Moon, of the Year 1659.

V.—*To the ſame.*

I SENT a diſpatch ſome moons paſt to the cadileſquer of Romeli, guardian of the imperial canons, interpreter of the laws of equity, wherein I informed him of the advances that were made in order to a peace between France and Spain. Now I can aſſure thee that peace is concluded, and the articles ſigned on both ſides by the two plenipotentiaries.

I need not repeat what I particularly related to that grandee; my letters are all publiſhed in the divan, and regiſtered; yet it will not be unwelcome perhaps to thee, to hear with what niceneſs of punctilio theſe infidel miniſters met to accompliſh an affair, whereon depends the intereſt and honour of their reſpective maſters, the happineſs of the two kingdoms, and the general bias of all the Weſt.

There is a little iſland formed by the river Bidaſſoa, called the Iſle of Pheaſants, through the middle of which a line is drawn, which exactly ſeparates the territories of both monarchs. This place was agreed on for the interview of the two miniſters. Each had his bridge to enter the iſland in that part which belonged to his maſter; and over the line of ſeparation was erected a large divan or council-room, to be entered only by two private doors, one out of Cardinal Mazarini's lodgings, raiſed on the French ſide of the council-room, the other out of

Don Louis d'Aro's apartment, built on the Spaniſh ſide.

Each of theſe miniſters was accompanied by ſeveral princes and grandees of the court, and above ſixty other perſons of quality, with a guard of four hundred horſe and foot, to ſecure their bridges, and the place of conference. In a word, things were managed with ſo much moderation and good ſucceſs, that the Mareſchal de Gramont was ſent ambaſſador extraordinary into Spain, and received at that court with infinite civilities and honour.

The ſubject of his negotiation was to treat of a match between the King his maſter and the Infanta of Spain. His conduct and addreſs were ſuch as ſoon procured the Catholin King's conſent; and from that time the Mareſchal approached the Infanta with more than ordinary ſubmiſſions, eſteeming her now as the Queen of France. Soon after this the nuptial contract and the peace were mutually ſigned, to the immenſe joy of the ſubjects of both ſides, who were very glad to exchange the toils and calamities of war for the ſweets and profits of peace.

It will be needleſs to inſert here all the articles on which they agreed: Two will be worth the knowledge of the ſupreme divan; and thoſe are, the releaſe of Charles Duke of Lorrain, on the Spaniſh King's ſide, and, on the part of the King of France, the reſtoration of the Prince of Conde to the free poſſeſſion and enjoyment of all his eſtates, honours, dignities, and privileges, as the firſt prince of the royal blood, with the government of the provinces of Bourgoigne and Breſſe.

A little before theſe articles were ſigned, the young Prince of Spain died ſuddenly, not having ſeen twelve moons. I mentioned the birth of this royal infant in one of my letters, and the extraordinary ſolemnities that were made thereupon by the King of Spain, and his ambaſſa-

dors at foreign courts. Theſe infidels appear in all things too paſſionately affected with the glories of our mortal ſtate, which at the height are but tranſient ſhadows, or ſomething leſs conſiderable.

I am amazed at the bold rebellion of the baſſa of Aleppo, and that he ſhould endeavour to cheat the empire with ſo ſtale an impoſture as a ſham ſon of Amurat; yet it ſeems he made a conſiderable progreſs under this pretence. Some were glad of novelty, others were frightened out of their allegiance; whilſt only a few ſerved his intereſt in pure diſcontent, and hopes to amend their fortune. The country people are generally oppreſſed by their governors, and it is no wonder if they take up arms for one that promiſes to deliver them from their calamities. This is the uſual pretext of all innovations in the ſtate. The ſoldiers are alſo defrauded of their due pay, and then they are ready to fight under the next general that brings moſt money with him. Neither are there wanting malecontents among the grandees at ſuch times to foment and abet an inſurrection.

All theſe events proceed from the ill conduct of the ſupreme miniſters, who alone are reſponſible for the miſcarriages of the ſtate.

Illuſtrious Kaimacham, the frame of the Ottoman government is out of order: I wiſh fate does not pull it in pieces, as a neceſſary ſtep to its amendment. Adieu.

Paris, 2d of the laſt Moon, of the Year 1659.

VI.—*To* HAMET, *Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.*

I WISH thee all imaginable joy of thy new dignity, yet queſtion whether thou or thy predeceſſor be the happier

man. It is a vaſt honour indeed, and attended with immenſe profit, to ſerve in this ſtation the moſt high, moſt potent, and moſt invincible monarch on earth; but, at the ſame time, there is infinite toil and fatigue in it, with abundance of perils; from all which the fortunate Muzlu is now delivered, and they are become thy portion.

As for him, I cannot but eſteem him happy, in that he has got permiſſion to retire to his country-ſeat, out of the crowd and noiſe of the city, and from the ſtifling buſineſſes of ſtate, which choak the more innocent and natural delights of the ſoul. Now he is fully reſtored to the elements, and to himſelf, whereas before the perpetual hurry of the court made him in part a ſtranger to both; for there a man inſenſibly loſes acquaintance with his own moſt intimate affections; his ſpirit is alienated amidſt the multiplicity of his concerns; it is ſtretched on the rack of ten thouſand cares and inquietudes; it is divided, ſhattered, and rent in pieces.

Beſides, were he as free from theſe diſtracting thoughts as a Santone, yet the very neceſſity of living always in a city, was enough to render him miſerable; for I eſteem ſuch a confinement no better than a priſon at large, and not far from being buried alive.

It is true, Conſtantinople has the advantage of all the cities in the world, for the delightfulneſs of its ſituation, the houſes being ſo pleaſantly intermixed with fair gardens, and the ſtreets refreſhed with cool breezes from the ſea. It looks at a diſtance like a town in a wood, or one may term it a foreſt compoſed of minarets and cypreſſes. The terraces afford agreeable proſpects of the neighbouring fields and mountains; and it is pleaſant to ſtand on the water-ſide, and view the innumerable variety of boats and veſſels ſailing from one port to another, with all the other divertiſements on the ſea, and the beautiful

mixture of palaces and groves, chioſes and gardens, ſeraglios and villages, which grace the oppoſite ſhore. O queen of cities, miſtreſs of kingdoms, glory of nations, commandreſs and ſanctuary of the whole earth! Thrice happy ſhould I count myſelf, if I might have the favour to reſide within thy venerable walls, and exchange the polluted ſociety of infidels for that of true believers.

How often do I languiſh to ſee the glittering creſcents, the triumphant enſigns of the Ottomans on the tops of the minarets in the imperial city! How often do I wiſh myſelf proſtrate on the carpets of the ſacred moſques, in the devout aſſemblies of the faithful, adoring the Eternal in the perfection of ſanctity! Whereas now I am forced to go into the temples of idolaters, to kneel and bow down before ſtocks and ſtatues, to join ſeemingly with unbelievers, and pray to that which has no life, nor ſenſe, nor power.

How do I envy the bleſſed ſtate of the meaneſt artiſan in Conſtantinople, who daily feeds on the wholeſome pilaw of the Eaſt, and drinks the delectable ſherbets, or waters tinctured with the rich fruits of Greece? Whereas I am compelled to eat meats forbidden by our holy prophet, and to render my ſoul execrable, by an impure and profane diet, or I muſt ſtarve; for theſe uncircumciſed are more abominable than ravens and vultures, to whom the moſt filthy carrion is a dainty: And, to cloak their uncleanneſs, they corrupt their own goſpel, and forge a toleration from the Meſſias himſelf, as if that holy prophet, who in every the leaſt tittle obeyed the law of Moſes, and ſet himſelf as an example for his followers to imitate, could be guilty of contradicting thoſe divine precepts, and running counter to his own practice, in recommending uncleanneſs and libertiniſm. No; the admirable Son of Mary was the moſt temperate and abſte-

mious man in the world, and both in his words and actions preached up thoſe virtues to others, having often expreſsly declared to his diſciples, "That he came not to aboliſh the law, but to refine and perfect it."

He was circumciſed on the eighth day after his nativity, according to the injunction of Moſes, and the conſtant practice of the ſons of Iſrael. In a word, through the whole courſe of his life, he never deviated from the traditions of his fathers, the ſeniors of the houſe of Jacob.

It is true, he frequently argued againſt the many trivial ſuperſtitions of the Phariſees, who evacuated the more eſſential points of the law, by ſuperinducing a number of inſignificant ceremonies; but he never opened his mouth againſt any poſitive precept, ſuch as were thoſe which limited the choice they were to make of meats, diſtinguiſhing the impure from the clean. Yet the Chriſtians delude themſelves with a falſe belief that he gave them a diſpenſation to eat any thing, without caution or reſerve.

Hence it is that they defile themſelves with ſwine's fleſh, and creeping things, and blood is in all their diſhes. They ſcruple not to eat of that which died of itſelf, and banquet as freely with what was knocked down or ſtrangled, as we would do with the fleſh of a beaſt that was killed in pronouncing the name of God. The ſhambles here afford no other proviſion but ſuch as this; and he that will not eat that which is an abomination to a muſſulman, muſt be contented with herbs. This I reckon as one of the greateſt of my misfortunes, and it makes me burn with deſire to return to Conſtantinople.

Yet, after all, I ſhould think myſelf far more happy, if I might have the liberty to ſpend the reſt of my days in my native country; ſo great an admirer I am of a rural life and ſolitude: And it is for this reaſon I count thy

predeceſſor a happy man, in having the privilege of a ſweet retirement, where he may take breath from the vain importunity and buſtle of mortals.

In the mean time, there is a ſpecies of felicity in thy employment; and thou can'ſt not be called miſerable, ſo long as thou acquitteſt thyſelf fairly, and enjoyeſt the favour of thy ſovereign.

I perceive by thy letters that thou art curious to know the characters of foreign ſtates, with the various intereſts of Nazarene princes, the intrigues of theſe weſtern courts, their overtures of peace and war, and the different laws, maxims, and cuſtoms by which the people are governed. Thy converſation with ambaſſadors at the Porte will furniſh thee with abundance of uſeful remarks in this kind; but, ſince thou requireſt me to ſend my obſervations, I will hereafter obey thy commands in ſucceſſive letters, for this is too large a theme for one diſpatch.

At preſent, thou mayeſt receive and regiſter for true news, that the peace between France and Spain has been ſigned by both kings, and ſolemnly publiſhed throughout their territories, with inexpreſſible joy and magnificence. It is certain alſo, that the King of Sweden is dead, and the Duke of Orleans, uncle to the French king, which has in ſome meaſure qualified the mirth of the French on this occaſion. Aſſuredly human affairs are equally chequered with good and evil: Bliſs comes not to us in pure unmixed ſtreams; death keeps an even pace, and knocks as boldly at the gates of kings as at the cottages of the meaneſt ſlaves.

It is the part of a wiſe man to be always reſigned to Heaven, and prepared for the worſt events; as for the beſt, they never come amiſs.

Paris, 17th of the 3d Moon, of the Year 1660.

VII.—*To* Dgnet Oglou.

Shall I converſe with thee, as Horace uſed to do with his friends over a glaſs of generous wine? Let us lay aſide maſks for a while, and diſcourſe with open ſouls. I believe thou haſt as equal a veneration for our holy prophet as I, and haſt been educated in all the tenderneſſes of piety, the niceties of divine love, as our mollahs are pleaſed to call it. We have been both of us careful to riſe before the ſun, and ſay our oriſons every morning in a demi-trance, that is, half aſleep and half awake. This, no doubt, is a neceſſary point of piety; and we have been no leſs ſolicitous in obſerving the other four hours of prayer; either of us would have counted it an irreligious negligence, if we had ſeen a piece of paper on the ground, and had not ſtooped to take it up, with reverence wiping off the dirt, and kiſſing the tabula raſa on which men uſe to write the name of God; as if it were not an equal argument of reſpect, to ſecure from profanation ſticks, ſtones, rags, or any thing whereon it were poſſible to engrave or print the all-myſterious characters; nay, or the very ſands themſelves, which, as ſome ſay, were the firſt books on earth. However, if they were not the firſt, we are ſure that, in very early ages, men uſed to ſtamp their memoirs, or draw them out in perceptible figures on the ſurface of the earth; witneſs the old ſhipwrecked philoſopher, who being caſt aſhore in an unknown land, ſoon traced out the manners of the people, by certain mathematical impreſſions which he found in the ſands; for he concluded theſe to be the very footſteps of humanity and virtue. But to return to the buſineſs of religion: We have been obedient to the inſtructions of our fathers and tutors, zealous in obſerving every punctilio of traditional piety: we have faſted, prayed, waſhed, and given alms at the

appointed ſeaſons, and in the manner preſcribed by the law. All theſe, I own, are commendable exerciſes, but methinks they are not the ſolid and ſubſtantial parts of true religion. I hate hypocriſy, and the devout wantonneſs of thoſe who think to mock God with ceremonies and empty forms. It were much better to mix with the idolatrous rites of Bacchus, (if they deſerve that epithet) and rant in honour of eternal wine, talk reputed blaſphemy, and reform the model of the univerſe; I ſay, I would chooſe to do all this, and more, rather than cheat myſelf with empty hopes of gaining paradiſe, for acting to the life the ſhams of pious mimicry.

I would not have thee think that what I have now ſaid proceeds from any contempt of the Eternal Majeſty.

By thoſe fair heavens above, and all the immortal ſpangles of the ſky, I ſwear there is not a faculty in Mahmut's ſoul which is not filled with gratitude and veneration, which does not burn with flames of ſacred love to the adorable Fountain of all things. In a word, I only ſtrive to reſcue my friend from the attemps of pious frauds, the religious burleſques of our mollahs and muftis.

Believe, my dear Dgnet, that there is a God, a firſt cauſe, a juſt judge, preſiding over the world; believe alſo his prophet, the holy, the beloved Mahomet, the minion, as I may ſay, of the Omnipotent; but have ſome faith alſo for the reſt of his meſſengers and favourites: Let not Hali be thought of without ſome inward ſtirrings of devotion; he was a muſſulman, and the fourth caliph, though his followers be damned hereties in our divinity. Had right taken place, perhaps he had been the firſt of the vicars, but his cauſe was ſuperſeded by his abſence: Let him and that reſt till the final inquiſition; and acknowledge that I have ſaid too little for a ſchiai, and not too much for a ſunni.

I know no reaſon alſo why we ſhould not reverence the memoirs of Mercury, Orpheus, Cadmus, Meliſſus, Faunus, and the reſt of the ancient ſages and lawgivers, who inſtructed the nations of the earth in the myſteries of religion, taught them to adore one ſupreme God, to believe the immortality of the ſoul, and to practiſe good works.

What though the ceremonies of their worſhip were different from ours, and perhaps polluted with an unjuſtifiable adoration of images? What though their altars reeked with the blood of ſlain beaſts, and ſometimes ſmoked even with human ſacrifices? Theſe barbarous rites were not inſtituted by the firſt oracles of religion, illuminated ſouls, nuncios from God to this lower world; but they were afterwards ſuperinduced, through the corruption of times, the avarice of prieſts, and the ſuperſtition of the people; and, for aught we know, our own hiſtorians have not been impartial in relating the truth.

There is an innate envy between people of different families and nations. Both we and our fathers, that deſcend from Abraham by Iſmael, and the Jews, who are his poſterity by Iſaac, have been too favourable to the offspring of that beloved of God. We generally entertain and cheriſh a ſpecific pride on the ſcore of our illuſtrious pedigree; eſpecially the Jews, who will not allow any people on earth to be their equals, either in point of antiquity, the nobility of their race, or the innumerable multitude of their brethren; whereas they conſider not that they are diſperſed up and down over the whole earth, like ſheep without a ſhepherd, not permitted to poſſeſs a cubit of land which they can call their own; contemned, hated, and made a proverbial ſcoff among all nations; infamous vagabonds, ſtarers, ſlaves, and pimps to other mens pleaſures; men of no fame or character; finally, in their preſent circumſtances, the moſt ſpurious and ignoble of all

the ſons of Adam, except the Kaffars of Ethiopia, who feed on the guts and dung of beaſts.

It is true, indeed, their anceſtors made a conſiderable figure in the world, in the days of Solomon, and other victorious kings, during their poſſeſſion of Paleſtine; and yet in thoſe very times they were often humbled and led away into captivity, by the more fortunate kings of Babylon, Perſia, and Aſſyria, and afterwards ſubdued by the Grecians; till at laſt they were totally ruined, their cities laid waſte, their temple burnt to aſhes, and their country quite diſpeopled by the Romans.

If we aſcend yet higher, to their celebrated migration out of Egypt, of which their own hiſtorians make ſuch a noiſe, and tell ſo many fabulous wonders, we ſhall find a very mean and contemptible character given of them by Egyptian writers, and thoſe other nations, men of as great authority as Joſephus, or any other Jewiſh hiſtorian. Manethos, a prieſt of Egypt, calls them a crew of leprous and naſty people, and ſays they were expelled the country by Amenophis, then reigning, and driven into Syria, their captain being Moſes, an Egyptian prieſt. A like relation we have from Chæremon, an author of good credit among the Greeks, who tells us, that in the reign of Amenophis, two hundred and fifty thouſand lepers were forcibly baniſhed out of Egypt, under the conduct of Tiſithen and Peteſeth (i. e. Moſes and Aaron.) And though other writers differ in the name of the king then reigning in Egypt, yet all agree in aſſerting the Iſraelites to be a naſty ſort of people, over-run with ſcabs and infectious biles, and that they were eſteemed the ſcum and filth of the nation. Tacitus, a Roman writer of unqueſtionable authority, adds, that Moſes, one of the exiled lepers, being a man of wit and reputation among them, when he ſaw the grief and confuſion of his brethren, bid them be

of good cheer, and neither truſt the gods, or men of Egypt, but only confide in him, and obey his counſel; for that he was ſent from Heaven to be their conductor out of this calamity, and to protect them from all their enemies; upon which the people, not knowing what courſe to take, ſurrendered themſelves wholly to his diſpoſal; from which time he became their captain and lawgiver, leading them through the deſarts of Arabia, where they committed great rapine and ſpoil, putting man, woman, and child to the ſword, burning their cities, and laying all things deſolate. Dear Dgnet, what could be ſaid worſe of a company of robbers and banditti?

Moſes is gone to paradiſe, and when I mention his name, it is with a profound reverence, for he was the greateſt of the ancient prophets. Yet give me leave to have ſome regard for my own reaſon: He was but a mortal as well as I, and without doubt was not exempt from human frailties; he had the advantage to be educated in the college of the royal prieſts at Memphis, which none of his nation could boaſt of beſides himſelf. Suffer me to tell thee my thoughts frankly, and without diſguiſe: Magic and aſtrology were the only ſciences then in vogue; and he being perfectly verſed in all the myſteries and ſecrets of Egyptian wiſdom, it was no hard taſk for him to poſſeſs the rude and ignorant ſons of Jacob with a profound attach and veneration for his perſon, and in that diſtreſſed condition, to mould their flexible ſpirits to what diſcipline he pleaſed.

Suſpect me not for an infidel or an atheiſt, becauſe I diſcourſe with this freedom. I have heard ſome of our mollahs ſay a great deal more in their private converſation; and it is a ſuperſtitious timorouſneſs not to be bold in the exerciſe of our reaſon, which taught even the pro-

phet Moſes himſelf the method of conqueſt, and getting a fame which ſhould know no end.

I am not ambitious, nor would I tempt thee to aſpire at an undue grandeur; but let us not be leſs than ourſelves, that is, men. There is no reaſon we ſhould be impoſed upon by fabulous reports of intereſted and deſigning writers, or that we ſhould give faith to every credulous fool. Doubtleſs there were many nations eſtabliſhed on earth before the Iſraelites, and great prophets, who were not of the lineage of Abraham. The date of the olympiads is much more certain to a day, nay, to an hour, than the hegira of the Iſraelites, ſince the former is demonſtrated by the eclipſes of the ſun and moon, interwoven by the Gentile hiſtorians in the body of their hiſtory; whereas the latter is defective in this material point, and is expoſed to a thouſand diſputes among writers.

My friend, let not thou and I trouble ourſelves with needleſs controverſies, or be zealous for things of no moment; but, adoring one God, and believing what is rational, we may poſſeſs our ſouls in tranquillity and peace.

Paris, 11th of the 5th Moon, of the Year 1660.

VIII.—*To the* KAIMACHAM.

AT length, after a long alienation, the Prince of Conde is reſtored to the king's favour, for which he is obliged to the King of Spain. I have already intimated in one of my letters, that this was agreed on in the treaty of peace between theſe two crowns, as an article equivalent to that of the Duke of Lorrain's releaſe, ſolicited by the King of France. Now it is put in execution, and the rebel prince is received with abundance of careſſes by the king, queen-mother, Cardinal Mazarini, and the whole court.

He is counted the valianteſt man of this age, and was ſo pronounced long ago by the Mareſchal Turenne, who is a ſoldier of no mean character, both for his judgment and courage. He was once extremely beloved by all the French; but his wildneſs and inconſtancy, with the deſtructive effects of the civil wars which he raiſed, changed their affections for a while into indifference, coldneſs, and ill-will; but now all is well again.

He and his brother the Prince of Conti ſeldom agreed, being often the heads of contrary parties during the minority of this king; and the younger being crump-ſhouldered, Conde uſed to be a little ſarcaſtic upon him, threatening to ſhave his uncourtly back into the faſhion with his ſword.

It is certain the Prince of Conde was very wild and profuſe when young, but now he begins to take ſoberer meaſures. During his father's life he was called the Duke of Enguien. And, to reflect on the parſimony of the old prince, he uſed to take ſeveral handfuls of gold with one hand, and fill a purſe, ſaying, "This is my father's practice." Then he would turn the purſe upſide down with the other hand, and ſcattering the gold among his favourites, would add, "This is my humour."

Once as he was paſſing on foot through a town in France, under his father's government, the chief magiſtrate of the place, who was an old man, met him, and began to make an oration with the beſt rhetoric he could; but the prince being in a frolicſome humour, took advantage of a very low conge the old gentleman made him, and leaped over his head, and ſtood ſtill behind him. The magiſtrate not taking any notice of this wild prank, turned very gravely about, and addreſſed himſelf with a new obeiſance, but not ſo low as the former. However, the nimble prince catched him upon the half bent, and ſetting

his hand upon the old monſieur's ſhoulders, whipped over again the ſecond time, which quite ſpoiled his intended ſpeech, to the great diverſion of all the ſpectators.

In his youth he was much addicted to women, and took a particular delight in debauching nuns, which occaſioned the queen-mother to reflect on him ſomething ſatirically once, when he informed her that the Swiſs ſoldiers were guilty of great diſorders, ſome of them getting into the nunneries, and violating the chaſtity of thoſe conſecrated females; for the queen replied, "If you had told me they broke into the wine-cellars, I would believe you, for the Swiſs are all known drunkards; but as for amours with nuns, none is ſo likely to make them as the Duke of Enguien."

However, all that I have ſaid hinders not but that he is now a prudent man, a good general, and fortunate in recovering his ſovereign's favour.

In a word, this court is ſo overjoyed at the marriage of the King with the Infanta of Spain, that they have no room left for peeviſh reſentments. All crimes are forgiven, and the devil himſelf would be welcome at the wedding, provided he would be debonair and good company.

The nuptials are only celebrated by proxy as yet; but here are vaſt preparations making for completing the ceremony.

What the iſſue of this marriage and peace will be, it is not eaſy to divine; but I doubt the Chriſtians are hatching evil againſt the Ottoman Porte, in regard all the princes in Europe are coming to an agreement.

Illuſtrious Kaimacham, let not this intimation paſs away as a dream; for I tell thee again, theſe infidels are plotting of miſchief.

Paris, 1ſt of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1660.

IX.—*To the ſame.*

I BELIEVE thou wilt now receive from me the earlieſt news of a mighty change, a ſurpriſing revolution in the Engliſh government. Know then, that he whom I have ſo often mentioned under the title of King of the Scots in my former letters, the eldeſt ſon and rightful heir of the Britiſh kingdoms, Charles II. is reſtored to the throne of his fathers, without violence or bloodſhed, by the unanimous conſent and earneſt deſire of his ſubjects.

This young prince has been an exile for twelve years in foreign courts, and has heard of as many ſeveral alterations in the ſtate of his dominions during his abſence, every change producing a new form of government. The rebels had run over all Ariſtotle's politics, and the various models of Plato, and other philoſophers who treated of commonwealths, to find out ſuch patterns as beſt ſuited with the neceſſities and genius of that nation. There is not a ſpecies of ariſtocracy, democracy, and oligarchy, which they did not put in practice, to ſupport the frame of that government, whoſe baſis they had removed, for it was founded on a monarchy of a long and hereditary deſcent; and therefore all their moſt artificial contrivances were ineffectual, and they might as well have endeavoured to make buttreſſes for a caſtle in the air. In a word, the Engliſh found themſelves ſo diſjointed and weakened by civil wars, taxes, and the other uſual effects of uſurpation and tyranny, that they had no other way left to ſave their nation from utter ruin, but by bringing their lawful king back again, who is the angular ſtone whereon all their welfare and intereſt is built.

There is one thing remarkable in this turn of Engliſh affairs, that their ſovereign landed and made his triumphant entry into that iſland on the anniverſary day of his

birth; which puts me in mind of what is generally diſcourſed here at Paris, that on the day of his nativity there was ſeen a bright ſtar in the heavens when the ſun was juſt above the meridian. From hence the aſtrologers of thoſe times predicted great things concerning him; and thoſe of the preſent age, who have ſeen his fortunate return to his kingdoms, preſage yet greater events to come.

God only knows what embryos are in the womb of futurity, and we muſſulmans have no reaſon to rejoice at the grandeur of any of theſe infidel princes. Yet ſuch a ſign as that of a ſtar appearing at noon-day, juſt over the place where a mighty queen was in labour with a prince, has ſomething in it extraordinary, and full of promiſing circumſtances. It was an appearance of this nature which rendered the birth of the Meſſias ſo illuſtrious, though otherwiſe obſcure enough, when the eaſtern magi, directed by ſuch a ſtar, came and found Mary the mother of Jeſus in a ſtable, and the infant prophet lying in a manger, inſtead of a cradle. So we are told that eclipſes of the ſun portend the misfortune or death of great perſonages, and that all other prodigies, whether in heaven or earth, have their proper ſignification.

But whether theſe obſervations be true or no, it is certain this late baniſhed prince is returned with abundance of ſplendour and advantage to his native royal poſſeſſions; and I thought it would be a grand neglect in me to let one poſt-day paſs before I gave thee an account of a revolution ſo aſtoniſhing to all Europe, and which is like to give a new turn to the affairs of moſt Chriſtian princes and ſtates.

Beſides, I know there is an ambaſſador from England reſiding at the auguſt Porte, which determines the quarrels of all the nations on earth. There are alſo

abundance of Engliſh merchants in the imperial city; they may have feuds among one another; the intereſt of ſome of them is joined with that of the Engliſh rebels; others are for their king; therefore, knowing of his reſtoration, thou wilt be better able to adjuſt all matters of this nature according to reaſon, equity, and the honour of the majeſtic Porte; for this king makes already a greater figure than any of his progenitors, and therefore his friendſhip is not to be contemned.

The care of theſe things reſt on thee, who art the vicar's vicar of the vicegerent of God.

Paris, 3d of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1660.

X.—*To* MEHEMET, *an exiled Eunuch, at Cairo in Egypt.*

OH that I were in one of the pyramids near the city where thou reſideſt, ſhut up in tremendous darkneſs, in the moſt obſcure and horrible vault of the royal pile! that I might converſe with the ghoſts of Egyptian kings, hug demons in my arms, and run the gerit with hobgoblins, and all the ſpirits of the night, round the tomb of Cheops, or up and down the diſmal galleries, or in the neſt of bats, ſcreech owls, harpies, and the reſt of the winged monſters, the excrementitious ſpawn of human ſouls, or at leaſt the ſuperfœtation of pickled carcaſes, repoſited there for eternal mummies, ſome of them before Noah's flood, and the reſt after, if the ſtory be true. God knows whether it be or no; that is nothing to me; but I have a ſtrong inclination to try what I can find in thoſe antique monuments, after all the ſearch of ſo many travellers. I have a ſpecific ſort of melancholy upon me, which cannot be vented any other way than by keeping company with the dead, or having ten hundred

thouſand ugly rampant ſpirits dancing their infernal meaſures about me, and grinning like baboons of hell. O God! how it would ſet me a-laughing! An entertainment of this nature would eaſe my ſpleen, and reſtore me to a good humour.

Are there no beings extant but thoſe which are every day expoſed to our ſenſes? or is nature poorer than the imagination of a mortal, which can form the ideas of an infinity of creatures that he never ſaw? I am cloyed with the crambo of objects and joys which theſe narrow elements afford, and therefore would fain grope out ſome new and untried world to find refreſhment in.

But oh, my Mehemet, when I look toward the heavens, and behold the moon and ſtars; when my eye is loſt in the boundleſs firmament, and my ſoul can find no limits to the univerſe; then I ſink into myſelf, full of humility and confuſion, becauſe I have injuriouſly reproached the Omnipotent, and caſt obloquies on his works; for all things appear admirably beautiful and perfect, and the leaſt atom is large enough to afford apartments for a thouſand ſouls. Every thing in nature is pregnant and full of pleaſing wonders; yet I cannot be free from theſe hypochondriac fits at certain ſeaſons. I am ſometimes the ſaddeſt and moſt melancholy man in the world; I take all things by the wrong handle, look on them through falſe optics, and yet perſuade myſelf I am in the right, and ſee them in their true complexion. Such is the fatal ſophiſtry of this black and ſullen paſſion, it takes away the guſt and reliſh of the ſweeteſt enjoyments; and if the contagion could poſſibly find admittance among the bleſſed above, ſurely it would render their paradiſe a hell, and would afford ſome ground for the fiction of the ancient poets, who brought up the uſe of nepenthe among

the gods, to appeaſe their choler, and put them in a good humour.

I know not what that drink was; but I tell thee, my nepenthe is a glaſs of good Languedoc wine, which is as rich, and far more delicious than the wines of Tenedos and Mitylene. I once could boaſt of another method to ſubdue my melancholy, by giving battle to my thoughts in open field; but now I am fain to have recourſe to ſtratagems and ambuſcades, trepanning the ugly hideous monſters out of their ſtrong intrenchments and faſtneſſes in the ſpleen, by generous frolics with wine, women, and muſic. I bury all care in profound ſleep, the effect of briſk and free drinking; and then I awake as merry as a lark, as young as if I had been in Medea's cauldron.

What ſignifies it to pretend ſanctity in our words and exterior carriage, whilſt at the ſame time we are ready to burſt with malice, pride, ambition, avarice, and a thouſand more vices? Whereas wine, ſeaſonably drank, cures all theſe diſtempers of the ſoul, makes a miſer liberal, a cruel man tender, a ſpiteful fellow kind; melts ſtiff and haughty ſpirits into a wonderful ſoftneſs and complaiſance; in fine, it makes a lamb of a lion, and changes a vulture to a dove, purifying and transforming ſouls into a temper wholly divine.

Why then ſhould we be tied to laws of morality, never practiſed by thoſe who made them? All the philoſophers were boon companions, and our holy prophet himſelf privately drank the juice of the grape; our emperors and grandees do the ſame. The only reaſon why they forbid it to their ſubjects is, leſt they ſhould grow too wiſe, and ſtrive to ſhake off the yoke; for wine elevates the ſpirits, emboldens the heart, and transforms a ſlave to a lord, in his own conceit. For want of this liquor, all nations where the vine grows not have found out one be-

verage or another, as efficacious to relieve melancholy, and drive away ſorrow from the heart. The Chineſe make wine of rice: In my country they have another intoxicating drink compounded with certain roots: The ſame is uſed in ſome parts of Perſia: In theſe weſtern provinces, they brew divers ſorts of ſtrong liquors of wheat, barley, honey, molaſſes, and other ingredients; and they make wine of apples, pears, cherries, currants, and moſt fruits that grow. I tell thee, my friend, there is no living, unleſs we ſometimes give nature a new ferment, to rouſe her from her lees.

Yet let us practiſe a due mediocrity, remembering that God gave us theſe things for our health and refreſhment, and not for our bane. In a word, Mehemet, let us be merry and wiſe.

Paris, 26th of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1660.

XI.—*To* HAMET, *Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman empire.*

I HAVE taken ſome pains, turned over a great many memoirs of old courtiers, and converſed with not a few now living, who can remember the days of Henry IV. that ſo I may comply with thy order, and oblige thee with ſome remarks on the life of that prince, who, though he had but a little body, yet, like another Alexander, had ſo vaſt a ſoul, and performed ſuch illuſtrious actions, as deſervedly faſtened on him the title of Great, and made him be eſteemed the arbiter of all Europe.

It is obſerved of him, that he was always unfortunate in his wives; yet they relate a pretty paſſage of his firſt wife, Margaret of Valois, which ſeems to contradict that remark.

He was then a proteſtant, and only King of Navarre, when the famous maſſacre of Paris was committed, with deſign to murder him among the reſt of his religion; but being aware of this, when he heard the aſſaſſins making toward his chamber, where he ſat with the queen, he hid himſelf under her garments, as ſhe ſat in a chair. The villains ruſhing in, aſked for the king: She, with a great aſſurance of ſpirit, told them, "He went out from her in a paſſion." They, ſeeming ſatisfied, went away without doing any farther hurt; which occaſioned a common jeſt, "That Queen Margaret's ſmoke ſaved King Henry's life."

This woman was called the Minerva and Venus of France, on the ſcore of her learning and amours, never denying any thing to her lovers, and being ſeldom without men of ſcience in her company. In a word, King Henry looked on himſelf as a noted cuckold, and ſo gave her a bill of divorce. Her own mother, Katherine de Medicis, was called the Fourth Fury of Hell.

It is recorded of this lady, that ſhe practiſed much with wizards and magicians, who in an enchanted glaſs ſhowed her who ſhould reign in France for the time to come. Firſt appeared this Henry IV. then Lewis XIII. next Lewis XIV. and after him a pack of jeſuits, who ſhould aboliſh the monarchy, and govern the nation themſelves. This glaſs is to be ſeen in the king's palace to this day.

As for Henry IV.'s ſecond wife, it is ſaid he never enjoyed a peaceable hour with her but when ſhe was aſleep. They often fought together, and ſhe ſpared not ſometimes to beat and ſcratch him even in his bed, ſo that he has been forced to quit the field, and take ſanctuary in another chamber. This prince was taxed with ingratitude towards his moſt faithful ſervants, and want of liberality to all. It was a common ſaying of his predeceſſor Hen-

ry III. "That he ſhared his kingdom with his loyal ſervants and friends:" But Henry IV. loved not to part with any thing which he could handſomely keep.

Yet he was very obliging to his miſtreſſes, and his paſſion for them carried him into many irregularities. He was ſo deeply enamoured of one, that, to enjoy her, he ſigned a promiſe of marriage to her with his own blood, which one of his favourites ſeeing, tore the paper in pieces. The king being incenſed at that, ſwore by the belly of St Gris, (an ordinary oath with him) that this perſon was mad. "Yes, (replied he) but I wiſh I were the only madman in the kingdom;" thereby reflecting on the king's extravagancy. Another time he gave fifty thouſand crowns for one night's enjoyment of a lady.

I have many years ago ſpoke of the death of this prince in my letters to the miniſters of the Porte. Now I will acquaint thee with one circumſtance to which I was then a ſtranger.

It happened that the viceroy of Navarre was walking with ſeveral nobles in the meadows of Berne, a town under his juriſdiction, waſhed by the river Pau; when, on a ſudden, all the cows (of which there was a great number in thoſe fields) ran violently into the river, and were there drowned. The viceroy being aſtoniſhed at this, as at a prodigy, writ down the day and hour when it happened, which proved exactly the very ſame time to a minute when Henry IV. was ſtabbed in his coach by Ravaillac, as the viceroy was ſoon certified, by diſpatches which he received from the court, containing intelligence of that tragedy.

All this may be pure chance, for aught I know, but there are abundance of ſymptoms of ſomething elſe. As for man, he is wholly a ſtranger to himſelf, and the ſecret operations of his own ſoul are hid from him. How

then can he know the nature of other things, or be familiarly acquainted with the occult diſpoſitions of beaſts? The leaſt worm or inſect baffles our ſevereſt ſcrutiny, and we are loſt in the ſpeculation of their embryos; the moſt ſilent and inanimate beings proclaim aloud the folly of our boaſted ſcience; every atom in nature ridicules our beſt philoſophy. Who then will pretend to unriddle the more uncommon myſteries of providence, or trace the footſteps of eternal deſtiny? Hiſtorians ſpeak variouſly of this parricide. Some ſay the villain was approved of at the court of Rome, and that he was there ranked in the number of martyrs. It is certain he underwent as horrible a death as the wit of man could invent, to puniſh his matchleſs treaſon; and it ſeems the judges that examined him were either afraid or aſhamed to divulge what they heard from his mouth, obliging themſelves by an oath to eternal ſecrecy. Ravaillac himſelf owned that he had twice before attempted to kill the king, but was thruſt back by one of his nobles, who ſuſpected ſome ill deſign in his looks.

Sage Hamet, may God preſerve our glorious ſultan from the rage of mutineers, from a Jewiſh phyſician, and from the common diſaſters of human life; and the care of his attendants will prevent the ſudden ſtrokes of a deſperate aſſaſſin.

Paris, 26th of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1660.

XII.—*To* MUSTAPHA, *Berber Aga.*

THIS city is now as full of noiſe and lights as ſome cities of Aſia are at an eclipſe of the moon, or as Conſtantinople is during the Faſt of Ramezan. It is near midnight, and yet here is ſuch a medley of noiſes, com-

pounded of the loud acclamations of mortals, the ringing of bells, beat of drums, ſound of trumpets, and other muſical inſtruments, with the thunder of ſky-rockets, guns, and other fire-works, that a body would think one's ſelf in a battle or a ſiege.

The occaſion of all this is, the public entry of the new-married king and queen, it being the firſt time they have ſeen Paris ſince the nuptials. Neither my tongue or pen are able to expreſs to the life the inimitable pomp and magnificence that have appeared to-day in the royal train, and in the preparations which the city made to receive them. The luſtre of gold, ſilver, and precious ſtones, dazzled one's eyes from all parts; and I could have wiſhed for a muſſulman army to have been at the plunder of ſuch immenſe riches; yet there were forty thouſand of the citizens and king's guards in arms to augment the glory of the day.

The monarch with his royal ſpouſe appeared ſeated on a majeſtic throne, all glittering with gold and diamonds. It was raiſed on high, and there were ſeveral ſteps or degrees to aſcend up to it: On theſe were placed the princes of the blood, the dukes and peers of the realm, with other grandees and nobles, as alſo princeſſes, ducheſſes, and ladies of the firſt quality.

It was at the foot of this throne there were made innumerable ſpeeches and congratulatory addreſſes by the prieſts and monks of all orders, by the ſtudents in the academy, and by the ſeveral companies of tradeſmen: But that which was moſt ſurpriſing, a certain ſtrange maid uttered ſeveral orations in Latin, Greek, French, and Spaniſh, wherein ſhe magnified the king's heroic undertakings, his wonderful ſucceſſes, great wiſdom and courage, with other virtues, which ſhe made the ſubject of her panegyric. She alſo no leſs extolled the queen's

matchleſs beauty, the greatneſs of her birth, the royal endowments of her mind, and concluded with reflecting on the joy of all Europe for this illuſtrious match, and alliance of two the moſt potent crowns in Chriſtendom.

She delivered herſelf with ſuch an incomparable grace and modeſty, as drew the eyes and ears of all that were preſent; and it is ſaid the king was extremely pleaſed with her, much more the queen, who had never before encountered ſo learned a female.

The French ladies have for many years applied themſelves to the ſtudy of languages and philoſophy; but it is not ſo in Spain, where the men are too rigorous to the fair to allow them that liberty. They are as morose to women as the Moors, from whom a great part of that nation are ſaid to deſcend. Every country in Europe has ſuffered mighty changes by the incurſions and conqueſts of the Moors, Goths, Huns, and Vandals; ſo that it is difficult to trace the original of any people in ſuch a hodge-podge of foreign blood; neither have they any care of their genealogies, as we Arabians have in the Eaſt.

Illuſtrious aga, though it ſignifies nothing to ſpring of a noble ſtock, unleſs we inherit the virtues of our anceſtors, as well as their ſplendid titles and eſtates, yet it is both profitable and pleaſant to have by us a regiſter of our families, that, reading their characters and heroic actions, we may imitate their examples, and add to the glory of the tribe from which we deſcend.

Paris, 26th of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1660.

XIII.—*To* DGNET OGLOU.

I KNOW not whether I ſhall finiſh the letter I begin, or if I do, whether it will be above ground, or in the bowels of the earth. However, I cannot forbear writing to thee, my dear friend, though both the paper and I, with the houſe wherein I lodge, and all this beautiful city, may, for aught I know, be tranſported to another region before morning; nay, it is poſſible this very hour may people Elyſium with a new colony from France, and Paris may deſcend, with all her magnificent palaces, to the ſhades below, changing the banks of the river Seine for thoſe of Acheron or Styx, and the refreſhing airs of Champagne for the choking ſulphurs of hell. In a word, we have felt the menaces of a terrible earthquake this evening, but as yet have ſuffered no damage.

When I lived in Aſia, an earthquake was almoſt as common as the yearly revolutions of ſummer and winter, and we took as little notice of it as we did of lightning, hail, or rain; beſides, one muſſulman encouraged another, and the general faith of true believers confirmed us all, that we ought to be reſigned to God, and to the appointments of Eternal Deſtiny, whether it were for pleaſure or pain, good or evil, life or death: But, now I have been ſo long diſuſed to theſe convulſions of the globe (for I have not felt one above theſe two-and-twenty years), and am alſo ſeparated from the ſociety of the faithful, that I am become like the reſt of the world, and even like theſe infidels, timorous, aſtoniſhed, void of reaſon, and of little or no faith.

My mind at firſt ſtaggered as much as my body, when I was walking acroſs my chamber, and felt the floor rock under me with that ſingular kind of motion which no human art or force can imitate. I ſoon concluded it was

an earthquake, but knew not how to bear that thought with indifference. Death is familiar to me in any other figure but that of being ſo ſurpriſingly buried alive. It appeared horrible to ſink on a ſudden into an unknown grave, I knew not whither. Perhaps I might fall into ſome dark lake of water, or, it may be, I might be drenched in a river of fire, or be daſhed on a rock; for who can tell the diſpoſition of the caverns below, or what ſort of apartments we ſhall find under the ſurface of the earth? We walk on the battlements of a marvellous ſtructure, a globe full of tremendous ſecrets; and whether Nature or Deſtiny, Providence or Chance, occaſion the ruptures that we find are made in divers parts of the earth, it matters not much, ſo long as we are in danger of tumbling in. Such a terrible fall would put the beſt philoſopher in the world out of humour, and ſpoil all his reaſoning. I am ſure it would vex me, thus in a trice to be plundered of my thoughts; which makes me either wonder at the vanity of Empedocles, if he threw himſelf into the flaming chaſm of Mount Ætna, only for the ſake of being eſteemed a god (as the common report is), or gives me reaſon to conclude he had ſome other end in his venturous leap, ſince it is not probable that empty fame could be eſteemed by that great ſage as his final happineſs. A much eaſier way had Ariſtotle, who, diſguſted at his ignorance of the flux and reflux of the ſea, threw himſelf in, to put an end to his diſquiſitions, if the ſtory be true; but I can hardly believe the ſtagyrite was ſuch a fool. I gueſs of other men according to the experience I have of myſelf. I am as little ſolicitous about death as any man, yet I ſhould be unwilling to hurl myſelf out of the world headlong, without a firm or a teſta. I love new experiments, but am not very fond of ſuch as take from us irrecoverably the means of trying any more.

We had news here of an earthquake which has overthrown part of the Pyrenean mountains, ſome days before this happened at Paris, but few regarded it. Calamities at a diſtance frighten nobody, yet thoſe which we feel put us all in tears. For my part, it has this effect on me, that I am improved in my careleſſneſs, and become fearful of nothing; and I think there is reaſon on my ſide, ſince all my care, apprehenſion, and forecaſt, can never defend me from the underminings of the Omnipotent.

Paris, 15th of the 11th Moon, of the Year 1660.

XIV.—*To* HAMET, REIS EFFENDI, *Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.*

LET not the diſtance of time between my letters prompt thee to conclude I forget my duty, or that I am careleſs to oblige ſo illuſtrious a friend. I have many obligations to diſcharge, and therefore endeavour to huſband my hours to the beſt advantage, and ſo to divide my diſpatches, that the Grand Signior may be ſerved, the divan informed of all material emergencies, and the expectations of each miniſter gratified.

As to the reign of Lewis XIII. it was ſhared ſucceſſively between the Mareſchal d'Ancre, the Duke of Luines, and Cardinal Richlieu. The firſt was the queen-mother's favourite; the ſecond was the king's; as for the third, he was abſolute maſter both of king, queen, and kingdom.

During the king's minority, indeed, Queen Mary de Medicis, the relict of Henry IV. took the regency into her own hands, and managed things in an arbitrary manner; but the princes of the blood, with other grandees,

not able to brook the government of a woman, conſpired againſt her. Among theſe were the Prince of Conde, father to the preſent prince, and the Duke of Bouvillon: The former was a bold man, and durſt do any thing that was brave; the latter was a cunning ſtateſman.

They caballed not ſo privately, but the queen-mother was acquainted with their meetings, and the Duke of Bouvillon was the firſt who knew his party was betrayed. This intelligence was brought him from aſſured hands, whilſt he was ſitting with the Prince of Conde and other nobles at the place of their private rendezvous; whereupon he acquainted them with it, exhorting all to abſcond immediately, leſt they ſhould be ſeized on the ſpot: But they retorting, that the queen would not venture on an action of ſuch dubious conſequence, he ſtarted up, and took his leave of them, with theſe words, "My lords, you may follow your own counſel; I will immediately to horſe, and eſcape to Sedan in my ſtockings, where, if they make me wear out a pair as an exile, by Heavens I will make them wear out a thouſand pair of boots."

His words came to paſs, and the effect was a diminutive civil war, when the queen was forced to raiſe an army to reduce this prince to obedience, the reſt of his party being impriſoned as ſoon as ſhe heard of his flight.

Whilſt theſe diſturbances laſted, the Moors were expelled out of Spain, to the number of ſix hundred thouſand. Part of thoſe who lived toward the maritime coaſts went by ſea into Afric; the reſt, whoſe reſidence was farther within land, fought a paſſage over the Pyrenean mountains, and ſo through the ſouthern provinces of France, offering a ducat a-head to the viceroy of Navarre for their ſafe conduct. He, out of curioſity, coming to ſee theſe travellers, and beholding them ragged and almoſt naked, with viſages like ghoſts, took pity on

them, and gave them liberty of paſſage gratis, ſaying, "God forbid I ſhould extort ſo much money from theſe miſerable wretches, who are abandoned to the wide world."

But it ſeems his compaſſion was needleſs; for theſe muſſelmans were too cunning for him, having their ſqualid, torn garments, quilted all over with gold and precious ſtones; which occaſioned all people to ridicule the viceroy's eaſineſs, and to call him the friend of the Gibeonites.

I ſhould appear too partial in reflecting ſatirically on this prince, whoſe generoſity deſerves praiſe; yet I cannot but ſmile at the craft of the Moors, whereby they not only eſcaped paying the accuſtomed tributes of paſſengers, but alſo blinded theſe infidels, and took from them the ſuſpicion of greater riches, which, if they had once known, perhaps not a Moor ſhould have carried a piece of money along with him into Afric.

This paſſage ſeemed worthy of thy knowledge, ſince it in part reſembles the famous departure of the Iſraelites out of Egypt, though it comes ſhort of the robbery and plunder which they committed on the inhabitants the day before they began their journey. However, this ſtory may afford thee ſome divertiſement.

As to the Mareſchal d'Ancre, the queen's favourite, in his life and death he was compared to Sejanus, being qualified with the like virtues and vices, and having much the ſame fortune; his body, after having been dragged about the ſtreets by the rabble, was at laſt torn to pieces.

If thou wouldſt know how the Duke of Luines obtained the king's favour, it was by ingratitude; for when he and his brother were firſt brought to Court, they were both ſo poor, that they had but one cloak between them, and for that reaſon could not go abroad together; yet,

being recommended to the king by a certain nobleman for excellent falconers, they were received into favour; but they abuſed the kindneſs of their patron, and, inſinuating malicious things into the king's ear againſt the nobleman and his family, cauſed him to be baniſhed from the court; after which they managed all things.

Then ſucceeded Cardinal Richlieu in the chief miniſtry, of whom I have ſaid a great deal in my former letters to the grandees of the Porte, and thou wilt find them in the regiſter. I will now add what I never mentioned before, that he was very ambitious to be thought a good judge of verſe. He gave to one poet, for a witty conceit on his coat of arms, two thouſand ſequins, though it was but a verſe of ſeven words; another he promoted to an eccleſiaſtic dignity worth a thouſand a-year, for comparing him to the *primum mobile*; but he cauſed a third to be kicked out of doors for his obſtinacy in denying to alter a word of his poem which the cardinal diſliked.

This miniſter was very revengeful, and, amongſt other effects of his temper, none was more taken notice of or reflected on than the death of Monſieur de Thou, whom the cardinal cut off for no other reaſon but becauſe his father, in a general hiſtory which he wrote, had repreſented one of Richlieu's anceſtors under a very ignominious and abominable figure. That hiſtorian was the renowned Thuanus, of whom I ſuppoſe thou haſt heard.

As to King Lewis XIII. himſelf, he was eſteemed a great diſſembler, accuſtomed to careſs thoſe with more than ordinary endearments whom he deſigned ſuddenly to ruin; whence it grew to a proverb in his time, at the French court, when they ſaw any nobleman ſmiled on, to ſay, "His buſineſs is done." It cannot be denied that this prince had a great ſpirit, and ſome wiſdom; yet

he was obſerved to take delight in many petty actions unbecoming royal majeſty. He would ſpend much of his time in painting, and ſend for the moſt famous maſters in that art to view his works: An equal inclination he ſhowed to muſic; and ſometimes he was ambitious to be thought a good cook. Once he made a great paſty with his own hands, filling it with veniſon only fit for the mouths of infidels, viz. the fleſh of dogs, wolves, and foxes, with other abominable animals, of which it is not lawful for a true believer to taſte. This he cauſed to be ſerved up to table, at a feaſt which he made to ſome of his courtiers, who, to honour the king's handiwork, eat greedily of the horrid diſh, and highly praiſed his ſkill, whilſt he diverted himſelf with laughing at them. He had many other ſuch freaks as theſe, which rendered him contemptible and ridiculous to the grandees of his kingdom. In a word, he was more reverenced abroad than at home; and this was owing to the conduct of Cardinal Richlieu, who was juſtly eſteemed the very genius of France.

Illuſtrious miniſter, all that I have ſaid of this monarch ſpeaks him but a man; and nobody is wiſe at all times: But the follies of princes are more conſpicuous than thoſe of meaner perſons.

Paris, 15th of the 12th Moon, of the Year 1660.

XV.—*To* MAHUMMED, *in the Deſart.*

MAY the angel of peace pitch his pavilion at the entrance of that bleſſed cave where thou reſideſt! May thy ſoul feel calm and undiſturbed joys, and for ever repoſe in divine tranquillity, whilſt the reſt of the world are moleſted with perpetual cares and fears, broils and enmities,

paſſions within, and furies without; in a word, whilſt they are always in danger of one another, of themſelves, and of the elements which compound their nature.

O man, highly beloved of God, favourite of the angels, care of Heaven, and the ſingular darling of Providence! the palm of an almighty hand is extended over thee when thou ſitteſt down or walkeſt, always ready to ſnatch thee up from the calamities which threaten this lower world, and lift thee to paradiſe, where the aſſembly of the juſt wait for thy preſence.

There has been an earthquake lately in theſe parts, which has put all France into a great conſternation, aſtoniſhed every body, and increaſed the thoughtfulneſs of the wiſe. The firſt effects of it were felt by the inhabitants of the Pyrenees, which are certain mountains dividing France and Spain. There it did great miſchief, overwhelming ſome medicinal baths, many houſes, and deſtroying hundreds of people. Only one moſque, or church, which ſunk into the caverns below, was thrown up again, and ſtands very firm, but in another place. This is looked upon as a great miracle, eſpecially by the French, who, for aught I know, may cenſure partially, favouring their own intereſt, in regard this church has been diſputed between them and the Spaniards, each nation claiming right to it, as ſtanding before exactly on the frontier line; but now their quarrel is inconteſtibly decided, for it is removed by this convulſion of the globe near half a league from its former ſituation, which is ſo far within the acknowledged limits of France. This the French prieſts magnify as an apparent proof of the juſtice of their pretenſions, and the people ſeem very willing to believe it.

As for me, I have another opinion of earthquakes, and am perſuaded that they are as natural as the winds,

which no man knows how to draw into any party or faction, unleſs we believe the ſtories of the Lapland witches. I am perſuaded that this globe is much more ancient than the generality of mankind imagine it to be, that it has undergone various changes by the predominance of fire and water, and that it is now haſtening towards another revolution. I believe the central fire has eaten its way almoſt to the ſurface, and kindled all the mines of ſulphur and other inflammable matter which it meets with in its circular aſcent; theſe corroding, and daily conſuming their own vaults, approaching alſo ſometimes too near the vaſt receptacles of ſubterranean waters which lie nearer the ſurface, overheat thoſe lakes, which being thus rarefied into vapours, and pent up in the hollow of the globe, ſtrive to break forth with immenſe violence, which cauſes that heaving and rocking of the ſuperficies that ſo terrifies mortals: But then the cauſe is very deep and far from us; for where the ſurface is ſhallow, in ſuch paſſions of the globe, the earth commonly breaks and tumbles in, with whatſoever is upon it; nay, whole cities ſometimes have been thus ſwallowed up. And the danger is eaſily foreknown, by a ſhort ſnatching and trepidation of the ground, houſes, trees, men, and every thing within its reach; for then the convulſion is generally fatal: But where the motion is heavy, grave, and regular, it is a ſign that both the ſource and the danger of it are far off: And this is ſo much the more evident, by how much farther the earthquake is felt above ground; for the nearer any ſuch paſſion happens to the centre, it muſt be granted that its force is extended the wider on the circumference. This depends on a mathematical demonſtration, and there needs no more be ſaid to thee who art conſummate in the ſciences.

What I eſteem a due reflection on this is, that though

there be no peril in theſe remote earthquakes, yet we know not how ſoon they will come nearer to us, neither can we be aſſured where or when they will happen, or how far they will reach. It follows, therefore, by a natural conſequence, that ſince theſe things are unavoidable, and all the wit of man cannot invent a means to eſcape ſinking into the bowels of the earth, where it breaks in, we ought to be careleſs and indifferent what death we die, and only be ſolicitous to live like men, that is, according to reaſon; for whether our ſouls ſurvive or no, it will be comfortable to expire in peace, and full of our own innocence.

Paris, 5th of the 12th Moon, of the Year 1660.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.—*To the Venerable* MUFTI.

HERE is now like to be a great change at this court: Cardinal Mazarini is dead. He died at the Caſtle of the Wood of Vinciennes on the ninth of this moon, having been ſick a long time. There happened a great fire at the Louvre, (ſo they call the king's palace in this city) about five weeks ago, which obliged the cardinal, who lodged there at that time, to remove to his own houſe; from whence, for the ſake of the air, he was adviſed by his phyſicians to go to the aforeſaid caſtle; but all in vain; for death, which finds acceſs into the ſtrongeſt fortreſſes, purſued him thither, and led him in triumph to the region of ſilence and forgetfulneſs, who made ſo great a noiſe and buſtle in this our world.

It is reported that a certain aſtrologer foretold him he

ſhould die in this moon: But the cardinal gave no credit to him, though one would think he had ſome reaſon to believe him in this, for the ſake of a former prediction of his concerning the Duke of Beaufort. I have mentioned this prince, and the enmity that was between Mazarini and him, which occaſioned the duke's impriſonment in the Caſtle of the Wood of Vincennes. During his reſtraint, the aforementioned aſtrologer gave it out in Paris, that the duke ſhould eſcape out of priſon preciſely on ſuch a day. The cardinal being informed of this, waited till the day came, deſigning to puniſh the aſtrologer as a cheat, or at leaſt to expoſe him for an ignorant perſon: To which end he ſent for him, and upbraiding him with preſumption and folly, in that the day was now come, and yet the Duke of Beaufort was ſtill a priſoner, without any hopes, or ſcarce a poſſibility of eſcaping, ordered him to be ſent to the Baſtile. But the aſtrologer, addreſſing himſelf with much ſubmiſſion and earneſtneſs, ſpoke to this effect: "May it pleaſe your eminence only to reſpite my ſentence till to-morrow, and then hang me, if you do not find that I have ſpoke truth. The day which I foretold is come indeed, but it is not paſt. A courier will ſoon convince you that I have not ſtudied this ſcience in vain." The cardinal, moved with theſe words, only confined the aſtrologer in a chamber of his own palace: And the next day he received an expreſs which gave him an account of the duke's eſcape, and the manner of it, viz. that on the day before, he had let himſelf down by a ladder of ropes into the caſtle ditch, and was no more to be ſeen or heard of. Thus the aſtrologer eſcaped the cardinal's revenge, and got much fame at the court, which was increaſed by the cardinal's death falling out exactly according to his prediction.

This miniſter was a very ſubtle man; and Cardinal

Richlieu uſed to ſay of him, "That if he were minded to put a trick on the devil, he would only ſet Mazarini to work." Therefore he made him his confident, inſtructed him in all ſecrets of the French court, the art of government, and on his deathbed recommended him to the king, as the fitteſt man to ſucceed him in the management of the public. He was after the death of Lewis XIII. at firſt oppoſed by ſeveral grandees, but the queen's authority, and that of the Prince of Conde, ſupported him; whence aroſe a common proverb in thoſe days, "The queen permits all, the cardinal commands all, and the prince puts all in execution:" For this laſt had then the office of general.

This miniſter was not eſteemed ſo covetous as his predeceſſor, yet he heaped up vaſt treaſures, part of which he beſtowed in magnificent buildings and furniture, the reſt he ſent into Italy to his father, who, aſtoniſhed at the prodigious quantities of gold he received, uſed to ſay, "Sure it rains money in France!" However, he made himſelf odious to the ſubjects of this nation by his continual oppreſſions, and they are glad he is gone.

It is a byword at Rome, when any pope dies, to ſay, "Now the dog is dead, all his malice is buried with him:" But I doubt it will not prove true in the court of France at this juncture; for the king will either find a miniſter equal in ſubtilty to the deceaſed cardinal, who ſhall ſupply his place, or he will take the adminiſtration of affairs into his own hands. Be it which way it will, we are like to ſee the ſame maxims purſued, ſo long as Cardinal Richlieu's memoirs are in being, who firſt taught this crown to underſtand its own ſtrength.

Paris, 14th of the 3d Moon, of the Year 1661.

II.—*To the* VISIER AZEM, *at the Porte.*

I HAVE ſent a diſpatch to the mufti, acquainting him with the death of Cardinal Mazarini, firſt miniſter of ſtate, and the greateſt favourite that ever lived. Now I will inform thee of ſome paſſages which I omitted in my letter to that venerable prelate. It is neceſſary for me thus to diſtribute my intelligence, with a due reſpect to the different quality of my ſuperiors.

Thou, I ſuppoſe, wilt require ſome account of his diſpoſition and morals, with ſuch a character as may render this great genius familiar to thy knowledge.

He ſeemed to place his chief happineſs in aggrandiſing his maſter, whom he ſerved with a zeal ſo pure and diſintereſted, a loyalty ſo uncorruptible, and by ſuch regular methods of prudence and policy, as if in his days nothing were to be counted virtue or vice, but what either favoured or oppoſed the King of France's intereſt. He was of a happy conſtitution for a courtier, being by nature debonair, complaiſant, affable, and of a ſweet deportment; yet experience and art taught him to improve theſe advantages to the height of diſſimulation. You ſhould ſee courteſy and extraordinary goodneſs flowing into every feature of his face; you ſhould hear words breathing from his mouth, like the ſoft benedictions of an angel; yet at the ſame time his heart gave the lie to both. He meant nothing leſs than that a man ſhould find him as good as his word: He was ever ready to promiſe any thing that was demanded of him, but in performance ſlow, and full of excuſes; frugal of his prince's money, and liberal of his own; magnificent in his buildings, and the furniture belonging to them; aiming in all things to exceed other men his equals, and in ſome to ſurpaſs even mighty princes his ſuperiors. In

a word, he was accompliſhed with all qualifications requiſite in a fortunate courtier and a good ſtateſman.

Yet after all, this ſublime genius yielded to death, but not like common mortals: He died altogether like himſelf, without ſo much as changing that ſettled gravity and ſerene air of his face, as had been remarkable during his life. He made the king heir of his eſtate, and bequeathed abundance of legacies.

To ſay all in brief; if he was great in his life, he was much more ſo in his death, mingling his laſt breath with the ſighs and tears of the king, who lamented his departure with the mourning of a ſon for a father.

Paris, 26th of the 3d Moon, of the Year 1661.

III.—*To* Pesteli Hali, *his Brother, Maſter of the Cuſtoms at Conſtantinople.*

Yesterday a diſpatch came to my hand from a very remote part of the earth: Our couſin Iſouf ſent it from Aſtracan, a famous city for traffic, formerly belonging to the Crim Tartars, but now in the poſſeſſion of the Muſcovites. He has been there a conſiderable time, finding profit by merchandiſe; for there is a vaſt reſort to that city from China, Indoſtan, Perſia, Muſcovy, and other provinces of Europe and Aſia. The roads to it are daily covered with the caravans of trading people; and the river Volga can hardly ſuſtain the innumerable multitude of veſſels that tranſport paſſengers with their goods backwards and forwards between Aſtracan and the regions round about the Caſpian Sea, into which that mighty river diſcharges itſelf.

Iſouf is ingenious, and has pitched upon ſome advantageous way of enriching himſelf, which tempts him to

take up his abode in that city, and there end his travels, or at leaſt he will repoſe himſelf there till fortune preſents him with a fairer opportunity of increaſing his wealth.

In the mean time, I perceive by his letter that he gets money apace, lives very happily, and has the wit to keep himſelf free from the yoke of marriage, which embarraſſed him ſo much formerly. He ſoon put that troubleſome wife out of his mind, after he had divorced her; and he never failed to gratify himſelf with new amours wherever he came in his travels. He writes very comically, and I cannot forbear ſmiling, when he tells me he has had as many concubines as the Grand Signior, by which thou wilt perceive that Iſouf is much addicted to gallantry. He frankly confeſſes, that he firſt learned this mode of loving at large in Perſia, eſpecially at Iſpahan, where he ſays it is a mark of honour for a man to be good at intriguing with the ladies; and he is called a Turk, by way of diſgrace, who frequents not every evening the gardens and houſes of pleaſure in the ſuburbs. But he adds, that in India the liberty of courting women is much greater, and that the very nature of that climate diſpoſes a man to this ſoft paſſion. In a word, our amorous kinſman retains the ſame humour ſtill.

Yet this does not hinder him from proſecuting his neceſſary affairs with diligence and alacrity. He diſpatched a buſineſs for me at Archangel in Ruſſia, and another at Moſcow, very dexterouſly, which convinces me that he is not leſs ſedulous and careful in things which concern himſelf. He ſays the Muſcovites are the greateſt drunkards in the world; their chief and moſt beloved liquor is what the French call the Water of Life. It is a chemical drink, extracted from the lees of wine or other ſtrong

beverages, ſuch as thou knoweſt is common among the Greeks, Armenians, and Franks in the Levant. When the Muſcovites are once got into a houſe where this nectar is ſold, and are a little warmed and elevated with it, they will not depart till all their money is gone; nay, they will pawn their very garments from their backs in a frolic, rather than want their doſe of this inebriating ſtuff, and go out ſtark naked in the coldeſt weather, that is, fall aſleep in the open ſtreets, and yet are never the worſe for it when they awake, but go to their daily work with the greater ardour; for it is only the common people are guilty of this extravagance: As for the gentry and nobility, they are more cloſe and reſerved in their drunken debauches.

The Muſcovites, according to the character he gives me of them, are a very rude and unpoliſhed people, ſurly to one another, and extremely rugged to ſtrangers: They deſpiſe all other nations in the world, and ſay it is impoſſible for any man to go to heaven who has not a Muſcovite ſoul in him. They profeſs the Chriſtian religion, and were formerly of the Greek church; but now they have ſeparated themſelves, and ſet up a patriarch of their own, to whom ſo great a veneration is paid, that the emperor himſelf holds his ſtirrup when he mounts on horſeback.

Brother, I deſire thee to ſpeak advantageouſly of Iſouf to the illuſtrious Kerker Haſſan, and to the other baſſas of the bench. He will be a ſerviceable man to the Grand Signior, if encouraged by ſome place of honour and profit. I wiſh I could ſay the ſame of our couſin Solyman; but he is too wiſe in his own conceit.

Dear Peſteli, excuſe my abruptneſs; for my hours are divided between the ſervice I owe to the ſultan and the affection I bear my friends.

Paris, 7th of the [illegible]ch Moon, of the Year 1662.

IV.—*To* ORCHAN CABET, *Student in the Sciences, and Penſioner to the Sultan.*

I HAVE heard of thy fame, and the manner of thy converſion to the law brought down from heaven; how that from a Chriſtian prieſt thou art become a Muſſulman abdalla, that is, a believer and ſervant of the True God. May thy reward, both here and hereafter, be according to thy integrity in this change of faith and religion; for hypocrites are neither acceptable to God nor man; yet moſt men are proſelyted for intereſt, fear, or other human regards; and in the ſenſe of the Chriſtians, thou knoweſt a renegado and a villain are reciprocal terms.

The inſupportable miſeries of ſervitude tempt many to embrace circumciſion, which at once ſets them free, and often puts them in a condition to mend their fortunes, and live more happily than they did even before they were captives; whilſt ambition and avarice are prevailing motives with others in more proſperous circumſtances to be of the Grand Signior's religion, that ſo they may riſe in his favour, and obtain ſome conſiderable preferment at the court, or office in the army, like the ancient Melchites among the Chriſtians, who were ſo called becauſe they always profeſſed the faith of the Grecian emperors, without examining whether it was orthodox or no; a ſort of religious paraſites, who would be any thing to ſerve their own intereſt, and adore the devil himſelf, provided their ſovereign ſhowed them an example.

Yet after all there are ſome who change their religion in pure ſincerity, only compelled thereto by the dint of exalted reaſon and motives of virtue: Such as theſe are thinking men, perſons of bold ſpirits, who dare call in queſtion the traditions of their fathers, examine the prin-

ciples in which they were educated, diſpute every thing, and bring all to the ſtandard of natural truth.

I rejoice to hear that thou art one of this character, and not in the number of counterfeits or bigots; for ſuch bring no credit to the religion they embrace, but rather a ſcandal. Yet the arms of the munificent Porte are open to receive all who profeſs that God is One, and that Mahomet is his apoſtle, leaving the ſcrutiny of their intention to him who ſearches the heart.

Thy learning gives thee fair opportunities of doing good; put it to a right uſe; convince the infidels, whom thou haſt forſaken of their errors; confirm the true believers in the faith without blemiſh.

Do this by diſcourſe, by writing, and by thine own exemplary life, which laſt will prevail above ten thouſand eloquent ſermons.

In a word, ſhow thyſelf a true and faithful follower of the prophet on earth, and God will tranſlate thee to his company in paradiſe, where Moſes will introduce thee, Jeſus will entertain thee with joy, and all the one hundred and twenty-four thouſand prophets will welcome thee to the pleaſures which know no end.

Paris, 21ſt of the 5th Moon, of the Year 1661.

V.—*To the* MUFTI.

WE are apt to admire ſome ſtrange paſſages which we find recorded in ancient hiſtory, and whoſe truth is out of the reach of any mortal to prove; yet we ſlight the miracles which are before our eyes, evident matters of fact, which nobody can contradict. Whence this ſhould proceed I know not, unleſs it be from a natural kind of drowſineſs in the ſoul common to the greateſt part of

men, like the ſleep of thoſe who cannot ſo ſoon be awakened by the loudeſt noiſes they are accuſtomed to, as by the ſoft and ſtill ideas of a ſtrange dream: So we regard not the things to which we are daily habituated, though in themſelves never ſo prodigious, whilſt we ſtartle and are amazed at the moſt ordinary relations of antiquity, only becauſe they are novel to us, and we were not eye-witneſſes of the things themſelves.

I formerly ſent a letter to Cara Hali, the ſultan's phyſician, wherein I mentioned ſeveral phyſicians of Arabia, who, in paſt ages, were eminent for ſome remarkable cures; but I tell thee, not one of them could match the King of France's ſucceſs in curing an epidemical diſtemper, which they call the King's Evil. The general ſymptoms of this malady, are certain ſwellings in the face, neck, or other parts of the body, ſometimes accompanied with blindneſs, deafneſs, lameneſs, and other imperfections. Thoſe who are troubled with this diſeaſe flock to the king's court at certain ſeaſons of the year, and being introduced into his preſence, he only touches the part affected with his hand, and an infallible cure follows.

They ſay this gift has been inherent in the kings of France for many generations, and the prieſts magnify it as a great miracle. But I tell thee, all the prodigy, in my opinion, lies in the ſtrength of the people's imagination, which thou knoweſt works half the cure in many diſtempers. The prieſts ſtand by the king, whilſt he touches the ſick; they repeat their goſpel, and uſe certain prayers and exorciſms, being veſted all in white like magicians. Theſe ceremonies are performed with abundance of gravity, which ſtrikes an awe into the credulous patients; and to render the buſineſs yet more myſterious, whereas other phyſicians take money of the

ſick, this royal Æſculapius beſtows a piece of gold on every one whom he touches, which they are obliged to wear about their necks as long as they live. Now, whether the charm lies in the gold, or the king's touch, or the prayers and ceremonies of the prieſts, or, finally, in the patient's fancy, it matters not much: This is certain, that thouſands who come to the king's feet very much diſordered by this evil, find a ſenſible alteration in their bodies before they depart from his preſence, and in a few hours, or days at moſt, are perfectly recovered.

Perhaps the kings of France have ſome magical or phyſical tincture in their blood, or it may be they have found out the philoſopher's ſtone ſo much talked of, and delivered it down to their poſterity, as a part of the royal inheritance, which enables the preſent king to do ſo many prodigious things both at home and abroad, in peace and in war, beſides his part in curing this ſickneſs. I am no Roſicrucian, nor very fond or credulous of miracles, yet I often wonder at the treaſures of this monarch, which appear inexhauſtible. But the ways of kings are ſecret, and he of France is ſingular in his myſterious methods of growing rich and great: Neither do all his magnificent expences ſeem to diminiſh his wealth. The King of Sweden has been his penſioner ever ſince he began to reign, and millions of French gold are diſperſed among the German princes.

Theſe things cauſe his ſubjects to deſcant variouſly; but I refer them to thy oraculous judgment, whoſe ſingle teſta is of ten thouſand times more worth than the decrees of a French parliament.

Paris, 3d of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1661.

VI.—*To* MIRMADOLIN, *Santone of the Vale of Sidon.*

Now I will vent holy things, and what the Divinity ſhall inſpire. The world was in weeds when Hoſain the prophet was ſlain, and the moon put on her mourning dreſs: The timbrels of Perſia, Arabia, and Babylon, were heard in the dead of the night; their ſound reached to the third heaven; the ſhepherds ran to the heights of the earth, to diſcover the occaſion of ſo much noiſe; the centinels of forts and caſtles gave the alarm, and the men of war took hold of the ſword, the bow, and the ſpear; the Tygris overflowed its banks, and Diarbekir became a lake; a dark body of clouds overcaſt the ſky, and poured forth thunder, lightning, and hail; fire ran along on the ſands of the deſart, and the air was all in a flame; horror poſſeſſed the minds of mortals, and the angels themſelves were uneaſy; the beaſts of the field ran into dens and caves, and the dragons were touched with remorſe; only the more venomous Kyſilbaſchi ſwelled with pride; the poiſon of murder and hereſy had puffed up their ſouls; they and their poſterity are accurſed to this day, and to the hour of the irrevocable ſentence.

O Santone, great is thy faith, in that thou haſt abandoned the ſhadow of this world, and ſeparated thyſelf from the contagion of mortals! I revere the majeſty of thy ſublime ſoul, the intellect ranging at liberty. Thou daily gathereſt flowers from the garden of Eden, and being in the body, enjoyeſt the ſweets of paradiſe. Kings would lay down their crowns to taſte of thy pleaſures, did they but know them, and exchange all the glory of empires for one moment of thy unſpeakable bliſs; thou companion and care of angels, darling of the Monarch Omnipotent!

Wherever thou lieſt down, whether by day or by night, the watchers above ſtand ready with umbrellas to ſkreen thee from the ſcorching beams of the ſun, the chilling darts of the moon and ſtars, and from all injuries of weather; the elements go out of their courſes to ſerve thee, and all nature eſpouſes thy intereſt.

The merchant hires a thouſand camels, and loads them with the choiceſt riches of the Levant: He endures all the fatigues of a long and dangerous travel through Syria, Arabia, and Perſia; runs the riſk of robbers, diſeaſes, and ten thouſand methods of death; and after all his hazards and pains, is not half ſo happy nor ſo rich as thou, who aboundeſt in every thing, becauſe thou deſireſt nothing which thou haſt not, or that is unneceſſary. The ploughmen labour for thee in the field, and ſo do the artificers in the city; the noble and the vulgar are thy purveyors, and the greateſt ſovereigns pay tribute to thee; every houſe is thy home, and they count themſelves happy under whoſe roof thou vouchſafeſt to ſleep; they are really ſo, for benediction accompanies the perfect man in all his ways, and the favours of Heaven overtake them that ſhow kindneſs to him: Thou art lord of other men's eſtates, and every man's field is thy inheritance; thou enjoyeſt the riches of this world, without being tainted with the vices that attend them, and receiveſt immortal aſſurances and ſeals of the future glory in the life which is to come. O happy eſtate of the righteous! O life to be truly envied!

As for me, I am like a galley ſlave, chained down to the oar, and forced to row inceſſantly whither the maſter of the veſſel commands. So am I obliged to obey the dictates of my ſuperiors, whether there be ſin in the caſe or no. I am faſtened in the cares of this vain world,

and the more particular anxieties of ſtate, from all which thou art happily free.

Oh that it were lawful for me to ſhake off the fretting yoke, and diſentangle myſelf from the ſnares of human policy! that I might live like the men of the firſt ages, who honoured the earth as their common mother, and made no envious incloſures: They ſported innocently on her fragrant boſom, and never moleſted their kind parent by cruelty to any of her offspring; they ſucked the milk of her breaſts; her veins ſtreamed with wine and honey; they banqueted on variety of excellent fruits; and nobody thought of killing and eating his fellow-animal: The birds could then range the air without fear of the fowler; neither did any yawling huntſman rouſe the timorous hare from her ſeat: The roes and the hinds could ſcamper at pleaſure over the plain without being hattered to the mountains and rocks for ſanctuary; neither did any ſly angler trepan the fiſh of the rivers: As for the ſea, it was then unknown; no man as yet had ventured on that perfidious element, or found out the uſe of ſhips: There was in thoſe days no foreign commerce or traffic, nor any need of it; every region ſupplied its inhabitants with what was uſeful and neceſſary, and thoſe temperate mortals deſired no more; they lived without irregular appetites, free from ambition, fraud, and blood.

This is the life ſo much deſired by me, and which thou actually enjoyeſt. God augment thy felicities and raptures, that thou mayeſt paſs from one viſion and ecſtacy to another, till Gabriel ſnatch thy ſoul away in a divine tranſport beyond the poſſibility of a relapſe.

Holy Santone, whilſt thou art on earth pray for me; and when thou art among the immortals, do me ſome favour which may laſt for ever.

Paris, 26th of the 8th Moon, of the year 1661.

VII.—*To* Dgnet Oglou.

My buſineſs in this place obliges me to keep company with all ſorts of people: Hence I indifferently aſſociate myſelf with ſtateſmen, ſoldiers, courtiers, prieſts, fiddlers, mechanics, ſeamen, or perſons of any profeſſion, from whom I can hope for any improvement; for there is hardly ſo deſpicable a fellow in the world who may not teach an inquiſitive mind ſomething to which it was a ſtranger before.

Sometimes I converſe with painters, whom I generally find to be men of wit and ſenſe, but very lewd and diſſolute: However, they ſerve to divert my melancholy, to which thou knoweſt I am much inclined; for they are the merrieſt ſparks in the world, abounding with ſmart repartees, jeſts, and comical ſtories, beſides an hundred mimical tricks of good buffoonery to make one laugh, that it is almoſt impoſſible to be ſad in their company.

They are moſt of them bred in the academy, or in colleges and ſchools where the ſciences are profeſſed; it being in a manner neceſſary that men of this trade ſhould have a ſmack of all ſorts of learning, and eſpecially that they ſhould be indifferent good hiſtorians, they being many times deſired to repreſent pieces of antique and modern hiſtory without a pattern. They have a very facetious way alſo of telling a ſtory to the life, as well as of drawing it ſo in picture. They would diſſolve the moſt ſtiff and moroſe hadgi into laughter and jollity, to hear how gracefully they will ridicule the moſt ſerious matters, and turn every thing into burleſque; for they are admirable ſatiriſts by nature.

Yet theſe are not all alike, but differ in their tempers like other men: Some of them are proud and ſtately, others fawning and abject, and all of them great humouriſts.

It was an odd whim of Martin Heemſkirk, a famous painter that was born at a village of the ſame name: He died in the year of the Chriſtians hegira 1554. This man had amaſſed together in his lifetime a vaſt quantity of money, and having no wife or children, nor other relations of his own to leave it to, he was reſolved to do ſomething for which he might be talked of after his death. I have heard of many dying men that have had one caprice or other in making their laſt will and teſtament, but thou wilt ſay this of Martin's was ſingular; for on his deathbed he bequeathed all his wealth to be diſtributed into equal dowries, or portions, wherewith to marry a certain number of maids of Heemſkirk, his birthplace, yearly, on this condition, that the new married couple, with all the wedding gueſts, ſhould dance on his grave.

It is neceſſary for thee to know, that ſince his death there has been a great alteration of religion in thoſe parts: The inhabitants, which in his time were Roman catholics, are now all proteſtants; and at the time of this change or reformation, as they call it, it was the general practice of the proteſtants to demoliſh all images and croſſes wherever they found them. Now, it was the cuſtom of the Roman catholics to ſet up a croſs at the end of every ſepulchre of the dead; yet ſo great a veneration have the Heemſkirkers for the memory of this painter, that whereas there is not a croſs to be ſeen ſtanding in all the country beſides, yet his, being of braſs, remains untouched, as the only title their daughters can ſhow to his legacy.

It was a more cruel and inhuman practice of an Italian painter, (I think his name was Giotto) who deſigning to draw a crucifix to the life, wheedled a poor man to ſuffer himſelf to be bound to a croſs for an hour, at the end of which he ſhould be releaſed again, and receive a conſi-

derable gratuity for his pains; but, inſtead of this, as ſoon as he had him faſt on the croſs, he ſtabbed him dead, and then fell to drawing. He was eſteemed the greateſt maſter in all Italy at that time; and having this advantage of a dead man hanging on a croſs before him, there is no queſtion but he made a matchleſs piece of work of it.

As ſoon as he had finiſhed his picture, he carried it to the pope, who was aſtoniſhed, as at a prodigy of art, highly extolling the exquiſiteneſs of the features and limbs, the languiſhing pale deadneſs of the face, the unaffected ſinking of the head; in a word, he had drawn to the life not only that privation of ſenſe and motion which we call death, but alſo the very want of the leaſt vital ſymptom.

This is better underſtood than expreſſed: Every body knows that it is a maſterpiece to repreſent a paſſion or a thought well and naturally; much greater is it to deſcribe the total abſence of theſe interior faculties, ſo as to diſtinguiſh the figure of a dead man from one that is only aſleep.

Yet all this and much more could the pope diſcern in the admirable draught which Giotto preſented him; and he liked it ſo well that he reſolved to place it over the altar of his own chapel; for thou knoweſt this is the practice of the Nazarenes to adore pictures and images. Giotto told him, ſince he liked the copy ſo well, he would ſhow him the original if he pleaſed.

"What doſt thou mean by the original?" (ſaid the Pope) "Wilt thou ſhow me Jeſus Chriſt on the croſs in his own perſon?" "No, (replied Giotto) but I will ſhow your Holineſs the original from whence I drew this, if you will abſolve me from all puniſhment."

The good old father, ſuſpecting ſomething extraordi-

nary by the painter's thus capitulating with him, promiſed on his word to pardon him, which Giotto believing, immediately told him where it was; and attending him to the place, as ſoon as they were entered, he drew a curtain back, which hung before the dead man on the croſs, and told the pope what he had done.

The holy father, extremely troubled at ſo inhuman and barbarous an action, repealed his promiſe, and told the painter he ſhould ſurely be put to an examplary death.

Giotto, ſeeming reſigned to the ſentence pronounced upon him, only begged leave to finiſh the picture before he died, which was granted him. In the mean while, a guard was ſet upon him to prevent his eſcape. As ſoon as the pope had cauſed the picture to be delivered into his hands, he takes a bruſh, and dipping it in a ſort of ſtuff he had ready for that purpoſe, daubs the picture all over with it, ſo that nothing could now be ſeen of the crucifix, but it was quite effaced in all outward appearance.

This made the pope ſtark mad: He ſtamped, foamed, and raved like one in a phrenzy; he ſwore the painter ſhould ſuffer the moſt cruel death that could be invented, unleſs he drew another full as good as the former, for if but the leaſt grace was miſſing, he would not pardon him; but if he could produce an exact parallel, he would not only give him his life, but an ample reward in money.

The painter, as he had reaſon, deſired this under the pope's ſignet, that he might not be in danger of a ſecond repeal, which was granted him; and then he took a wet ſponge, and wiped off all the varniſh he had daubed on the picture, and the crucifix appeared the ſame in all reſpects as it was before.

The pope, who looked on this as a great ſecret, being ignorant of the arts which painters uſe, was raviſhed at the ſtrange metamorphoſis; and, to reward the painter's treble ingenuity, he abſolved him from all his ſins, and the puniſhments due to them, ordering moreover his ſteward to cover the picture all over with gold, as a farther gratuity for the painter; and they ſay this crucifix is the original by which the moſt famous crucifixes in Europe are drawn.

I need make no other reflection on this, than, that as the ſuppoſed murder of Jeſus the ſon of Mary is the ſource of all the Chriſtians devotion, ſo the real homicide which this painter committed has made it more intenſe and fervent, by how much the crucifixes drawn after this pattern excel all that were ſeen before them in the tragical portraiture of the martyred Meſſias.

And from this reaſon it is that painters are in ſo great eſteem among the Italians, becauſe they form the gods which thoſe infidels adore. It is no wonder, therefore, that the chief head of their church ſhould ſo eaſily abſolve murder in a painter as a venial ſin, eſpecially when it is done in ordine ad Deum, as the Jeſuits ſay, that is, to promote God's glory, as the pope eaſily perſuaded himſelf this was; ſince idolatry is the main engine which ſupports the ſtate and grandeur of the Roman court. And all the world knows that holy city is a type of heaven, or at leaſt the crafty prieſts would fain repreſent it ſo.

My friend, thou and I have ſeen enough of their tricks and holy frauds in Sicily. Praiſe be to God they had not power to pervert us: Our faith remains inviolate; we ſtill poſſeſs the integrity of muſſulmans, the native attach we owe to the prophet, who was ſent to exterminate idols. In a word, we adore none but one God,

creator of the worlds. May that incomprehenſible for ever keep us in the ſame faith and practice, till the releaſe of our ſouls.

Paris, 13th of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1661.

VIII.—*To* LUBANO ABUFEI SAAD, *an Egyptian Knight.*

THIS court is now at Fontainbleau, and all ſeems to be diſſolved in joy for the birth of a dauphin. The queen was delivered of this young prince on the firſt day of this moon: There is nothing but feaſting, dancing, and revelling on this account, with bonfires, and congratulatory addreſſes: Only the Duke of Orleans, the king's brother, has little reaſon to be over merry, ſince he was the next preſumptive heir of the crown, in caſe the king died without iſſue male, for the laws of France exclude a female from reigning. Yet this Duke diſſembles his inward grief, for being thus put by his hopes, and appears as joyful as the father himſelf. He hugs and admires the royal babe, wiſhing him health and long life in a compliment, whom he really could rather wiſh out of the world, or at leaſt that he had never come into it; ſo violent are the temptations of a crown, ſo ſtrong the deſire of empire, that the nearneſs of relation, which endears the reſt of mortals one to another, eſtranges the hearts of princes from thoſe of their own blood, if they ſtand in the way of their ambition. And I can aſſure thee, the French do not ſpare to ſay the Duke of Orleans has enough of this vice to attempt great things, were not his genius overawed by the matchleſs fortune and ſpirit of his brother.

Neither is the king himſelf inſenſible of this, remembering with what warmth the duke received the flattering

addreſſes of ſome courtiers, during his brother's dangerous ſickneſs, when the phyſicians had well nigh given him over for a dead man.

I was acquainted with this paſſage but lately by Ofmin the dwarf, who watches all the motions of this court. He tells me, that the king being informed a rumour was whiſpered among the grandees of his death, cauſed them all to be ſent for, and to paſs through his chamber, whilſt the curtains of his bed were drawn open, that they might ſee their ſovereign alive, though in a bad ſtate of health. He ſays moreover, that the true reaſon why ſeveral lords of late have been removed from their offices about the king, is, becauſe he reſented ill the too early and paſſionate court they made to the Duke of Orleans, on the report of his brother's death. It is natural to all men to love themſelves, and to deſire the diſpoſal of their own affairs. No man would be content to have his eſtate given away by his ſervants at their own diſcretion; and ſovereign monarchs are the moſt jealous of all men in ſuch caſes, particularly the King of France is known to be a prince very ſenſible of his honour, and ſoon touched in that point, by the leaſt appearance of diſreſpect in his ſubjects, and of encroachment in his neighbours.

As for the Duke of Orleans, he is a prince of no great character, either as a ſoldier or a ſtateſman; neither has he been much talked of in the world, till the beginning of this year, when he married an Engliſh princeſs, by name Henrietta, daughter to the late murdered king of that nation.

We have had another match here alſo between the late Duke of Orleans's daughter and the Prince of Tuſcany. Theſe things occaſion various diſcourſe among thoſe who who pretend to weigh exactly the different in-

tereſts of Chriſtian courts, eſpecially of ſuch as are concerned in the new alliances; for the greateſt monarchs here in the Weſt marry only for profit and advantage, to fortify themſelves by a cloſer union with the houſe to which they are allied; whereas our eaſtern princes only indulge their paſſions in the choice of their wives, admitting none to their embraces but the moſt exquiſite beauties that can be found; and where they once pitch their fancy, they neither regard riches, honour, or any other recommendation, ſave what their love ſuggeſts, being themſelves inexhauſtible fountains of wealth, nobility, and good fortune, to all who have the happineſs to be in their favour.

They ſcorn to ſell themſelves, and proſtitute the glory of their diadem to a foreign prince, for the ſake of a little gold, and much more trouble, with a proud female whom perhaps they never ſaw: Yet this is the common practice among the princes of the Nazarene belief, who conſider not, that inſtead of a wife, a partner of their empire, and a friend, they often entertain a ſnake, a traitor, an enemy; eſpecially if ſhe be a woman of wit and intrigue, as moſt of them are. This made the now queen-mother, the relict of Lewis XIII. ſuſpected by her huſband, and the preſent Queen of France is under the like circumſtances; and it will always be ſo where princes match themſelves after this manner, and cannot debar their wives from holding a ſecret correſpondence with the family from which they deſcend.

Aſſurcdly the Ottoman politics are the moſt refined and ſecure of any in the world, our religion moſt holy, and our morals moſt ſound; which three are evident ſigns that God has raiſed up this ſacred empire to ſubdue all the nations on earth, and bring them to the faith of his divine unity.

Paris, 9th of the 11th Moon, of the Year 1661.

IX.—*To* CARA HALI, *Phyſician to the Grand Signior.*

I AM now in my chamber, by a glowing fire, wanting nothing that can comfort a reaſonable man; whilſt I hear the winds whiſtling, the ſnow driving upon my windows, and the hollow voices of the watch proclaiming a night little leſs cold than that laſting one they feel in the arctic circle once a-year. Yet I wiſh myſelf in a plain, or on the top of ſome high mountain, where I might feel Nature in the moſt rigid of all her humours. I love variety, and it is a pain to be confined to pleaſure itſelf, when it is all of one kind, or what I am uſed to.

It is to thee, my dear Hali, I owe this thought, when you told me once, as we were walking together in the cemetery of Sultan Solyman's moſque, "That man is made for all things."

I remember the elegance and force of reaſon with which you explained your ſentiments, upon a loſs which I had then ſuſtained by ſhipwreck, comforting me with this reflection, that all the gains on earth are only burdens; all the riches, honours, pleaſures, and whatſoever is deſired by mortals, are but ſo many clogs to tie us faſter to this little narrow globe, which we are born to trample on as our footſtool.

All this is true; but I conſider farther, that the occurrences of this life ought to be received with indifference, and we ſhould be as cheerful in a priſon as in a palace, becauſe nothing can happen to us which was not decreed by fate. Methinks I could go as freely to torments in a juſt cauſe, as to a ſumptuous banquet; I could ſmile at the malice of my perſecutors, and triumph over the vain executioners, when I ſee them ſweat at their inhuman toil, and yet can never have their wills of a baſe caſt in ſuch a mould as mine, whatever they may

do with my body; though they excruciate me with a thouſand inventions of cruelty, though they reduce me to aſhes, yet they cannot rob me of my reaſon; neither fire, nor ſword, nor rack, nor any other inſtrument of barbarous rage, can hurt my thoughts; I ſhall ſtill have the power of meditating, in ſpite of them all, and I eſteem that the ſpecific happineſs of a rational creature. There is no ſuch thing as pleaſure or pain, but what our opinion makes ſo: I have tried to handle fire; I have graſped hot burning coals in the palm of my hand, with which I now write; the devouring element ſoon faſtened on my ſkin, and eat its way through into my fleſh, whilſt I was buſy in contemplating its nature and effects, without being concerned in any ſenſe of pain; I kept a tight rein, and curbed my ſoul; I held it within compaſs, and would not ſuffer it to winch, or laſh, or flounce out of itſelf, or deſcend into my body, to reſcue the part affected, or be concerned at its grievances; but, when I reflected on the inconveniences that might follow, and that it would hinder me from ſerving the Grand Signior and my friends, I threw the coals away, well ſatisfied that I had made the experiment without prejudiſing my reaſon, or falling into any paſſion unbecoming a man.

I take as much pleaſure in faſting as in eating or drinking, in labour as in reſt, in watching as in ſleep; there is no exceſs or contrariety in nature, which does not afford me as much delight as mediocrity, or the golden mean itſelf; I find guſt in every thing that happens to me, and this I take to be the proper part of a muſſulman, or of one reſigned to God.

Yet this hinders me not from buſtling in the world, and proſecuting my buſineſs with alacrity and ſome eagerneſs. We are born for action, and not wholly for thought; it is a mixed life we are to lead on earth; but

when I fail of my end or deſired ſucceſs in any undertaking, I am not troubled, conſidering I was born to encounter evil as well as good in this mortal ſtate.

In all that I have ſaid, I do not pretend to the celebrated apathy of the ſtoics; I feel pleaſure and pain from the ſame objects which thus affect other men, but I feel them with indifference, not ſuffering my underſtanding and judgment to participate with my paſſion and ſenſe.

I have perceived myſelf ſometimes in agonies, which I thought exactly anſwered the character of thoſe which dying perſons feel, and I believe they were in a degree the very ſame; yet I found no panic fears upon me, no dread of that amazing change, but rather certain blooming hopes, young, tender, ſpringing joys, ariſing from the thoughts of a new life, the unavoidable effect of that which we call death, wherein I promiſed myſelf the pleaſure of freſh enjoyments and diverſions, to which I was wholly then a ſtranger.

If thou thinkeſt this too extravagant, and that death is not a proper object of our wiſhes, yet thou wilt at leaſt acknowledge that it may furniſh us with ſufficient arguments of content and acquieſcence, ſince no man can avoid it; and it is ſure to entertain us with novelties, which we never were acquainted with before, which recommends it under a very deſirable figure, becauſe human nature perpetually covets new things.

I have ſeen perſons condemned to death here in Paris, who have been offered life on certain conditions not agreeing with their humour; yet have refuſed it, and rather choſe death, which they knew would free them at once from all their preſent troubles. And thou knoweſt with what reſignation our greateſt baſſas ſubmit their necks to the executioners, when the Grand Signior thinks

fit to call for their lives. All that they reply to the fatal mandate is, "The will of my ſovereign lord be done." They at once gather up all the ſtrength of their ſcattered reaſon, and ſhrink their dilated ſouls to a point; then with a redoubled force, they ſhake off their inclinations to honours, riches, and the pleaſures of this life, as a man rouſes from a long dream or trance; with ſmiles, and a profound ſubmiſſion they kiſs the royal firme, being awakened to the thoughts of more illuſtrious and ſerene joys than this groſs earth affords, even to the ineffable pleaſures of Eden, the ſure reward of thoſe that die in obedience and peace; ſince they are to be eſteemed martyrs, as well as thoſe who meet death in the field of the ſacred combat, in the war for our holy faith.

Oh! that it were my lot thus to expire in honour, to have my laſt breath mixed with the devout aſpirations and ſuffrages of true believers, that ſo my example might edify others, and the public character of an untainted loyalty might benefit myſelf; whilſt fame proclaimed it before my arrival at the inviſible regions, to prepare the ghoſts of juſt men to bid me welcome, and give me a kind reception, who am yet wholly a ſtranger in thoſe parts of the world; for death itſelf cannot baniſh me out of the univerſe, and there is my laſt comfort.

Thou, my dear phyſician, wilt conclude I am melancholy by this kind of diſcourſe; but I tell thee it is only another way of expreſſing the ſecret pleaſure and tranquillity of my ſoul, which is more to be valued by him that enjoys it, than all the laughter and extravagant mirth in the world: Theſe only ruffle our paſſions, and raiſe a duſt in our eyes; whereas the other compoſe and purify our reaſon, giving us a conſtant proſpect of things paſt, preſent, and to come; ſo that we can never be at a

loſs, but always ready equipped for the worſt contingencies. Hali, adieu.

Paris, 15th of the 12th Moon, of the Year 1661.

X.—*To the ſame.*

The court of France in all things endeavours to imitate the ancient grandeur of the Roman emperors and their policy: As they had their amphitheatres, whereon were exhibited all ſorts of ſhows and ſpectacles to divert the people in time of peace, ſo have theſe their theatres, whereon, according to the more acceptable mode of the preſent age, are repreſented the various kinds of virtue and vice, men's follies and perfections, modern humours and the ancient morality, intrigues of love and of ſtate, ſurpriſing actions of war, and the ſubtle overtures of peace, the tyranny of ſovereigns and rebellion of ſubjects; in fine, whatſoever is treated of in books, is here acted to the life on the ſtage, and with ſo much advantage of ſcenes, interludes, muſic, dances, language, wit, humour, and the like charming circumſtances, that a man at ſome hours cannot better paſs away his time than in being preſent at theſe entertainments, where all that he has read, either in ancient or modern hiſtory, deſerving remark, ſhall be ſucceſſively preſented to his view, as efficaciouſly as if the perſons were now living and in preſence, whoſe actions each play deſcribes.

There you ſhall be introduced, as it were, into the court and camp of the grand Cyrus; you ſhall accompany Alexander the Great in his expeditions through Aſia; you ſhall ſee him die of poiſon at Babylon, and the Macedonian empire cantoniſed among his officers; you ſhall behold all the Roman Cæſars in their riſe and

fall, with whatſoever particularities were obſervable in this or any other renowned monarchy on earth, not excluding the laſt and moſt univerſal empire of the Ottomans; for theſe infidels preſume to act over again the part of Tamerlane, and lead about in dramatic triumph the uncaged, yet ſtill invincible Bajazet: In habits which only become the deſtined conquerors of the world, theſe ſlaves dare perſonate the glorious Solyman, Mahomet the Great, the victorious Selim, and even Amurat himſelf, the ſtouteſt emperor that ever reigned, I mean the uncle of our preſent ſovereign.

Beſides true hiſtory thus repreſented, the ſpectators are ſometimes diverted with fabulous entries of gods, nymphs, fawns, ſatyrs, muſes, graces, monſters, and whatſoever we find in the ancient poets.

There you ſhall ſee Prometheus fetching fire from heaven, to give life to his man of clay; Lycaon transformed into a wolf, for his unhoſpitable carriage to Jupiter; Ganymede ſnatched up into heaven by an eagle, and made Jupiter's cup-bearer, for his ſingular beauty. It is pleaſant alſo to ſee Phrixus, with his ſiſter Helle, ſwimming over the Helleſpont on the back of a ram, with a golden fleece, whilſt ſhe for fear falls off, and is drowned; and from her name (Helle) that ſea is ſuppoſed to be ſo called: In the mean while, Phrixus ſwims forward, and arrives at Colchis, where he ſacrifices the ram, and hangs the golden fleece up in the temple, which was afterwards ſtole away by Jaſon and his Argonauts. It is equally diverting to ſee the artifice of the ſcenes and machines, which repreſent Jupiter transforming himſelf into a ſhower of gold, and ſo deſcending into Danae's lap, when he begets Perſeus on her, who ſubdued the Gorgons, and with Meduſa's head turned the Cephen nobles into ſtatues: In a word, all the ingenious fictions of Orpheus,

Homer, Heſiod, Ovid, and the reſt of the Greek and Roman poets, are here tranſlated, not ſo much from one language to another, as from words to actions, and from dead inanimate characters to living figures of the things themſelves; for theſe ſort of plays are acted by men, women, and children, culled out and educated for that purpoſe; and the managers are at a vaſt charge for variety of proper ſcenes and dreſſes for every occaſion, each actor being exactly apparelled according to the different quality of perſons repreſented, and the mode of the age and country wherein they lived.

Theſe ſorts of divertiſements are very agreeable both to the court and city: The king takes great delight in them, eſpecially in ballets and paſtorals, which conſiſt chiefly of good ſongs and dances, mixed with bold and uncouth entries of antiques, repreſenting monſters and devils, as the Chriſtians uſually deſcribe them.

But there was lately a check given to their ſport, by an accident which has ſurpriſed all people that heard of it, and has puzzled the moſt intelligent heads to give an account of ſo ſtrange an occurrence.

On the 19th of this moon, the king and the whole court were preſent at a ballet, repreſenting the grandeur of the French monarchy: About the middle of the entertainment, there was an antique dance, performed by twelve maſqueraders, in the ſuppoſed forms of demons; but before they had advanced far in their dance, they found an interloper amongſt them, who, by increaſing the number to thirteen, put them quite out of their meaſures; for they practiſe every ſtep and motion beforehand till they are perfect. Being abaſhed, therefore, at the unavoidable blunders the thirteenth antique made them commit, they ſtood ſtill like fools, gazing at one another, none daring to unmaſk or ſpeak a word, for that

would have put all the ſpectators into a diſorder and confuſion. Cardinal Mazarini (who was the chief contriver of theſe entertainments, to divert the king from more ſerious thoughts) ſtood cloſe by the young monarch, with a ſcheme of the ballet in his hand; knowing, therefore, that this dance was to conſiſt but of twelve antiques, and taking notice that there were actually thirteen, at firſt imputed it to ſome miſtake; but afterwards, when he perceived the confuſion of the dancers, and that they could not proceed, he made a more narrow inquiry into the cauſe of this diſorder: To be brief, they convinced the cardinal that it could be no error of theirs, by a kind of demonſtration, in that they had but twelve antique dreſſes of that ſort, which were made on purpoſe for this particular ballet, whereas the thirteenth dancer was diſguiſed after the ſame manner; therefore they concluded that either the devil, or ſomebody elſe, had put a trick on them. That which made it ſeem the greater myſtery was, that when they came behind the ſcenes to uncaſe, and examine the matter, they found but twelve antiques, whereas on the ſtage there were thirteen.

The preciſer ſort of bigots gave it out for certain that the devil was amongſt them, whilſt others more probably ſay it was only ſome envious or ambitious dancing-maſter, who was either reſolved to be revenged for not being one of the twelve, or deſigned to ſhow his parts *incognito* againſt another opportunity, and in the interim ſet the court a wondering at his ſingular ſkill and dexterity; for it was obſerved that one of the thirteen far ſurpaſſed all the reſt, and did things to a miracle.

Be it how it will, it has brought to memory a paſſage that happened on the like occaſion, at a town not far from Paris, about eighteen years ago; yet it was not half ſo much talked of then as it is now, which was the

reaſon I took no notice of it in any of my letters: But now they are big with it; it is the general diſcourſe of all companies who make compariſon of that event with this: Perhaps it will not be unpleaſant to thee to know it.

In the year 1644, toward the latter end, a company of ſtage-players were at a place called Vitry, entertaining the people with comedies; but there happened ſomething really tragical to one of the actors. This man was to perform the part of one dead, and then he was to revive again by magic. He acted his part too truly, and baffled the necromancer's art; for when he touched him with his taliſman, as the rules of the play required, in order to his reſurrection, the inanimate trunk could not obey. The man was dead indeed.

Whether he overſtrained himſelf in imitating the ſilent, ſtill, and irrecoverable privations of that paſſive ſtate, and gave his ſlippery ſoul a ſtrong temptation, with a fair opportunity to eſcape its bonds, or whether Heaven had a particular hand in ſo remarkable a cataſtrophe, I will not preſume to divine; but this and the other occurrence has put the people quite out of conceit with plays.

Sage Hali, remember the Arabian proverb, which ſays, "It is not good to jeſt with God, death, or the devil; for the firſt neither can nor will be mocked, the ſecond mocks all men one time or other, and the third puts an eternal ſarcaſm on thoſe that are too familiar with him." Adieu.

Paris, 30th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year 1662.

XI.—*To* DGNET OGLOU.

GOD unravel my ſoul, reverſe my faculties, turn my nature inſide out, make me a monſter of a new predicament, or annihilate me, which he pleaſes, if I am not true to my truſt; yet the miniſters of the Porte ſuſpect me.

By the thoughts of Mahomet our holy lawgiver, whilſt he was climbing the boundleſs heights of the firmament, I have a heart like the Roman Curtius, who bravely leaped into the fathomleſs abyſs to ſave his country from ruin. They miſtake Mahmut, who think he will be pimped out of his loyalty by frowns or ſmiles, flatteries or threats, gold or tortures. I would run the riſk of damnation itſelf to ſerve my ſovereign, or do any thing becoming a man of honour; yet my ſuperiors uſe me like a villain or a traitor; their letters are full of reproaches and threatenings, as if I were not worthy to live. It is ſtrange to me whence all this malice ſhould proceed; and that after I have done and ſuffered all that could be expected from a muſſulman in my poſt, to demonſtrate my incorruptible fidelity to the Grand Signior, I ſhould ſtill be perſecuted as a Tiafer, and enemy to the Ottoman intereſt, I know not what to think of it.

If I have done any thing which deſerves death or impriſonment, why do they not ſend for me to Conſtantinople, and execute juſtice on me? Or if I am not thought fit to continue any longer in this poſt, why do they not call for my commiſſion, and give it to ſomebody better qualified? Either of theſe would be a merciful proceeding, compared with the more cruel and ignominious way they have invented to murder me; for now they put me to a lingering death, by continually corroding and waſting the peace of my ſoul, which is my life, with contempts and reproaches.

I am not at all troubled when they tax me with atheiſm, or ſay I am a Kyſilbaſchi, a libertine, a Chriſtian, a heathen philoſopher, or when they are pleaſed to make a monſter of me, a mongrel gallimaufry, a walking hodge-podge, compounded of Jew, Turk, Nazarene, and Epicure; in loading me with theſe opprobrious titles, they rank me with ſome of the greateſt mortals, and engage even our holy prophet himſelf to eſpouſe my cauſe, and vindicate my reputation, ſince he is in theſe very terms blaſphemed by the followers of Jeſus, thoſe infidels forgetting that their own Meſſias was after the like manner traduced by the Jews, who called him impoſtor, magician, heretic, devil, and I know not what. This has been the lot of all holy men and prophets, to be envied and aſperſed by the grandees of the nation and age wherein they lived, becauſe they boldly reproved their vices, and taught them the ſincere maxims of virtue, both by word and example; and though I have not vanity enough to liſt myſelf in the number of prophets or perfect men, yet I have reaſon to conclude, that all this perſecution is raiſed againſt me on account of the liberty I take to reprehend the errors and failings of thoſe who are ſlaves to the Grand Signior as well as I, though I have been commanded to do this by the moſt auguſt miniſter of the empire. But great men in power love not to be told of their faults; they would live arbitrary as ſovereigns, without the leaſt check or controul; they will rather cheriſh a thouſand flatterers and ſycophants, than ſuffer one Diogenes to live.

But that which vexes me moſt is, that they glance upon me in ſome expreſſions, as if I were falſe to the truſt which is repoſed in me; a crime for which I ever had an invincible abhorrence, and which would ſooner tempt me

a thouſand times to die than to be once guilty of it. Thou knoweſt my temper, and I need ſay no more.

I ſhould have burſt with grief and indignation had I not given my reſentment this vent, and that to a friend, who, by knowing my affliction, takes one half of it for his own ſhare, and ſo I am eaſed.

Paris, 2d of the 4th Moon, of the Year 166*.

XII.—*To* Abrahim Eli Zeid Hadgi, *Preacher to the Seraglio.*

They have a proverb here in the Weſt, which ſays, "All is not gold that gliſters;" and it is frequently verified in their own prieſts, who are generally the greateſt hypocrites in the world.

I had not been long in this city before I ſent a letter to Bedredin, ſuperior of the derviſes of Cogni in Natolia (whoſe ſoul is now with God), wherein I gave him an account of the converſe I once had with a Jeſuit; for, pretending to be a ſtudent, and retainer to the clergy, I could not avoid the company of eccleſiaſtics; beſides, it was my intereſt to inſinuate into their acquaintance, and, to tell the truth, I have made it a great part of my buſineſs to gain a familiarity with prieſts and derviſes ever ſince I came hither.

There was abundance of reaſon for this on ſeveral accounts; for I improved myſelf much by the ſociety of thoſe amongſt them that are learned, and I edified not a little by the very ignorance and follies of others: From ſome I ſqueezed out ſecrets of ſtate, and the deſigns of cabals; by others I penetrated into the myſterious vices of their own order; In a word, all of them taught me

ſomething or other which I knew not before, and I never had occaſion to repent of keeping them company.

I contracted a particular friendſhip with an honeſt friar or two in this city, who were perſons of candour and learning, but now they are dead; beſides, I have had no ſmall intimacy with Cardinal Richlieu and his ſucceſſor Mazarini. I tell thee, if I had not coveted the friendſhip of theſe princely prieſts, yet it had been impoſſible to eſcape their knowledge, as obſcure a figure as I make; for it was their conſtant practice thus to ſeek out all the ſtrangers and travellers in this city, under pretence of that great regard they had for men of merit, but in reality to pump out of them foreign ſecrets.

Cardinal Richlieu profeſſed a great kindneſs to me, becauſe I had been at Conſtantinople, and in other parts of the Grand Signior's dominions; he ſeemed alſo to value me not a little for my ſkill in interpreting Greek, Sclavonic, and other languages of the Eaſt: What he thought of me in his heart I cannot divine, but have reaſon to think he ſuſpected me for a muſſulman; and yet I wonder he never ſearched for the main proof, the mark of circumciſion: Perhaps it was an effect of his good nature, as being loath to ruin me irrecoverably; but I rather aſcribe it to Providence, which would not ſuffer him, it may be, to make ſo fatal a reflection; yet by his order, ſome years ago, I was impriſoned for ſix moons: What the meaning of it was I could never dive into; but I had a ſhrewd jealouſy of a certain Tranſylvanian reſident at this court, who perhaps might do me ſome ill offices. The world is like a lottery, wherein we muſt expect to meet with many unlucky chances.

By what I have ſaid, thou wilt eaſily perceive, that though the prieſts make a fair ſemblance of piety, mortí-

fication, and other religious virtues, yet they are great buſy-bodies, and wholly taken up in ſecular affairs.

If this were the worſt character they deſerve, they might paſs for very good men, and neceſſary inſtruments of the public welfare, becauſe they have the tutelage and guardianſhip of all men's conſciences; they form them in their youth, and govern them in their ripeſt years; beſides, they have many advantages of ſtudying the politics more than other men, as being all educated in the academies, where, if they be not very dull, they cannot fail of becoming good hiſtorians, and indifferent ſtateſmen; for their libraries abound with all manner of ancient and modern writers, and their converſation is generally refined and pregnant in intrigues.

But they corrupt their learning with falſe maxims, which they borrow from an intolerable pride and ſenſuality, perſuading themſelves that they are as far above other men, that is, the laity, as thoſe are above the beaſts; that God has beſtowed on them a dignity ſuperior to that of the greateſt temporal monarchs; and, in fine, that this earth is a paradiſe, and themſelves the gods and lords of it.

When I ſpeak at this rate of the Nazarene prieſts, underſtand me not without reſtriction: There are ſome good and holy men amongſt them, perſons of unblemiſhed manners and incorrupt ſincerity; but theſe are very rare, and the French prieſts are eſteemed the moſt ſincere of any within the pale of the Roman church.

As for the Italian clergy, they are mere libertines, the moſt debauched and profligate fellows in the world.

Adonai the Jew, a late private agent of the Grand Signior, who had travelled up and down through all Italy, and reſided a conſiderable time in the chief cities and towns of note, made many curious obſervations and re-

marks on the lives of the prieſts, which he ſet down in his journal. This I have by me now, it being ſent me, according to my deſire after his death, by Zeidi Alamanzi, his ſucceſſor in that ſtation, who is at preſent at Venice.

I have peruſed this relation myſelf with no ſmall pleaſure, and believe it will not be unwelcome to thee to give thee an abſtract of what he ſays.

It is poſſible he may exaggerate ſome things, and deliver himſelf too partially in others, out of the natural and inherent averſion the Jews have for the Chriſtians; but thou wilt find, that in the main he inſiſts only on ſuch reflections as it becomes any man to make who has the leaſt ſpark of common morality and reaſon.

In the firſt place, he finds fault with the eccleſiaſtics, in that they abſtain from marriage themſelves, yet recommend that ſtate to the laity as a very holy ſacrament and myſtery of religion, whilſt they indulge themſelves at the ſame time in all manner of laſciviouſneſs, wallowing in fornication, adultery, inceſt, and ſodomy itſelf. He ſays there is hardly one prieſt in ten who does not keep two or three harlots, and the moſt recluſe derviſes are either pimps to other men's luſts, or they indulge their own with the moſt infamous courtezans and catamites. Theſe pretenders to perfection and ſanctity are often found maſquerading and revelling about the ſtreets in the time of the carnival, with a company of whores for their attendants; nay, all the year round their monaſteries are no other than ſtews or brothel-houſes; they introduce women into their cells in a monaſtic habit, and ſo they paſs for men, who come to viſit them as friends, relations, or travellers. Theſe ladies of pleaſure lie thus concealed for many days and nights together; and the ſuperior of the

convent winks at this for a little money, being moſt commonly as bad as any of them.

Theſe holy fathers go marching and ſlouching along the ſtreets in the moſt mortified manner imaginable; you would take them for perfect ſantones and idiots; yet this is all but mummery, whilſt they are the moſt glozing hypocrites in the world, mere devils in a city, and abounding in wicked thoughts and practices.

Adonai tells a pleaſant ſtory of a young monaſtic of St. Dominic's order at Rome: This monk was of noble extraction, and his parents were very rich and powerful in the city, on which account he was indulged in many liberties denied to the reſt of his religious brethren: He was permitted to carry good quantities of gold and ſilver about him for his perſonal expences, and to wear a ſecular habit ſuitable to his birth and quality; but this liberty had like to have proved fatal to him one night during the carnival.

It was late, and very dark, when this religious bully was beating the ſtreets upon the hunt for whores, and walking under certain piazzas near the river Tiber, he was accoſted by a woman maſked and in a very good dreſs, who ſpoke to him frankly, aſking him the way to *Il Rotundo*. This is the name of a church in Rome, dedicated to all the ſaints: In the time of the Gentiles, it was called Pantheon, or The Temple of all the Gods. The monk being in one of his rambling equipages, and his inclinations equally bent on pleaſure, having alſo an hundred florins about him, preſently made anſwer, He would conduct her to the place ſhe inquired for: She, after ſome counterfeit eſſays of a modeſt repulſe, at length accepted his offer, and by the way he perſuaded her into a tavern: The cunning nymph managed her buſineſs ſo well, that the monk, overheated with wine, and other

coſtly entertainments, grew ſo in love with her, that he forgot ſhe was to go to the Pantheon, and offered to wait on her home: She accepted the motion, and telling him her houſe was ſeated on the banks of the Tiber, they returned the ſame way as they came.

When they arrived at the piazzas where they firſt met, three perſons appeared muffled up in cloaks, two of which ſuddenly ſeized the monk, holding their poniards at his breaſt, whilſt the third diſcloſing the hidden light of a dark lantern which he held in his hands, faſtened on the lady, and made her unmaſk: As ſoon as he ſaw her face, he ſtamped and raved, menaced and ſwore he would be the death of that villain who had debauched his wife. All this was but a forelaid deſign: In a word, after all the parts of an abuſed, incenſed, revengeful huſband, acted to the life, at laſt, through the interceſſion of the two other ruffians, and the monk's penitent and ſubmiſſive addreſs, it was concluded to ſpare his life, and only ſtrip him naked, leaving him in that condition to ſeek his fortune among the watch.

This was ſoon put in execution, and the freebooters, with all their prey, ſecurely marched off. The poor monk, thus miſerably abandoned, without garments, money, or any thing to comfort him in his calamity, or to bribe the watch, gave himſelf over to melancholy and deſpair, in regard this accident would bring an eternal infamy on him, and he ſhould be no longer able to ſhow his face in Rome, the ſeat of his nativity, nor among any of his kindred and friends. Sometimes he thought to drown himſelf in the Tiber, or elſe to counterfeit a phrenzy, and ſo run bawling, drivelling, and talking nonſenſe through the ſtreets, hoping the reſt would never be divulged.

Whilſt he was in theſe penſive thoughts, irreſolute what

to do, the watch, walking their rounds, bolted upon him on a ſudden, and ſeeing a naked man at that time of night in ſuch a ſolitary place, at firſt were ſtartled as though they had met a ghoſt, but recollecting themſelves better, they boldly ſeized his perſon, and examined how he came in that condition.

It was in vain for him to beg, entreat, and promiſe any thing if they would not expoſe him to open ſhame; this did but increaſe their curioſity and ſuſpicion. In a word, the place of their rendezvous being very near the ſame tavern where this unfortunate monk had regaled his ſtrumpet, they led him thither, and kept him priſoner till the morning. He that kept the houſe remembered his face again, and knowing that the governor of Rome had a ſecret enmity againſt the monk and all his race, ſent him private intelligence of this adventure, encouraging him to take this opportunity of revenge, hinting withal that he need not take notice that he knew the monk, but only puniſh him as an ordinary fellow breaking the laws of the city.

The governor, glad of this occaſion, when the monk was brought before him, ordered him to be whipped through the very ſtreet where his monaſtery ſtood: This was done accordingly, and as he paſſed by the gate, his brethren, ſeeing him in that condition, ruſhed out and reſcued him from the executioner's hands, breathing revenge againſt the governor, and all that were concerned in putting this diſhonour on their houſe and the whole order.

I muſt be forced to break off before I have informed thee of half their tricks, leſt I ſhould tire thee with the length of my letters; beſides, it is neceſſary for me to conclude, unleſs I would miſs my opportunity, for the poſt tarries for no man.

Venerable Hadgi, live thou to enjoy the ſerene pleaſures of virtue and innocence, and pray for Mahmut that he may never be ſtained with the corruptions and vices of infidels among whom he reſides.

Paris, 18th of the 5th Moon, of the year 1662.

XIII.—*To the* CHIAUS, *Baſſa.*

THE French king's genius ſeems altogether bent on martial and politic affairs, and though he allows ſome moments to his love, yet the greateſt part of his time is conſecrated to the neceſſary affairs of ſtate, and to the improvement of military diſcipline. This has been his courſe ever ſince the death of Cardinal Mazarini: This miniſter, whilſt he was living, endeavoured nothing ſo earneſtly as to divert the young monarch from minding buſineſs, by plays, ballets, and other ſoft entertainments; but, as ſoon as he was dead, the king began by degrees to forſake his youthful recreations, and look into the affairs of his government.

The firſt bold ſtroke of regal authority which he gave, was the ſuppreſſing the ſuperintendant of the finances, a very ancient office in France, but much abuſed of late by thoſe who have enjoyed it; for, having the management of the royal revenues, it has been found out that they embezzled them to their own private uſes, purchaſing houſes, caſtles, towns, and the faireſt eſtates in the kingdom, for them and their poſterity.

The laſt in this office was the Sieur Fouquet, who, beſides the waſte he made of the king's money in this kind, was laying up an extraordinary proviſion of arms and powder in Belliſle, a ſea-port of France, which gave the king ſo great a ſuſpicion of his ill deſigns, that he went in perſon after him as far as Nantes, and being there

farther informed of a private correſpondence held between the Sieur Fouquet and ſome malcontents of Cardinal de Retz's party, he cauſed him to be arreſted, and ſent priſoner to the Wood of Vinciennes, from whence he has ſince been brought to the Baſtile. This was done in the ninth moon of the laſt year, and was the occaſion of erecting a new chamber of juſtice, to inquire into the conduct of thoſe who were employed by Fouquet in the management of the finances.

The great diſcoveries this chamber has already made of the cheats and tricks practiſed by thoſe through whoſe hands the king's revenues have paſſed, will it is thought move the king to eſtabliſh it as a perpetual and ſovereign court of inquiſition; ſo that not the value of an aſper ſhall henceforth be paid out of the royal treaſury without the approbation of this chamber. He has alſo retrenched many ſuperfluous offices in his houſehold, that he may the more eaſily ſupport the charges of thoſe that are neceſſary.

Thou wilt better comprehend the wiſdom of this prince when thou ſhalt know that he truſts nothing abſolutely to his miniſters, but pries into every thing himſelf: He examines matters of the ſmalleſt moment as narrowly as the moſt important concerns; he makes daily reformations among his domeſtic ſervants, and new-models both the army and the ſtate, which is alſo no ſmall argument of his courage, and the greatneſs of his ſpirit, in that he dares contradict the methods of all his progenitors, take the frame of this mighty government as it were to pieces, and having mended every thing that was amiſs, join it together again, but after a pattern wholly depending on his own judgment. This has aſtoniſhed the greateſt ſtateſmen of the age, who conſider the boldneſs of the undertaking, and yet cannot find one falſe ſtep in his

meaſures; for whereas formerly the princes of the blood, the officers of the ſtate, the governors of provinces, with other grandees, have given frequent trouble to the kings of France, and not ſeldom raiſed civil war when any thing diſguſted them, (ſo great was their power, and ſo ſmall their dependence on the king) this monarch has, by a happy effect of his judgment and reſolution, given ſo dexterous a turn to the whole ſyſtem of the public, that the princes find themſelves more aggrandiſed than ever, the officers of the crown perceive their dignity increaſed with new luſtre, and the governors of provinces exerciſe a ſtronger hand over their ſubjects; yet all of them are reduced to an entire dependence on the king himſelf, not being in a capacity ever to rebel again, which is eſteemed a miracle of policy. As he has thus gained the point of his ſubjects at home, and eſtabliſhed his realm in the moſt perfect economy that can be imagined, ſo he has recovered a particular honour abroad, that till this time has been always diſputed between the crowns of France and Spain.

It ſeems an ambaſſador from Sweden arrived at the Engliſh court in the 10th moon of the laſt year: The French ambaſſador ſent his coaches to honour his public entry, as is uſual between friends; but the Spaniſh ambaſſador, deſigning to affront the French, ſent his coaches alſo to attend the ceremony, accompanied by his own ſervants, and a rabble of idle perſons whom he had hired on purpoſe; theſe fell on the French as they were paſſing along the ſtreet, killed ſeveral of them, and by force ſtopped their coaches till thoſe of the Spaniſh ambaſſador were got before them, the pre-eminence of place being the chief thing aimed at.

This was highly reſented at the French court, and every body thought that a freſh war would break out again

between the two nations on this account. The angry young monarch commanded the Spaniſh ambaſſador reſident here to depart the kingdom, and when another was ſent to ſupply his place, the king forbade him to enter his dominions. Complaints were made at Madrid, and all things tended to a rupture; till at length the King of Spain having promiſed to make ſatisfaction, his ambaſſador was received at this court, who aſſured the king that his maſter diſavowed the action of his miniſter in England, and had given expreſs command to all his ambaſſadors to foreign courts not to diſpute the place with thoſe of France, but to yield it to the latter where they ſhould both be preſent at the ſame entry. This was declared in the preſence of thirty foreign miniſters reſiding at this court, which has raiſed a vaſt reputation to the King of France among all his neighbours, and ſtruck the greater reverence into his ſubjects at home.

In a word, he is looked upon as the moſt fortunate prince in Chriſtendom, and every ſtate courts his friendſhip: He gives the law to the reſt of Europe, yet remains himſelf arbitrary and above controul.

How long his affairs will continue at this height is known only to God, who exalts and abaſes whom he pleaſes, who is the ſole monarch of all things, reigning for ever, without the leaſt ſhadow of revolution or change.

Paris, 12th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1662.

XIV.—*To the ſame.*

It was late when I finiſhed my other letter, being the hour of the devil's range, when the infernal ſpirits are permitted to air themſelves in this upper world. Methought

I heard the clattering echo of the gates of paradiſe, which are ſhut at that ſeaſon to keep out the demons from entering and diſturbing the repoſe of the bleſſed. This made me conclude ſo abruptly, leſt ſome buſy ſcribe of the dark regions ſhould have inſerted evil in my letter whilſt I was aſleep. I recommended myſelf to God, and went to bed. After two hours reſt awaking, I perceived by the crowing of the cocks that the troops of hell were retired to their den, chaſed down by Arcturus and the guardian conſtellations of the South, and by the angels of the ſecond watch: Then I aroſe, and cheerfully addreſſed myſelf to God, praiſing him for the ſucceſſive benefits of day and night, and extolling his magnificent works with the exquiſite order that he has eſtabliſhed in the world. Remembering alſo that I was a man, and not born to ſleep, but to ſerve the Grand Signior and my friends, I readily ſet pen to paper again to give thee a farther account of the French king and his court, with ſuch occurrences as have happened of late.

This monarch is very ſingular in his conduct and manner of life, not brooking to be confined to the maxims of others, but ſquaring all his actions by rules of his own; yet it is difficult to find a fault in his proceedings: He hears the advice of his counſellors and friends, and when they have done, he convinces them in many things that they are under a miſtake, which makes them admire the force of his reaſon, and the readineſs of his wit, eſpecially when they ſee the events anſwering expectation.

Neither is he altogether ſo intent on ſtate matters, but that he ſometimes gives himſelf the diverſion of a familiar diſcourſe with the moſt ingenious artiſts of all ſorts, who find themſelves much improved by the quickneſs of his invention, and the ſolidity of his judgment in the mechanics; for he is an excellent gunſmith, ſwordcutter, arm-

ourmaker, and every thing that becomes a king to profeſs.

He is a good architect alſo, and takes vaſt delight in buildings, having laid the foundations of ſeveral magnificent ſtructures, palaces of a noble deſign, and intended to outvie the moſt polite and glorious fabrics of ancient Greece and Rome; for I tell thee this monarch would not willingly come ſhort of any of the Cæſars.

At the beginning of this year he aggrandiſed his court by a promotion of ſixty-two knights of the Holy Spirit. I have often mentioned this order in my letters to the miniſters of the Porte, and thou that haſt been in France knoweſt that it is the next ſtep to being made peer of the realm. I ſhall only inform thee, that during the ceremonies of this laſt promotion, the Dukes of Vendoſme and Longueville had a feud about the precedency, which at laſt was adjuſted in favour of the former; in a word, the king declared the houſe of Vendoſme to have a right of priority before all other princes, and to ſucceed in the throne itſelf next after the houſe of Bourbon.

This is looked upon as a bold effort of royal power, and has ſtartled all the court: No leſs ſurpriſed were they to ſee the Duke of Lorraine reſign all his eſtates to the King of France, reſerving only the poſſeſſion of them during his life.

And now the king having weathered the point with all his enemies, both foreign and domeſtic, ſtudies nothing more earneſtly than to divert his queen, and let his ſubjects taſte the ſweets of peace, the effect of his matchleſs fortune, to which even crowned heads find themſelves compelled to ſtoop and ſubmit.

On the fifth of the foregoing moon, by his appointment, was held a tournament, or carouſal, as the French call it: This is a ſort of exerciſe on horſeback, in imi-

tation of the ancient manner of fighting with ſpear and ſword.

The place where they ran was railed about, and magnificent chioſes erected for the queen and ladies of the court to ſit in as ſpectators. The divertiſement was very pompous, and the king was one of the combatants; the reſt were the Duke of Orleans, the king's brother, the Prince of Conde, the Duke of Enguien, ſon to the prince, and the Duke of Guiſe; each of theſe led a troop of horſe into the field; that of the king was habited after the manner of the old Roman knights; the Duke of Orleans's made a figure like the Perſians; the Prince of Conde's repreſented the Ottomans; the Duke of Enguien's troops were in Indian habits; and the Duke of Guiſe's appeared like the ſavages of America. It would be too tedious to deſcribe the particular magnificences of each: Suffice it to ſay, that they were all prodigiouſly majeſtic and rich in their equipage: The courſes alſo they made were brave and full of gallantry; but the prize, which was a diamond of great value, was adjudged to the Prince of Conde by the queen-mother.

One of the former Kings of France loſt his life at this royal exerciſe, being run through the eye into the brain, by the ſpear of an Engliſh knight, then at the French court, and one of the combatants; for which reaſon the following kings of France forbore to expoſe themſelves to the like danger: But this young Mars fears nothing, being as venturous and bold as was Sultan Amurat, the trophies of whoſe victorious combat with the Perſian challenger, at the ſiege of Babylon, hang up in the treaſury to this day, as monuments of his invincible courage and ſtrength. Sultan Achmet alſo took great delight in throwing the lance with his courtiers in the Atmeidan. Theſe are ſports fit for kings and great generals nd

ſome of the Roman Cæſars themſelves would play the gladiator.

It is not lawful for me to cenſure or reflect on the actions of my ſovereign; but I will tell thee what the French ſay of him by way of contempt; "That he never combated in his own perſon with any thing but timorous hares and hinds." It makes me bluſh to hear the great emperor of the Eaſt thus blaſphemed by the profane mouths of infidels; and it were to be wiſhed he would do ſome ſurpriſing action to raiſe himſelf another character. I ſay no more, but recommend thee to God and the white angel.

Paris, 12th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1662.

XV.—*To* ZEIDI ALAMANZI, *a Merchant at Venice.*

THOU haſt obliged me beyond my expectation, in that ample hiſtory of thy life which thy letter contains: I eſteem thee not the worſe becauſe thou wert born of Chriſtian parents, but rather put the higher value on thy merit, in that, being bred in ſuperſtition and error, thou haſt voluntarily embraced the truth, without any proſpect of advancing thy intereſt.

When a man of a noble ſtock, born to riches and honours, bred in ſoftneſſes and delights, and actually poſſeſſed of a fair eſtate, ſhall thus abandon his country, his relations, friends, and acquaintance, with all his native rights and enjoyments, purely for the love of God, reſigning himſelf wholly to the will of deſtiny and the conduct of providence, without conſulting his own eaſe and delight in this world, it is an evident ſign of a faithful heart, and that his integrity is without ſtain.

All this, and much more it ſeems thou haſt done, and

therefore thou canſt not fail of being happy in this world, and in paradiſe.

I am extremely pleaſed in reading the various adventures of thy youth, thy early inclinations to viſit foreign countries, and thy actual travels through Europe, Aſia, and Africa: This is the only way to learn true and complete wiſdom; for a man edifies a thouſand times more by his own perſonal experience of things, than by all the moſt elegant deſcriptions that can be made by others; beſides, the advantage of becoming expert in the ſeveral languages and dialects of the earth, which he can never learn ſo perfectly in books, as by converſing with the natives of each country through which he paſſes.

Beyond all this, there is an infinite pleaſure in ſeeing the variety of objects which every where expoſe themſelves to a traveller's eye: There is nothing more delightful to human nature, than to try all things: Man is cloyed with what is too familiar to him; the moſt magnificent palace would appear as a priſon to him that were always confined to it; the greateſt fields and moſt ſhady groves would afford us no refreſhment, if we had not liberty to ſtraggle out of them when we pleaſed. Man is naturally wild as other animals, and it is as bad as death to be reſtrained of his freedom. I had rather, at certain ſeaſons, range in a wilderneſs, all overrun with weeds and briars, than in the moſt regular and fragrant garden in the world: I would willingly chooſe the fatigue of climbing up a high, ſteep, craggy mountain, for the ſake of a new and larger proſpect, before the eaſe of walking always in a low valley, or even plain, though graced with never ſo many inviting objects, which muſt always be the ſame; ſo fulſome are the very pleaſures we are daily accuſtomed to.

I doubt not but that it was very agreeable to thee in

thy journeys, when every remove thou madeſt from ſtage to ſtage promiſed thee ſomething novel and freſh: A man in ſuch caſes, is apt to think the ſun himſelf new, who has ſhined upon him from his nativity; the air, the earth, and waters appear not the ſame elements in different places; or if our reaſon convinces us their nature is not changed, yet we look upon them as maſqueraders, every day in a new dreſs; eſpecially when we go from one region and climate to another, the ſtrangeneſs of the diſguiſe is heightened: So infinite a variety preſents itſelf to thoſe who travel.

But nothing affords a man greater delight than to be familiarly acquainted with the different habits, laws, cuſtoms, manners, and religions of mortals like himſelf: To ſee them in one part of the world adoring the ſun, becauſe he ſhines on them but once a-year, whilſt all the reſt of the time they are ſhut up in continual darkneſs, very near being ſtarved with cold, and making hard ſhifts to live; in another, to behold them grimacing, and hear them curſing that glorious planet becauſe he is always too near them, rendering their countries barren, drying up their water, and ſcorching their perſons almoſt to death, muſt needs be delightful to a contemplative man. And for aught we know, the laughter of Democritus might be the reſult of as good thoughts as Heraclitus's tears: Who would not ſmile to ſee ſome paying divine honours to the ſcarecrow of their garden, to a tree, a hog, a dog, or any thing they firſt caſt their eyes on in the morning, as they do in Lapland? And yet who can forbear to weep, when he ſees men profeſſing to believe the laws of Moſes, and the Meſſias, (who both preached up the divine unity) pretending to the pureſt religion in the world, and bred in the ſtudy of the ſciences, worſhip ſtocks and ſtones, pictures and images, nails, rags, bones,

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hairs, bits of old wood, or any thing that their cunning prieſts impoſe upon them as adorable?

Happy art thou, Zeidi, who art freed from theſe ſuperſtitions of the Nazarenes, and thrice happy in that thou haſt changed them for the faith unblemiſhed, the doctrines of truth and reaſon, the practices of ſincere morality and virtue. Thou haſt not ſhunned a rock to fall into a quickſand, nor abandoned idolatry to ſink into atheiſm; but thou haſt eſcaped from narrow gulfs and ſtraits, into a free and open ſea, from the dark fogs and miſts of frozen Chriſtianity to the bright empire of the Oſmans, the ſerene company of true believers, where charity and zeal are in their genuine and primitive warmth.

Since the time that thou firſt liftedſt up thy finger to Heaven, and madeſt a confeſſion of one God, and Mahomet his apoſtle, none of the imaums or mollahs have ever attempted to circumvent thy reaſon with feigned miracles, fooliſh pilgrimages, tales of old women, fictions of poets, or any holy frauds: Thou perceiveſt nothing but downright integrity in the converſation of the faithful; whereas the Chriſtians, whom thou haſt juſtly deſerted, have a thouſand windings and turnings, foldings and intricacies in their doctrines and lives; ſo that it is almoſt as eaſy for a blind man to walk from Paris to Conſtantinople, as for theſe infidels to grope out the way to paradiſe, through ſo many meanders and mazes: They are involved in a perfect circle of error and vice.

Praiſe be to God, who planted the moon in the heavens, and cauſes the ſtars to dart their refreſhing rays by night, thou art happily delivered out of their ſnares. Let not thy reſidence now among them ever tempt thee to return to the religious vanities of holy trifles, which have once made thee ſick at the heart. Remember that

thou beareſt in thy body the mark of a true believer, the ſeal of a great ſacrament, the character of a profound myſtery, circumciſion, the emblem of purity, by which thou art more ennobled than by the blood of the Polonian lord, thy father, which ſtreams in thy veins; for now thou art incorporated into the ſociety and lineage of Ibrahim, the illuſtrious patriarch, and friend of God, conſider that thou art as it were ingrafted into the glorious ſtock of the Iſmaelites, born to ſubdue all things, and in the determined time, to poſſeſs the empire of the univerſe. Thou haſt the honour alſo to ſerve the Grand Signior, lord of the climates and ſeas, majeſtic heir of the Ottoman houſe, ſhadow of God on earth.

Hold faſt, therefore, the profeſſion of an unblameable faith, and whatever temptation thou mayeſt meet with, keep thy mind always fixed on the unſeen joys of paradiſe, the crown of juſt and faithful men, the reward of ſuch as adhere to God and his prophet without flinching.

Mahmut ſalutes thee in imagination, with a parting kiſs, and an affectionate ſqueeze of the hand, which thou knowveſt was in all ages a token of hearty good-will and friendſhip.

Paris, 15th of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1662.

XVI.—*To the* KAIMACHAM.

THERE is like to be a breach between this court and that of Rome, if the pope does not condeſcend to the demands of the French King, who ſtyles himſelf the eldeſt ſon of the church, and therefore highly reſents an indignity that has been done him of late, in the perſon

of the Duke of Crequi, his ambaſſador at the Roman court.

It ſeems the pope's guards, on the 20th of the 8th moon, made an attempt on the life of this miniſter and of his wife; they alſo put barbarous abuſes on all the French that were in that city; inſomuch as the Duke and Ducheſs of Crequi were obliged to quit Rome privately, and retire into Tuſcany; being adviſed to take this courſe by all the cardinals and other grandees that are friends to France.

The king received news of this by an expreſs which came from the Duke of Crequi, on the 11th of the 9th moon, and he was paſſionately touched at ſo ſacrilegious an injury, whereby he is not only wronged himſelf, but the law of nations is violated in a moſt notorious manner.

Wherefore, to ſhow his reſentment, on the ſame day that the courier came from Rome, the king ordered the lieutenant of his guards to tell the pope's nuncio at this court, that he muſt forthwith depart the kingdom, under the conduct of thirty horſe. This was performed accordingly, and the nuncio was hurried away immediately, without ſuffering him to ſpeak with any perſon living, ſave thoſe who were to accompany him to the frontiers; and this order was publicly proclaimed in Paris. The king alſo wrote to the pope, demanding ſatisfaction for ſo horrible an outrage, and cauſed diſpatches to be ſent to all the cardinals in Rome, adviſing them to contribute what lay in their powers towards a good underſtanding between the pope and him, proteſting, that otherwiſe the calamities which might follow were not to be laid to his charge. This is a modeſt way of threatening uſed by Chriſtian princes, who do not al-

ways ſpeak in thunder, like our eaſtern monarchs, when they menace war.

I relate this as a thing, which though it appear of ſmall moment at the beginning, yet its conſequences may be great and extenſive, if the French king and the pope ſhould come to an open rupture. All the princes in Europe would find themſelves engaged on one ſide or other, and we muſſulmans might live to ſee the whole ſtate of Chriſtendom disjointed, alienated, and embroiled in wars among themſelves, whereby they would lay their countries naked and open to the invincible arms of the Ottomans, a lineage of high renown, and deſtined to ſubdue all things.

But it is thought the holy father at Rome will no farther provoke ſo daring and powerful a monarch as him of France, by juſtifying the inſolences of his janizaries, who proceeded to that height of fury, as to diſcharge guns into the windows of the French ambaſſador, killed ſeveral of his retinue, and aſſaſſinated the Dutcheſs of Crequi in her coach as ſhe paſſed along the ſtreets.

Illuſtrious miniſter, theſe are violations not practiſed by the moſt barbarous ſavages; and it is an evident ſign of a decaying empire, where the public faith is thus perfidiouſly broke. God infatuates the infidels, that he may ſpeedily bring them to ruin; whereas he daily enlightens the juſt followers of the prophet, and directs them in the ways of proſperity and peace.

Paris, 3d of the 11th Moon, of the Year 1662.

XVII.—*To* MAHUMMED, *the Illuſtrious Eremite of Mount Uriel in Arabia.*

IN the name of God, benign and merciful, I approach the reſidence of great ſanctimony, the tremendous ſolitude, the cave bleſſed by frequent viſitations of angels, and by the former preſence of the moſt ſublime among mortals, Mahomet, the legate of the Eternal, the plenipotentiary of Alla, king of heaven and earth. Alla! There is but one! whoſe name reſounds through all the orbs above, when pronounced by the faithful adorers of the divine unity on earth; and the echo thereof, from the adamantine gates of paradiſe, reaches the abyſs of hell, ſtriking the infernal ſpirits with horror and aſtoniſhment; they tremble at the ſound of the dreadful word, which chains them up in their priſons of darkneſs; whereas, had they faith, they would rather rejoice, believing, that the ſame word will one day releaſe them from their torments; for ſuch is the clemency of the Omnipotent, as our holy doctors teach.

Oh Mahummed, friend of the Moſt High, and tenant to his prophet, I have experienced that it is good, and wholeſome to begin every thing we do or ſay in the name of God. Whoſoever does otherwiſe, either fails in the progreſs or the end of his deſign, and ſo remains in confuſion. Tagot creeps into his enterpriſe, and through malice ſpoils it, robbing a man of his crown; or Negidher, the ſpirit of envy, winds himſelf in, and entangles it; or Ablis, the demon of melancholy, caſts a damp on it, and bereaves the undertaker of his joy. Such is the fate of thoſe who through profaneneſs, ſloth, or contempt, forget to pay the due veneration we owe to the author and ſource of providence and good ſucceſs.

Let us not therefore think the time miſ-ſpent, which is

taken up in the praiſes of Him who has neither beginning nor end, Father of all the generations in this viſible world, and that other which is concealed from mortals. He is the governor of our lives, and our ſole patron in all neceſſities; let us extol and magnify his attributes without end.

I am by nature contemplative and thoughtful; but I muſt needs acknowledge, that I owe to my education among the muſſulmans the force of my faith and religion. The various turns of fortune and experience which I have had in the world, could never yet blot out the impreſſions of my early years, or diminiſh the reverence I have for our holy Prophet: I often revolve in my mind the ſeries of paſt ages, and the hiſtories of former times, the origin of nations, and the various laws, religions, wars, and changes; I traverſe the different epochas of the poſterity of Ibrahim and the gentiles, comparing the date of Iſrael's tranſmigration out of Egypt with the years of Naboñaſſar and the Olympiads: In all of them I find great obſcurity, contradiction, and doubtfulneſs, which puts me upon examining the records of Egypt and the Aſſyrians. The antiquity of both is very great, and yet it comes far ſhort of the Chineſe chronology, and that of the Indian Bramins.

When I have tired my ſoul with a vain ſearch of that which can never be diſcovered, when I conſider the probability of an univerſal deluge in the time of Noah, and the arguments which almoſt demonſtrate the contrary, comparing this with the flood of Deucalion, and that other of Ogyges; in a word, when I reflect on the numberleſs incongruities that are found in the regiſters of paſt ages, I cannot but conclude there is as much reaſon for me to believe, that God has determinately thus darkened the knowledge of mortals, as that he confounded

their language at Babel, according to the celebrated relation of Moſes; whence it will be but loſt labour for us, who live in theſe latter times, to ſeek for any aſſurance or certainty of the truth, in matters of ſo remote and early a date.

Wherefore, leaving every nation to their own traditions, the Jews to the manuſcripts of Moſes and their rabbis, the Gentiles to the fragments of Hermes Triſmegiſtus, Orpheus, Homer, Heſiod, Theophraſtus, and other ſages of Egypt, Phenicia, and Greece, I, for my part, acquieſce to the volume of majeſty, the great Alcoran, and the writings of our holy doctors, Arabians, the ſons of Iſmael, not puzzling myſelf with endleſs diſputes and queſtions, nor cenſuring others who worſhip God after their own way, and the documents of their fathers, but firmly believing, that he who ſerves God according to the dictates of his reaſon, who is juſt to men and beaſts, and in all things conſerves an innocent purity of life, is as acceptable to the Great Creator and Impartial Judge of the Univerſe, as he that has had the happineſs to be inſtructed in the poſitive injunctions of Heaven, the revealed will of the Omnipotent; and this I take to be the ſenſe of our holy lawgiver, of the Meſſias, and of all the prophets in general.

Doubtleſs that ſuperlatively Merciful and Indulgent connives at the frailties of mortals; he pities the invincible ignorance of ſome, and the fatal neceſſities of others; he knows the infinite variety of our bodily conſtitutions, and the equally different bent of our ſouls; he conſiders the force of the elements and climates wherein we live, and the unconquerable influence of the ſtars under which we were born. The whole ſyſtem of human nature, with its moſt hidden circumſtances, is expoſed to the eyes of him who ſees all things; he is no

ſtranger to the anatomy of his own works; therefore he requires no more of men than can be expected from the faculties with which he has endowed them; neither will he damn any man for an involuntary evil.

O Mahummed, this is my faith, my hope, and my confidence, otherwiſe I ſhould deſpair every moment. If I am guilty of error and preſumption, correct me in thy wiſdom; for before thee I am but as an idiot.

Paris, 22d of the 12th Moon, of the Year 1662.

XVIII.—To HASNADAR-BASSI, *Chief Treaſurer to his Highneſs.*

THE French have newly felt the motions of a joy, whoſe birth and growth was like that of a muſhroom, ſudden and ſwift, the product of a very little time, and which ended in mourning and tears. The moon of November beheld a daughter born to the Queen of France; but that planet had hardly carried the news through all the ſigns of the zodiac, and commanded the ſtars of France to celebrate a dunalma, before ſhe was obliged to be the meſſenger of more ſad tidings, and to proclaim the death of this young princeſs to the conſtellations that aſſiſted at her birth.

In a word, ſhe was born on the 18th of the 11th moon, and died on the 30th of the 12th. It looks as if ſhe only came into the world to be a witneſs of the concluſion of the peace between her father Lewis XIV. and her grandfather Philip King of Spain, and ſo return to the region of ſeparate ſouls.

This peace was in general terms ſigned and ſealed long ago, but there remained ſome difficulties in adjuſting the limits of the French conqueſts, which were referred to

the management of commiſſioners on both ſides; and theſe, after they had debated the matter for the ſpace of two years, at St. Omars, Arras, and Metz, at length finiſhed their negotiation on the 25th of the 11th moon of the laſt year, which was juſt ſeven days after the nativity of the French princeſs.

This royal infant alſo lived to ſee Dunkirk, one of the ſtrongeſt ſea-ports in the world, redelivered to her father by the Engliſh, in whoſe hands it had been ever ſince it was firſt taken from the Spaniards. The king took poſſeſſion of this important place in his own perſon, entering the town on the 2d of the laſt moon.

It is looked upon as a grand overſight in the Engliſh thus tamely to part with a fortreſs which is inexpugnable by land, and commands the northern ſeas; but money overrules all other conſiderations, and it ſeems the Engliſh court had occaſion for gold.

There is lately a good underſtanding eſtabliſhed between this king and the Emperor of Germany: They often write friendly letters one to another, and ſeem to be perfectly reconciled. To ſpeak the truth, this may be called the pacific year among the inhabitants of Europe; for, excepting ſome ſkirmiſhes and bravados of war between the Spaniards and the Portugueſe, all the reſt of Chriſtendom is in peace; and the Portugueſe have ſo ſtrengthened themſelves by marrying their infanta to the Engliſh king, that, what through his aſſiſtance and the aid of France, they have almoſt reduced Spain to a neceſſity of making peace.

Thou wilt ſay the Portugueſe have overreached the Engliſh in the dowry they give with their infanta. This is only the town of Tangier in Barbary, a place which will coſt them far more to defend againſt the Moors than it is really worth; for theſe bold Africans will perpetu-

ally aſſault the town, and oblige the King of England to maintain a vaſt garriſon in it, beſides a multitude of other expences. This makes the Portugueſe ſecretly ſmile, to find themſelves handſomely rid of two great and burdenſome charges, a daughter of the royal blood, and an old fortreſs of no uſe or ſervice, ſave only to diminiſh the public treaſure, and make away with ſome thouſands of men every year.

Illuſtrious grandee, it is no ſmall encouragement to the poor exiled Mahmut, that though he be maligned, ſlandered, and perſecuted by his enemies, yet he ſtill finds protection and friendſhip from the principal miniſters; and that inſtead of checks and reproaches, to which I was formerly accuſtomed, my ſalary is now augmented to the proportion of my neceſſary expences; money is ſent me with a liberal hand, and my ſlanderers are put to ſilence and ſhame.

Thou mayeſt acquaint the divan, that there is now at this court the eldeſt ſon to the King of Denmark: What his buſineſs is, people conjecture variouſly; ſome ſay it is love; others affirm it was only the deſire of ſeeing foreign courts drew this prince from his native country.

Thou mayeſt alſo inform them, that the Duke of Savoy has married a princeſs of the blood-royal; they call her Mademoiſelle de Valois. Eliachim the Jew lies dangerouſly ſick of a fever.

As for me, who never had my perfect health ſince I came to Paris, yet I retain a ſound mind, and a heart inviolably devoted to the intereſt of the Grand Signior, whom God long preſerve on the throne of the Ottomans.

Paris, 10th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year 1663.

XIX.—*To the* KAIMACHAM.

HERE is a man come to this city, a Calabrian by birth, and of all countries by education; for he has been a traveller from his infancy, if what he relates of himself be true. He speaks all, or most of the languages of Europe very fluently, and is resorted to by people of divers countries, under the character of a fortune-teller and physician: He performs both parts to the admiration of all that have been with him.

The princes and nobles of France visit him daily, and so do persons of meaner birth: They discover to him their secret maladies, and this Apollo seldom fails of success in curing them. He bestows ten hours a-day in freely conversing with people of all ranks and qualities, healing the diseases of some, and telling to others their future destinies.

I went to his chamber one day, not to learn my fate, for I have little faith in modern prophets or astrologers; nor to be cured of any distemper, having no esteem for quacks and empirics; besides, I was in good health at that time; but curiosity was the only motive which led me thither, that I might improve myself in other respects by this stranger's company, and learn something which I knew not before of foreign courts, whereby I might become more serviceable to the Grand Signior in this station, and further unravel the secrets of Christian princes; for so it often falls out, that a man reaps some considerable advantage from the society of travellers, and men of experience; and I had good reason to hope for some profit by this man's acquaintance, who is thought worthy to be courted by the grandees of France.

Wherefore I addressed myself to him with abundance of ceremony and regard, using also as much dissimulation

as I thought neceſſary to conceal myſelf, and the deſign I had in coveting his friendſhip. I ſeemed a great admirer of judicial aſtrology, and told him I was very ambitious to learn the rudiments of that ſcience from him, having heard his ſkill highly commended, not only by vulgar fame, but by the mouths of men of ſenſe and quality, who gave him a fair character. I ſaid a great deal more to inſinuate myſelf into his good opinion; but there being company with him, he returned my compliments with much civility, and deſired me to come to him at a more convenient ſeaſon, and to leave my name, that he might order his ſervants to give me a kind reception at any time if he himſelf ſhould be out of the way, becauſe it was common to ſend many from the door without introducing them. I told him my name was Titus of Moldavia, and that my buſineſs at Paris was to ſtudy in the academy, in order to my preferment in the church. When he had taken this down in writing, with the hour and minute of the day, after the manner of aſtrologers, he begged me to excuſe the neceſſity he was under of returning to his company; and ſo I took my leave.

Not many days after, I went to him again, full of hopes that I ſhould benefit much by his company; but as ſoon as he ſaw me, he ſurpriſed me with this language: "Sir, you have ventured much in coming to me, for now it is in my power to diſcover you and your buſineſs in this city; but if I ſhould betray any man, my gift would be taken from me. I am neither a follower of Moſes, Jeſus, or Mahomet, nor of any ſect that is now extant on earth; but I adore the Spirit and Soul of the Univerſe, which is eternal and infinite; therefore I hate no man for his religion, let it be what it will; and you that are not what you ſeem to be, ſhall receive no more hurt from me in this place than the coadjutor of Paris,

for I am of no party or faction; all men are equally my friends who do me no wrong, and every place is my home."

Thou mayeſt imagine that I was in no ſmall aſtoniſhment at this diſcourſe; but recollecting my ſpirits, and conſidering it had always been my opinion that theſe fortune-tellers deal by confederacy, and ſuſpecting that my name being known to him ſo long before, it was not difficult for him to inform himſelf ſomething of me, or that ſomebody of his acquaintance who knew me had ſeen me go in and out from him, and ſo told him ſome of my circumſtances, I made a ſhow of going away diſſatisfied, ſaying, "It will be but loſt time to hearken any longer to you, for I perceive you know nothing of me, in telling me I am not the man I ſeem to be."—"No (replied he, with an obliging kind of earneſtneſs), you are an Arabian, and ſerve ſome eaſtern prince incognito." Then he went on, and told me in a few words ſome former paſſages of my life: He hinted at the dangers I had been in during my reſidence at Paris, mentioned my captivity at Palermo, and the rencounter I had with my old Sicilian maſter; to be brief, he told me ſo many other things which I knew to be true of myſelf, that I grew very uneaſy in his company, and yet durſt not depart from him on a ſudden, or ſhow any diſcontent; but muſtering together all the diſſimulation and artifice I could, I turned the diſcourſe to other ſubjects, ſeeming very importunate to learn aſtrology of him; and, promiſing him a large gratuity if he would teach me, I fairly took leave, reſolving if poſſible never to ſee him more.

Never was a man in greater anxiety than I was when I came home to my chamber, and pondered what had paſſed between this ſtranger and me. I am not credulous of miracles, prophecies, or pretended revelations; yet I

proteſt ſolemnly I could not forbear thinking he was endowed with an extraordinary faculty of divining, or at leaſt that he was an excellent aſtrologer; nay, to this day I know not well what to conclude of him: He may, for aught I know, be a demon incarnate, or perhaps he is a magician. Sometimes I think one thing, and ſometimes another. If he performs theſe prophetic parts by confederacy, ſtill I am at a loſs how he ſhould come to know ſo much of me, who always thought myſelf the privateſt man in Paris, and have neglected no methods that were proper to render me ſuch in truth. Then I ſuſpect my old Sicilian maſter is one of this man's correſpondents, and has told him ſome of my circumſtances; for I have no reaſon to be jealous of Eliachim the Jew. It muſt be ſome ſuch way, or elſe he is more than a man, that can thus readily penetrate into the ſecrets of a ſtranger.

Sage kaimacham, I pray God defend thee from the ſnares of counterfeits and falſe pretenders.

Paris, 13th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year 1663.

XX.—*To the* CAPTAIN BASSA.

WHAT I am going to relate would ſeem incredible to myſelf, and for that reaſon I would not give it any room in a letter to all the diſcerning miniſters of the Porte, were it not confirmed by letters from ſeveral merchants in the north parts of Holland to their correſpondents in this city; and they all agree, that on the 9th day of the moon of November, a ſtrange man was ſeen to float on the ſea near the ſhore, being ſupported by a piece of timber, on which he ſat with a bottle of ſtrong waters in his hand. Thoſe who firſt beheld this ſpectacle were fiſhing in a ſmall boat, and judging him to be the relic

of ſome ſhipwreck (for there had been violent tempeſts in thoſe ſeas about that time), made up to him, and took him into their ſkiff. He expreſſed his gratitude for this kindneſs in the beſt manner he could, for nobody underſtood his language; and when he was come aſhore, he fell on his knees, and having lifted up his eyes and hands to Heaven, he proſtrated himſelf, and kiſſed the earth. His garments were made of the ſkins of fiſhes, the hair of his head of a flaxen colour, and he ſeemed not to be faint for want of ſuſtenance, which made every one conclude that he had kept up his ſpirits with that chemical liquor in the bottle, which was near half emptied.

As ſoon as he ſaw the riſing moon, he fell on his face, and muttered certain barbarous words, knocking his forehead againſt the ground; then he roſe and danced after a wild manner, ſinging pretty natural airs, and at every ſtop, with his right hand extended, pointed to that planet, expreſſing both in tone and actions much devotion and love.

Many learned men were ſent for to conſider this ſtranger, and, if poſſible, by ſigns, or other means, to diſcover from whence he came, and what fate or accident had thus abandoned him to the fury of the winds and waves, to the extremity of hunger, cold, and watching, and to the devouring jaws of ſea monſters; but all their efforts were unſucceſsful: They ſpoke to him in ſeveral languages, and he anſwered them, but ſtill in a dialect different from any of theirs, and altogether unknown. He ſeemed to utter his words in a tone between whiſtling and ſinging, which made ſome conclude he was a Chineſe, becauſe that people pronounce many of their letters after the ſame manner; ſo do the inhabitants of Tonquin and Malabar, with other kingdoms in the eaſt of Aſia; and letters with them are as ſignificant as words with the Europeans.

They ſhowed him globes and maps of the world, done by ſeveral hands, and in various languages, with particular charts of all the maritime regions on earth, but to no other purpoſe than to excite his devotion afreſh to the moon, whoſe reſemblance he ſaw on ſome of thoſe papers. He would ſmile at that ſight, kiſs his fore-finger, and with a religious complaiſance touch the figure of that planet; then ſeeming to be in a wonderful good humour, he would turn round and fall a-dancing, with his arms ſtretched and turned in the ſame poſture as thoſe who uſe caſtanets or cymbals, ſinging all the while a ſort of inarticulate ſounds, but ſurpriſingly muſical and ſweet; ſo that nobody knew what to make of him.

He appeared very temperate, modeſt, and reſigned, refuſing no meats or drinks that were offered him, yet neither eat nor drank to exceſs; neither was he diſcontented at his lodging, or any other uſage, though they tried to vex him ſeveral ways, that they might ſee how he would vent his paſſion; but he ſmiled at all, and ſubmitted patiently to every thing they impoſed on him.

One thing was obſervable, that wherever he ſaw any water, he would run to it immediately, and waſh himſelf as well as he could in thoſe circumſtances, never forgetting to ſprinkle ſome toward that part of the heaven where the moon was viſible; and when they led him into the fields or gardens, he would crop the graſs and flowers, and, with a compoſed look, would throw them up in the air, adding ſuch religious geſtures as convinced every one that he did it in honour of ſome power above. Various were the conjectures of men about him; ſome were of one opinion, and others of a quite different; nobody could poſitively conclude any thing; neither is it poſſible, as I am informed, for the wiſeſt men in thoſe parts to find out this myſtery.

Perhaps he is ſuch another as Imaum Rapibabet, a Perſian writer, mentions, who, in the year of the Hegira 502, was taken up by a merchant ſhip of India, in the Straits of Babelmandel, pretending to be dumb, but capable of hearing, writing, and expreſſing himſelf ſeveral other ways, if any body could have underſtood his language: At laſt he was found to be an Ethiopian ſlave, run away from his maſter, an ingenious fellow, and one that ſpoke all the languages of thoſe parts, and, therefore, that he might be admired, would be ſure to write in a character of his own invention, which the greateſt ſages could not read.

Mighty baſſa, thou encountereſt on that element with ſtrange monſters, and creatures under no name or predicament that is known, yet none ſo terrible and dangerous as cheats and impoſtors; from which I pray Heaven defend thee and me, for they infeſt both the ſea and the land.

Paris, 17th of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1663.

XXI.—*To* NATHAN BEN SADDI, *a Jew at Vienna.*

THE term of our long mutual ſilence enjoined us by our ſuperiors is now happily expired, and we have with good ſucceſs managed our ſeparate parts, without holding any correſpondence together. This was only a trial of our fidelity, conduct, and obedience, or perhaps it was no more than a caprice of policy, or a vain whim of ſtate; for it is uſual with great men thus to practiſe experiments on thoſe whom they deſign to employ in the moſt important affairs. Whatever it be, we have acquitted ourſelves like truſty ſlaves, and that is enough for us.

This comes to thy hand by an Armenian merchant,

one in whom I confide. Here are abundance of that nation in Paris and other parts of France: They travel up and down from one country and city to another, under the pretext of trading, but are really ſpies, ſent from the princes of the Eaſt to obſerve the councils of theſe weſtern courts, the deſigns of Nazarene monarchs, and to take an exact eſtimate of the ſtrength and riches of theſe infidels; for though they outwardly profeſs themſelves to be followers of Jeſus, yet in their hearts they believe the Alcoran, and honour Mahomet our holy lawgiver.

There is a kind of magic in truth, which forcibly carries the mind along with it: Men readily embrace the dictates of ſincere reaſon, yet thoſe of thy nation are obſtinate, and ſhut their eyes wilfully againſt the very light of nature. You overvalue yourſelves and your lineage, becauſe you are the poſterity of Iſaac, the ſon of Sarah, the free woman, and wife of Ibrahim, reproaching us that we are the offspring of Iſmael, the ſon of Hagar, a concubine and ſlave: You conſider not that Iſmael was the eldeſt ſon of that glorious patriarch, and that by the law of Moſes it is enacted, that the firſt-born ſon ſhall inherit his father's patrimony, though he were the ſon of a baſe abject ſlave or hated concubine. Did Moſes make a law contrary to that of his fathers? Or could Ibrahim, the beloved of God, do any thing contrary to the Divine will? How then could he be guilty of diſinheriting Iſmael his eldeſt ſon, the flower of his ſtrength, and firſt fruit of his vigour? Doubtleſs, the majeſty and light of God, which paſſed from Adam to Seth, Enoch, Noah, and Ibrahim, reſted alſo on Iſmael, heir-apparent of the divine promiſes, father of many princes and noble nations.

Let thoſe, therefore, of thy nation ceaſe to boaſt of their pedigree, and exalt themſelves above the victorious

and triumphant Iſmaelites, children of a high ſtock, a race wherein ſhines forth the luſtre of ancient renown, and the right of primogeniture; a lineage of illuſtrious honour, multiplied as the leaves of the trees, numerous as the ſtars of heaven, proſperous in all things, by the ſpecial benediction of God; whereas thou knoweſt the Iſraelites never made any great figure on earth, and are now reputed no better than vagabonds throughout the world.

Your rabbis reply to this, by owning that our father Iſmael was indeed a great prince, but that he was withal a wild and ſavage man, who ſupported his nobility and grandeur by rapine and blood, dwelling altogether in deſarts and unfrequented places, robbing the caravans of merchants and travellers, oppreſſing the poor, and murdering the innocent; in fine, they give this character of him, "That his hand was againſt every man, and every man's hand againſt him."

To this accuſation they alſo add another, that the princes of the Eaſt, who deſcend from Iſmael, have all along, even to this day, eſtabliſhed their thrones in cruelty, maſſacres, and parricides; fathers bereaving their children of the lives they gave them, and children putting their parents to death; brothers murdering brothers, and ſacrificing their neareſt relations to the maxims of a barbarous policy, the reſtleſs ſuſpicions of ſtate; and that all this is more eſpecially manifeſt in the ſublime houſe of the invincible Ottomans.

Theſe are the charges of Hebrew ſpite, the ſlanders which your doctors caſt on the progeny of Ibrahim, even on Iſmael and his children, to this day: But I would have thee, Nathan, reflect impartially on things, and ſuffer not thy judgment to be impoſed on by the ſophiſtry of your ſcribes. Look back to the primitive times of Iſ-

rael, examine the written law, the records of Moſes and the ſeniors; there thou wilt meet with frequent examples of thoſe very crimes which you lay to our charge, true parallels of the ſuppoſed tyranny and inhuman actions with which you tax the unblemiſhed Iſmaelites.

Did not your father Jacob ſupplant his own eldeſt brother Eſau? Did he not cheat his uncle Laban of his ſheep? What was wanting to him of Iſmael's valour and fierceneſs, he ſupplied with a fox-like craft and ſubtilty; yet how often did he plunder the children of Hamor, and boaſted afterwards of the preys he had taken from them with his bow and ſpear?

When your fathers came out of Egypt, what a carnage did Moſes their leader commit, when he commanded the ſons of Levi to ariſe with their ſwords in their hands, and every man to kill his brother, his friend, and his neighbour; ſo that there fell that day, at the foot of Mount Sinai, three-and-twenty thouſand men; yet, for the ſake of this deteſtable tragedy, he bleſſed them, ſaying, "You have conſecrated your hands this day in blood, every man in the blood of his neighbour." Behold the original of your prieſthood, which is the higheſt rank of nobility among the Jews!

Remember how your fathers almoſt cut off the whole race of Benjamin, ſo that there were not above ſix hundred men of that tribe left alive; forget not alſo how Abimelech, of the tribe of Manaſſe, got the ſovereignty, by maſſacring ſeventy of his own brothers on one ſtone. Your own records ſay, that God gave you kings in his wrath, among whom there was not one who was not a man of blood; and in the whole catalogue, you can ſcarce find four who were not tainted with ſacrilege, idolatry, and other enormous vices.

In a word, Nathan, both the ſons of Iſmael and Iſaac

were but men, and if thou haſt nothing elſe to object againſt the former, but what thou muſt confeſs the latter was equally guilty of, I adviſe thee henceforth to lay thy hand upon thy mouth, and ceaſe to ſpeak evil of thoſe againſt whom no man can ſharpen his tongue or pen and proſper.

Paris, 22d of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1663.

XXII.—*To the ſame.*

I CONCLUDED my other letter ſomething imperfectly, and ſhort of my deſign, being interrupted by a ſudden deluge of humours overflowing my eyes, accompanied with a tempeſt in my head, which at once took from me the power of thinking regularly, and of ſeeing how to write. I am often ſubject to theſe weakneſſes of late, and to many other maladies; my body ſenſibly decays; age and care, watching and ſickneſs, with a thouſand caſualties beſide, have almoſt diſſolved this congealed medley of the elements. Methinks I am now no more than a poor ſkeleton, to which nature and fortune have left a dry and withered ſkin, for modeſty's ſake, to cover its nakedneſs, with a few evacuated veins and arteries, ſhrunk ſinews, tendons, muſcles, and cartilages, to tack this machine of bones together, and keep it in motion; in a word, I ſeem to myſelf to be only a hobgoblin, or ghoſt in diſguiſe; I cannot ſay incarnate (for I have loſt all my fleſh), but only bagged or clouted up in the moſt contemptible ſhreds, rags, and antiquated relics of mortality; like a maudlin or ſcarecrow, I hang together by geometry.

Yet ſuch as I am at theſe years, I ſtill poſſeſs, at certain ſeaſons, more ſerene and vigorous thoughts, than in

the days of my youth, when I was full of marrow and good blood; I can feel my ſoul ſometimes fluttering her wings, and briſkly ſhaking off the heavy, ſlimy clogs of earth, of ſleep, and of enchanted life, or living death; ſhe ſtruts and plumes herſelf, ſhe mounts aloft, and glides in happy, though but momentary foretaſtes of eternal bliſs; and then lured down again by charms of her accuſtomed eaſe and pleaſure in the fleſh, ſhe comes to hand at call, and being hoodwinked from the radiant light of heaven, ſhe tamely perches on the meaneſt ſenſual appetite, which eaſily conveys her to her wonted darkneſs. This is the changeable ſtate of mortals, and we muſt not expect a fixed condition on this ſide the ſepulchre: The noble and the vulgar are equally liable to theſe inconſtancies of ſpirit; neither can the moſt exalted ſtate of ſovereign monarchs privilege them from the common frailties of mankind; they are no otherwiſe diſtinguiſhed from the meaneſt of their ſlaves, than only by the vaſtneſs of their poſſeſſions, their numerous retinue, their unlimited power, and the vain pageantry of external honour.

If we examine the origin of nobility and royal grandeur, if we trace the genealogies of princes and potentates up to their fountain, we ſhall find the firſt fathers of thoſe noiſy pedigrees to be cruel butchers of men, oppreſſors, tyrants, perfidious truce-breakers, robbers, and parricides; in a word, the moſt primitive nobility was no other than potent wickedneſs or dignified impiety; and all the ſucceſſive continuations of it by inheritance, election, or otherwiſe, even to theſe modern times, are but ſo many traducts of exorbitant power and honour, acquired and propagated by the moſt enormous vices, by practices unworthy of men, and of which the authors themſelves are always aſhamed; therefore they cover their unjuſt encroachments and invaſions with the ſpecious pre-

texts of juſtice and virtue, calling that conqueſt which is no other than downright robbery, and profeſſing themſelves patrons of men's liberties and rights, religion and laws, whilſt in effect they are the greateſt oppreſſors, hypocrites, atheiſts, and outlaws in the world.

This is not only true in the race of Iſmael and Iſaac, of whom I made mention in my other letter, but in all the families which have ever made any eminent figure and noiſe in the world.

What were the four renowned monarchies, but ſo many empires of banditti, governments of freebooters, pirates and licenſed thieves? As Diomedes told Alexander the Great, "I, (ſays he) becauſe I play the private corſair, and cruiſe up and down the ſeas with one ſingle ſhip, am accuſed as a pirate: Thou that doſt the ſame thing with a mighty fleet, art called an emperor. If thou wert alone, and a captive as I am, they would eſteem thee no better than a thief: And were I at the head of a numerous army, as thou art, I ſhould be reverenced as an emperor; for as to the juſtice of our cauſe, there is no other difference but this, that thou doſt more miſchief than I. Misfortune has compelled me to be a thief, whereas nothing but an intolerable pride, and inſatiable avarice, puts thee upon the ſame courſe of life. If fortune would prove more favourable to me, perhaps I might become better, whereas thy continual ſucceſſes make thee but the worſe." Alexander admiring the boldneſs of the man, and the reſoluteneſs of his ſpirit, gave him a command in his army, that ſo he might rob and plunder from thenceforth by authority.

But I ſhould have begun higher in antiquity with the empire of the Aſſyrians, founded by Ninus, in the blood and ſlaughter, ruin and deſtruction of all his neighbours, and increaſed after the ſame methods by his wife Semi-

ramis, who begging of her huſband that ſhe might reign for five days, and he granting her requeſt, ſhe put on the royal ornaments, and ſitting on the throne of uncontroulable majeſty, commanded the guards to degrade and kill her huſband; which being done, ſhe ſucceeded in the empire, adding Ethiopia to her other dominions, carrying a war into India, and encompaſſing Babylon with a magnificent wall; at laſt ſhe was killed by her ſon Ninyas. Thus was the Aſſyrian monarchy eſtabliſhed in regicides, maſſacres, and carnage; and by the ſame methods it was tranſlated by Arbactus to the Medes, he having cauſed Sardanapalus, the laſt and moſt effeminate of all the Aſſyrian kings, to die in the midſt of his concubines. Thus was treachery and murder handed down with the ſovereign power, till at length Cyrus the Perſian tranſferred them to this country, whoſe ſon Cambyſes raiſed the ſecond univerſal monarchy on the additional ruins of many other kingdoms, cementing it with the blood of his brother and his ſon. Yet after all, it was tranſlated to the Macedonians by Alexander the Great, not without an equal guilt of parricide, and other exorbitant vices; from whom at laſt it devolved to the Romans.

What need I mention the ſcandalous birth of Romulus and Remus, the twin-ſons of an inceſtuous veſtal? or their debauched education under a common proſtitute, fabulouſly veiled by the Roman hiſtorians, under the title of a wolf, to render the origin of their empire miraculous? Why ſhould I recount the horrid fratricide committed by Romulus on Remus his brother, or the celebrated rape of the Sabine wives, virgins, and widows? It will ſeem invidious to call to mind the deteſtable murder of Titus Tacius, the good old captain of the Sabines, with many other barbarous maſſacres: Yet theſe enormous crimes were the foundations of the Roman gran-

dent and nobility, ſo formidable afterwards to the whole earth; and the ſuperſtructure was anſwerable through all the various changes and revolutions of government, even to the reign of Auguſtus Cæſar, under whom Rome gained the title of the fourth univerſal monarchy.

This emperor, though he was eſteemed the moſt merciful and juſt prince on earth, yet he eſtabliſhed his throne in the blood of his kindred, ſacrificing the children of his uncle to the ends of ſtate; and that he might not deviate from the royal ingratitude of other princes, he barbarouſly extinguiſhed the offspring of his father's brother, who had adopted him to the inheritance of the imperial dignity, ſcorning by an unkingly tenderneſs to ſpare the glorious names of Anthony and Cleopatra, to whom he was ſo nearly related, and who had inveſted him with the power of being ſo inhuman.

I will not make thee ſick, by rehearſing the abominable lives and wicked actions of the Neros, Domitians, Caligulas, Heliogabaluſes, Galienuſes, and the reſt of thoſe royal monſters; hiſtory itſelf bluſhes to recite ſuch prodigies of impiety, and their very names are odious to all generations.

If we paſs from theſe mighty empires to kingdoms of leſs note, we ſhall ſtill trace the footſteps of the ſame vices. Both ancient and modern records are full of theſe tragedies: The original kingdom of the Greeks took its riſe from the parricide of Dardanus, and the female empire of the Amazons began in the barbarous maſſacre of their huſbands. All ages and nations afford us examples of this nature; and the higheſt honours, dignities and commands, were ever acquired and maintained by the higheſt injuſtice.

Therefore, honeſt Nathan, let thou and I never envy the nobles and grandees of the earth; but contented in

our humble poſts, ſitting under the umbrellas of a happy obſcurity, let us ſerve the Grand Signior with integrity and zeal void of injuſtice.

Paris, 22d of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1663.

XXIII.—*To* CODARAFRAD CHEIK, *a Man of the Law.*

THOU wilt approve the ſentence that was yeſterday executed on a Frenchman in this city, who ſaid he was the ſon of God, and had perſuaded a great many poor ignorant people to believe him. He was burnt alive for his blaſphemy, and his aſhes kicked into a ditch. Had he been convicted of this horrid impiety in any of the Grand Signior's dominions, he had undergone the like or a more terrible puniſhment; for the Alcoran expreſsly ſays, "That God has neither wife, ſon, daughter, or companion, and that thoſe ſhall ſuffer eternal pains who teach any ſuch doctrine." Doubtleſs there is but one God, and the eternal unity cannot be divided or multiplied, to make more gods in fraction, or procreate an offspring of diminutive deities: He, the father of all things, dwells in eternal ſolitude, and from an infinite retirement, beholds the various generations of the univerſe; they are all equally his offspring, and it is blaſphemy to affirm he has a ſon, or a daughter, or a companion like unto himſelf; for he is uncreated, unbegotten, and entire, ſole poſſeſſor of his own glory, without rival or competitor; there was none before him, neither ſhall there be any after him; he is without beginning or end.

But theſe infidels harbour ſtrange opinions about a trinity of Gods, and follow the doctrines of Hermes, Triſmegiſtus, Plato, Plotinus, and other pagan philoſophers, who aſſerted a triad in the Deity, and on that

baſis founded all the polytheiſm of the gentiles. Hence Pythagoras drew his Tetragrammaton, by playing the chemical arithmetician, and extracting a quaternity out of three; but the poets, not puzzling their heads with the myſteries of theſe divine and unintelligible numbers, delivered their theology in plain groſs fictions, ſuitable to the capacities of the vulgar; one midwifing a goddeſs out of Jupiter's brains; another ſtarting a god from his thigh; but this ſilly fellow could not derive his pedigree ſo near as from a little toe of the divinity; therefore he was deſervedly reduced to his firſt atoms, and ſpurned out of the world.

The French have various kinds of puniſhments for malefactors, but none more terrible than breaking on the wheel. This is inflicted only on notorious criminals, and the manner is thus: The party condemned is faſtened to a wheel, with his arms and legs extended to their full length and wideneſs; then comes the executioner, and with an iron bar breaks one bone after another, till the miſerable wretch is in the agonies of death, and ſo he is left to expire in unutterable torments; for ſome men of ſtrong conſtitutions will retain life in this condition for twelve or more hours together.

Honourable Codaraſrad, though the executions of the Eaſt are more ſwift and ſurpriſing than thoſe in the Weſt, yet they are not comparable to them for cruelty, the worſt death being but a minute's pain.

Sage Cheik, I reverence thy accompliſhed knowledge in the laws of equity and juſtice.

Paris, 15th of the 3d Moon, of the Year 1663.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.—*To* SOLYMAN *his Couſin, at Chalcedon.*

I COMMEND thee for removing thus from place to place, and could wiſh that thou wouldeſt not only exchange thy reſidence through all the cities ſeated on the Boſphorus, Propontis, Euxine Sea, and the Helleſpont, but viſit by turns all the famous marts in the world.

Praiſe be to God we are not born in Muſcovy, Ruſſia, China, or under the narrow-ſouled governments of Lycurgus, Plato, and ſuch kind of jealous lawgivers, where it would be no leſs puniſhment than the loſs of one's eyes, ears, and feet, if not of life itſelf, to travel out of his native country, or for a ſtranger to come in, excepting foreign ambaſſadors and agents, who in China are forced to travel with their faces veiled or muffled, from the confines to the court, leſt they ſhould ſpy the diſadvantages of the country.

Doubtleſs this is repugnant to the law of nature and nations, an oppreſſion of humanity, and directly oppoſite to the purpoſe of God, when he deſigned and made us for ſociable creatures; for the whole earth is but as one country or province, common to men and beaſts; it is our element, and therefore we ought to be free in it, to range where we pleaſe, as the fowls do in the air, and the fiſh in the ſea, without any law, reſtraint, or injury. Such a thought as this made Socrates, when he was aſked "What countryman he was?" anſwer, "I am a native of the univerſe, and therefore free to live where I will."

Thou knoweſt our couſin Iſouf has travelled over all Aſia and Africa, with ſome parts of Europe: My brother

Peſteli Hali has alſo viſited many regions in the Eaſt: Both of them have improved their eſtates and fortunes in the world, the one at Aſtracan, the other at Conſtantinople. Follow their ſteps, and thou mayeſt have thy heart's content. Go and obſerve the different manners of men, their various cuſtoms, laws, and religions; ſurvey the mountains, valleys, deſarts, rivers, lakes, ſeas, cities, caſtles, palaces, and all the other deſirable objects which embelliſh this globe.

But beware of the infirmity of moſt travellers, who, cameleon-like, change their humour and manners as the regions vary through which they paſs; mere mimics, buffoons, and apes, who place their excellency in imitating every thing they ſee or meet with; thus degenerating from themſelves, inſtead of improving their minds in true ſcience and wiſdom, and hardening their bodies, to endure patiently the injuries of the elements, with all the fatigues and contingencies of human life, which are the chief ends of travelling, next to that of learning how to ſerve our ſovereign and our country in a more refined manner.

Solyman, never think that thou wilt deſerve the character of a prudent traveller, if at thy return thou canſt only boaſt of ſtrange and incredible things thou haſt ſeen, tell monſtrous romances and fictions more fabulous than thoſe of the Gentile poets; aim at ſolid knowledge, and the improvements of a rational creature. As thou goeſt out a muſſulman, ſo return, but with all the advantages that may recommend thee for a perſon accompliſhed in hiſtory, morals, politics, and divine philoſophy.

If thou dareſt not undertake a ramble at large, go to thy couſin Iſouf at Aſtracan, where he is ſettled in a way of traffic and merchandiſe. Take thy voyage by the Black Sea and the Palus Mæotis: Caſt thy eyes on the

ancient kingdom of Colchis as thou ſaileſt by her ſhores; conſider the temper of the Mingrelians, Circaſſians, and Tartars, with the reſt of the people through whoſe territories thou wilt paſs; and when thou arriveſt at Aſtracan, tell my couſin Iſouf that I wiſhed thee to take this courſe: He will reſpect thee for thy uncle's recommendation: Show him this letter, and let his own eyes ſee the handwriting of Mahmut, the aged weather-beaten ſlave of the earth's great ſovereign; the old, grey, grizzled watchman of the ſublime Porte, which is the refuge of mortals. He will find many opportunities to advance thee. But I adviſe thee to wean thyſelf from all fondneſs, inconſtancy, and diſcontent: Be true to thy truſt, ſedulous and active, patient and reſigned; take all things as they come from deſtiny, without being peeviſh or fretful.

So may God bleſs thee, and give thee the riches of the earth, and the ſweet influences of heaven, make thee happy here and hereafter; finally, may thy reſt be on high in paradiſe.

Paris, 1ſt of the 5th Moon, of the Year 1663.

II.—*To* PESTELI HALI, *his Brother, Maſter of the Cuſtoms at Conſtantinople.*

THERE is no doubt but when thou waſt in the Indies, the names of Sultan Dara, Suja, Aurengzebe, and Morad Batche, were not leſs known to thee than that of their father Cha Iehan, the Grand Mogul. Thy buſineſs, as well as curioſity, called thee often to the court, where thou haſt heard the characters of theſe young princes, whoſe early years furniſhed the world with matter of noiſe and great expectations, and gave the old mo-

narch that begat them trouble and care enough to keep them in order, and prevent their machinations againſt one another, as well as againſt himſelf; for in thoſe days he ſaw his family divided into factions, and a royal envy, mixed with ambition, whetting brothers and ſiſters againſt each other, who by nature were made for the offices of reciprocal love.

Surely it is but a glorious infelicity for children to be thus born candidates of a crown, when each is obliged, by a principle of ſelf-preſervation, to purſue his claim in a method wholly repugnant to humanity, and the affection that is due to thoſe of the ſame blood, when ſhaking off all tenderneſs and compaſſion, the ſons of one mother muſt ſheath their ſwords in each others bowels, to prevent their own fate, and raviſh a crown by force to ſave their lives.

Yet this is the misfortune of all the eaſtern courts, that they cannot ſee a prince aſcend the throne without the ſlaughter of his brethren, and all that can be ſuſpected to pretend or ſtand in competition with him for the ſovereignty.

However, it muſt be confeſſed that the Indian policy in this point is far more generous than that of the Ottomans or Perſians, who either immediately after their poſſeſſion of the throne murder in cold blood all the reſt of their lineage, or at leaſt impriſon them in ſome dark dungeon during their lives, and not ſeldom put out their eyes; and this is owing to the diſadvantage the unhappy children of our monarchs lie under, in that from their infancy they are confined to the ſeraglio, and educated under the tutelage of women and eunuchs, even during the whole life of their father; ſo that he who is advanced to the throne has all the reſt in his cuſtody the firſt hour of his reign.

Whereas in Indoſtan the princes of the blood are committed to able and learned tutors, and as they grow in years increaſing alſo in knowledge, wiſdom, and courage, they are diſpoſed of every one ſuitable to his capacity; ſome being made miniſters of ſtate, others generals of armies, or governors of provinces, whereby each is put in a condition to make parties for himſelf among the grandees, and thoſe of inferior degree, and to fortify his intereſt in court and city, country and camp. Thus an open field is left for all to try their wit and courage in for the ſake of inheritance; and it is more equal to let them nobly ſkirmiſh for a crown, and make a warlike lottery for life or death, than ſet up one with the advantage and character of a butcher, and turn the ſeraglio to a ſhamble, always polluted with royal innocent blood.

But every ſtate purſues its own maxims; and there are not wanting men of the law who juſtify this inhuman conduct of our ſultans as the only means to prevent public diſtractions and civil wars, which always happen where there are many pretenders to the imperial dignity, as it lately fell out in the Indies.

I need not acquaint thee with what particular dignities and commands the Great Mogul inveſted his four ſons: Thou couldſt ſufficiently inform thyſelf of theſe things when thou waſt at Dehli, the capital city of Indoſtan; neither need I ſay any thing of Rouchenara Begum, or her ſiſter Saheb, the two daughters of Cha Jehan; thou that haſt been there in perſon knoweſt more of theſe things than I, who am obliged to the merchants and travellers for all my intelligence of the Indian affairs.

But I can certify thee of ſomething which has been tranſacted there ſince thy return to Conſtantinople, the fame whereof, perhaps, is not yet arrived at the imperial city.

Know then, that in the year 1655, a rumour being ſpread abroad through the provinces of India, that Cha Iehan was dead, each of his four ſons began to lay about him for the crown: They did all that is uſual in ſuch caſes for ambitious perſons to do, by courting the omrahs and rajahs with large preſents and large promiſes, by obliging the ſoldiery with immenſe largeſſes; in a word, by rouſing up the friendſhip and integrity of their adherents, and by winning over ſtrangers to their different parties, with whatſoever elſe was thought neceſſary to carry on a proſperous war againſt one another, for the innate deſire of reigning had equally poſſeſſed them all. But deſtiny, which appoints and conſummates human events, had reſerved the crown for Aurengzebe, who ſurpaſſed all the reſt in policy and diſſimulation.

With profound craft this prince over-reached his younger brother Morad Batche, and put him in chains, in the midſt of Morad's own army, pacifying the officers with bribes, and the common ſoldiers with increaſe of their pay, whilſt he ſent their general away priſoner to one of his ſtrongeſt caſtles. This was the firſt conſiderable ſtroke he gave towards the gaining a crown; for now he was not only rid of one competitor, and the moſt dangerous of all the reſt, but alſo became maſter of his army, and all his treaſure, which being joined to his own, put him in a condition to purſue his good fortune with ſucceſs. Yet the war laſted almoſt ſix years; his brother, Sultan Sujah, keeping him in play on the ſide of Bengal, and Sultan Dara near the capital cities Agra and Dehli.

But at laſt they were both forced to yield to the fortune of Aurengzebe. In fine, he was eſtabliſhed, and now ſits on the throne of his fathers, whilſt they fell ſacrifices to the jealouſy and revenge of their victorious

brother, being, as I am informed, taken priſoners, and afterwards poiſoned, or hurried out of the world ſome other way.

Thus paſſes away human glory, like a cloud driven before the wind, or like the ſmoke of a fire, which looks bright and gay for a while, crackles, and gives heat to all that are near it, but is either ſuddenly quenched with water, or evaporates into air, and is no more remembered.

Dear Peſteli, conſider that this earth is not our native country; we are foreigners here below; let us improve ourſelves by every thing we encounter in knowledge and virtue, without learning the vanity and vices of mortals.

Paris, [illegible] of the 6th Moon, of the Year 1663.

III.—*To* Useph, *Baſſa*.

Here is great rejoicing for the converſion of a certain proteſtant prince to the faith of the Roman church: They call him the Duke of Mecklenburgh. He is ſaid to ſpring from an ancient race of kings among the Vandals. This court careſſes him in an extraordinary manner, as they uſually do all proſelytes of his high quality; as for poor and vulgar converts, they ſerve only to become the prieſts ſlaves and aſſes.

The king, who is ſtyled The Eldeſt Son of the Church, and therefore ought to appear a living demonſtration of her boaſted virtues, has been very liberal of his favours to the new devotee, creating him Knight of the Holy Spirit, which is the moſt ſublime degree of honour in this kingdom, next to that of being made peer of the realm.

Couriers arrive one at the heels of another from the

Duke of Beaufort, who is cruiſing about on the Mediterranean; but I cannot get a ſight of any of them, nor learn what their expreſſes contain. The courtiers and ſtateſmen here are the very whirlpools of intelligence. Whatever news is communicated to them is ſwallowed up and loſt for ever in profound ſilence; they receive all, but return none again. However, people take the liberty to gueſs, every man according to his reaſon or fancy. Some ſay the Duke of Beaufort has engaged with a fleet of Algerines, and driven them into their harbour, with great loſs on their ſide, and triumph on his: Others laugh at this, as only a court romance, who ſtrive to prepoſſeſs the nation with proſperous ſtories of the king's arms both by ſea and land; whilſt a third ſort affirm that the diſpatches come not from the Duke of Beaufort, who they ſay is dead, being killed by a cannon bullet in an encounter with the corſairs of Barbary, but that they are ſent from the next chief officers in the Toulon fleet, to give the king an account of his death, and receive new orders.

In the mean while, we are wholly taken up here at preſent with the reception of the Swiſs ambaſſadors: They made their public entry into Paris yeſterday, after they had been magnificently entertained at the Caſtle of the Wood. A thouſand chariots accompanied them through the ſtreets of Paris. They are brave jolly perſons, ſons of Bacchus, and hirelings to Mars, ſtout in a wine-cellar, and no cowards in the field.

Courteous baſſa, thou ſeeſt I do not forget my friends, but ſend to all by turn the advices that come to my hands. I wiſh thou wouldſt favour me with a ſhort ſketch of thy pleaſure with the Grand Signior in the neighbouring plains of Adrianople.

Paris, 10th of the 11th Moon, of the Year 1663.

IV.—*To* HAMET, *Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman empire.*

IT is hard to determine whether the French king excels moſt in martial affairs, or in thoſe of ſtate; he is good at both; his counſels are wiſe, and his actions great; a man both in body and mind formed for empire, and outſtripping his years in all things, ſave the affairs of love; theſe indeed he purſues with youthful vigour and paſſion, being by nature very amorous, and eſteemed the handſomeſt prince of this age, by thoſe who conſider a regular ſhape, graceful features, and a majeſtic awfulneſs in the face, as the principal ingredients in a maſculine beauty.

It is certain he is very acceptable to the ladies, who are the moſt competent judges in this caſe; and they value him ſo much the more becauſe his love never abates the due ſentiments a monarch ought to have of his glory; for he gratifies both paſſions without ſuffering them to interfere, managing his ſofteſt intrigues with ſuch exquiſite prudence as he ſtill comes off a hero.

He has had many miſtreſſes, and it is a manifeſt diſcovery of his wit that he never faſtened his affections on any that deſerved not the ſame character: She that has the greateſt ſhare in his heart at preſent is called the Ducheſs of Vaujour, a woman raiſed to that title by the king's bounty for the ſake of his love; ſhe has a refined wit, and that is all can be ſaid in her praiſe; for, as to her body, it would hardly tempt an indifferent painter to employ his ſkill, unleſs it were in deſcribing what the tailor endeavours to hide, and that is, a deformity much like mine, a remarkable bunch in the back; yet this great monarch loves her paſſionately, and will not be eaſily croſſed in his amours.

The queen and his mother have endeavoured by divers methods to reclaim him, but all prove ineffectual: A while ago they ſet his confeſſor to work, who, with abundance of unſeaſonable gravity, repreſented to the young invincible monarch the ill conſequences of unlawful love; for theſe infidels eſteem none lawful but what is beſtowed only on one wife: He ſaid all that was proper for a jeſuit to urge on ſuch an occaſion, and a great deal more, threatening the royal lover with ſevere penance, and I know not what. Impatient of this diſcourſe from a ſubject, yet reſpecting the character he bore as a prieſt, the king, with a reſerved countenance, thanked him for his pious counſel, telling him withal that for the future he diſcharged him from his ſervice, being reſolved to obey the old canons of the church, and confeſs to none but the prieſt of the pariſh. Thus the poor jeſuit was diſcarded, and beſides the king's diſpleaſure, he has drawn upon himſelf the cenſures and curſes of his whole order for diſobliging ſo potent a monarch only to pleaſe two peeviſh women.

Illuſtrious miniſter, kings are as gods on earth, and they eſteem it a profanation of their divinity when their actions are too narrowly ſcanned by their ſubjects.

Paris, 7th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year 1664.

V.—*To* Pesteli Hali, *his Brother, Maſter of the Grand Signior's Cuſtoms at Conſtantinople.*

The news which thy letter imparts would affect me with incredible delight, were ſuch a thing poſſible to come to paſs. It is a long time ſince I have been weary of dwelling in Paris, and of converſing only with infidels; there is a perfect antipathy between their humour

and mine; and it is no ſmall violence a man does to his nature, in ſuch a caſe, when all his actions and words are counterfeited. This goes mightily againſt the grain; but I have thought nothing too much to do or ſuffer for our great maſter's intereſt, and I am ſtill of the ſame reſolution: Yet nature itſelf abhors force and reſtraint; therefore it would be a vaſt comfort to be recalled from this diſagreeable ſtation, and placed in ſome other poſt, where I might ſerve God and the Grand Signior with more eaſe.

Beſides, I have met with nothing but perſecutions and reproaches from ſome at the ſeraglio ever ſince I came to this city, as I have often hinted in my diſpatches to the grandees, and particularly once to the noble Kerker Haſſan, baſſa, our countryman and friend; wherein I alſo implored his favour and interceſſion that I might have leave to retire into Arabia, and ſpend the reſt of my days in the place where I firſt drew my breath, or at leaſt that I might be permitted to return to Conſtantinople, and give an account of my agency in theſe parts, though it were to the loſs of my head, if I deſerved it.

I perceive that generous baſſa took compaſſion on my ſufferings, and has done his utmoſt to relieve me: It is to him I owe the propoſal that was made in the divan, of ſending me to the court of the Grand Mogul, there to negotiate ſome private affairs of importance for the ſultan.

There is nothing that I have had a greater paſſion for theſe many years, than the happineſs of viſiting thoſe remote parts of the earth, ſo venerable for the antiquity of their inhabitants, and the excellency of their laws, cuſtoms, religion, and government; I mean the Gentile Indians, and not the race of the Moguls, who came out of Tartary, and are but of yeſterday, in compariſon with

the aboriginal people, whoſe genealogies and poſſeſſions of that country ſtretch beyond all the records in the world beſide.

Ever ſince I read the journal of thy travels in the Eaſt, I was inflamed with an ardent deſire to ſee that renowned nation, to converſe with the Bramins, and pry into the myſteries of their unknown wiſdom, which occaſions ſo much diſcourſe in the world.

I know not what ails me, but I promiſe myſelf more ſatisfaction from their books, were I capable of underſtanding the language in which they are written, or from the lips of thoſe prieſts who have them in their cuſtody, than from all the prophets and ſages in the world: I fancy I ſhould find ſomething prodigiouſly ſtrange and amazing in their hiſtory, yet ſquaring with human reaſon and probability of truth: I ſhould meet with arguments which I cannot yet ſtart, to prove the eternity of the world; arguments clear and demonſtrative, ſuch as would eſtabliſh this doctrine againſt all objections that have or can be made to the contrary.

The idea which I already entertain of ſo unmeaſurable a duration is only founded on my own natural thoughts, and ſupported by the concurrent opinion of ſeveral ancient philoſophers; but I ſhould hope to ſee it diſcovered by theſe Indian records to be a truth as bright as the ſun, and fixed as the centre of the earth.

There is another thing for which I mightily admire the Indians, and wherein I endeavour to imitate them to the utmoſt of my power, that is, the juſtice and tenderneſs they ſhow towards the beaſts. It is a thing which needs a conſiderable expiation if by chance they kill any living creature; but if they do it wilfully, out of cruel wantonneſs or malice, and not in their own defence, it is puniſhed with death, no leſs than if they had murdered

a man: No care of health, nor fear of diſſolution by ſickneſs, can tempt one of the Bramin race to taſte a bit of fleſh; much leſs could they be induced, by the mere pleaſure of their appetites, to commit that which they eſteem ſo enormous a ſin, and the very fountain of all other vices. They count it the greateſt injuſtice that can be to ſuſtain their own lives by the death of any of their fellow-animals; and they eſteem it a puſillanimity unbecoming a man when he dares not venture his life on the fruits of the earth, and the milk of cattle, which he may enjoy in innocence, and nature affords him more than enough of all ſorts of lawful nouriſhment.

This religious abſtinence is the mother of heroic virtues, and thoſe who practiſe it inviolably are always in a ſtate to contemn the world, death, and all momentary things. Hence it is that the Indians go to the inviſible world as cheerfully as they would take a journey to China and Perſia, Turkey, or any other part of the earth; for they eſteem death no other than a ſetting out or voyage of the ſoul to a more agreeable region.

But I need not inſiſt ſo much on theſe things to thee who has been among them, and are familiarly acquainted with their genius and inclination: I ſlide into this diſcourſe inſenſibly, by the pleaſure I take in thinking of theſe people and their admirable virtues, as a man falls in love with a beautiful woman by attentively gazing on her, and many times forgets himſelf and the buſineſs he was about, commits errors and indecencies, and, through the confuſion of his ſpirits, is quite loſt, like one in a wood.

To return, therefore, to my purpoſe: A journey to the Indies would be very pleaſant to me on ſeveral other accounts. The very ſtars of my nativity inclined me to travel, and from my cradle in my father's houſe I was

tranſported to Conſtantinople, many hundreds of leagues from the place of my birth: Thou knoweſt what a roamer I have been ſince that time, and I can aſſure thee I retain the ſame diſpoſition ſtill. But there is no country under the moon which I wiſh to ſee with greater earneſtneſs than Indoſtan, the very name whereof ſounds almoſt as ſweet as that of paradiſe: Doubtleſs it is the Eden of the earth in many reſpects; and the inhabitants believe there was no better for the original parents of mankind to dwell in, ranking the hiſtory of Moſes on that ſubject in the number of celebrated fables. I approve not this cenſure of the Indians, yet I tell thee, as a muſſulman, I dare ſay the myſterious writings of Moſes are quite miſunderſtood by the greateſt part of mankind; neither can any two of his interpreters agree exactly which was the particular ſituation of paradiſe: Some plant that garden in Meſopotamia, others in Paleſtine, and a third ſort affirm it was in Egypt; this man will have it in Aſia, that in Africa: They are divided in their opinions; and I might as well ſay it was under the Red Sea, between them both, and bring as many cabaliſtic proofs to defend it. But this ſignifies nothing to us, let it be where it will; every place is a paradiſe which a man fancies to be ſo, and nothing can beat me off from the conceit I have of the Indies.

Beſides, I ſhould take a vaſt delight in my journey thither, whether I went by the way of the Black Sea, and ſo through the ancient kingdoms of Colchis, Georgia, and Cathay, coaſting along the foot of Mount Taurus, or by the more common road, through Syria, Arabia, and Perſia. Either way would afford matter of thought to a contemplative man, whilſt in ſome places he beholds the ruins of famous cities, and his eye revels on the ſpoils of time, of fire, of war, or of earthquakes; in others, he

beholds whole provinces laid waſte and diſpeopled, only meeting here and there a few cots, herds, or tents of Arabs, Tartars, or Circaſſian herdſmen, who ſtraggle up and down the pleaſant fields of Aſia to pick and chooſe convenient paſtures for their cattle.

How pleaſant would it be to travel through my own country, and behold the tents of the ſons of Iſmael ſpread over the plains of the vaſt and horrible deſart! to meet with emirs and ſheghs of Arabia, with their flocks and herds, ſummering it up and down, and frolicing from mountain to valley at their pleaſure!

From this to paſs to another variety in Perſia would be equally diverting. What kind of thoughts ſhould I have, whilſt on my bed within the walls of Bagdat, the ſtage of ſo many great and renowned actions mentioned in ancient hiſtory! I ſhould call to mind Semiramis, the foundreſs of that noble city, and all her wars with the Indians and other nations of the Eaſt; I ſhould reflect on her policy, and the weakneſs of her ſon Ninyas; I ſhould conſider the various tranſlations of the caſtern empire, the alternate fate of the Medes, Aſſyrians, Babylonians, and Perſians; and from thence I ſhould naturally fall upon the conqueſts of Alexander the Great, the riſe of the Macedonian empire, the death of that mighty hero in Babylon, and the cantoniſing the empire among his chief officers. Such memoirs as theſe would waken my thoughts of the vanity of all human affairs, as it does at this time; and particularly I reflect on my folly in ſetting my heart ſo much on travelling to a country which I am never like to ſee.

For, alas, my dear brother, I am not able to endure at this age the hardſhips of ſo long a journey, as I could in my youth; much ſickneſs has impaired the ſtrength of my conſtitution; I am grown as tender as an infant, the

leaſt puff of wind is ready to blow out the flame of life; and whereas formerly neither heat nor cold, hunger nor thirſt, labour or watching, could hurt me, now my health receives damage from every one of theſe. I could not poſſibly outlive the fatigue and pain of travelling two or three days together, without a drop of water to refreſh my panting ſoul; an habitual fever has made me the thirſtieſt man in the world. Then I am not able to bear the ſcorching heats of the ſun, to which a traveller in thoſe parts is neceſſarily expoſed; I ſhould daily diſſolve like wax, or rather exhale in ſmoke, in the midſt of ſo many fervours: In a word, my body is ſo infirm, that I am very ſure to die before I can get half way to Indoſtan, let me take the neareſt road I can.

Yet if the miniſters of the Porte ſhall think fit to ſend me, I am reſigned; for I take no farther care of my life than as I may be ſerviceable to the Grand Signior.

I intend to write to our illuſtrious friend about it: In the mean time, do thou for me what the prudence of a man and the affection of a brother ſhall ſuggeſt as moſt conducing to the intereſt of our ſovereign and our own honour, which we ought to prefer to our lives.

Our mother is in health, and ſalutes thee with a tender embrace.

Paris, 9th of the 3d Moon, of the Year 1665.

VI.—*To* Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.*

This court of late makes a double figure, the one of real ſorrow for the Ducheſs of Savoy's death, who was of the blood royal of France, the other of counterfeit mourning for the death of Carolus Joſephus, brother to

the German emperor; for they inwardly rejoice at this latter, and wiſh the whole houſe of Auſtria were laid in their graves, that family being the only obſtacle to the grandeur at which the French monarchy aſpires, the only rub which Cardinal Richlieu and his ſucceſſor Mazarini found in their way, when they ſought to exalt the Bourbons to the empire of the weſt.

The riſe and fall of kingdoms, the various changes of government, the alternate fate of nations, are themes worthy of a muſſulman's thoughts, conſidering that the victorious and happy Oſmans at this day poſſeſs the territories of ancient renown, the provinces and dominions which formerly made the greateſt figure and noiſe in the world.

What is now become of the moſt famous monarchies of Babylon, Perſia, Aſſyria, Macedon, Greece, and Rome? Look for the myſterious and learned kingdom of Egypt, the religious ſtate of the Jews, the moſt ancient kingdoms of Sicyonians and Argives, the commonwealths of Lacedemon and Athens, with many other countries mentioned in the records of time, and we ſhall find them all ſwallowed up in the univerſal empire of the Ottomans.

The hiſtories of Belus, and how he got the ſovereignty by hunting; of Ninus his ſon, who firſt taught the world the methods of idolatry; of Semiramis, Ninyas, Sardanapalus, Arbaces, Belochus, and the reſt of theſe Aſſyrian monarchs, ſound now like an antiquated tale or dream: Neither is there any more life at this time in the Babylonian and Perſian regiſters; the mighty acts of the Nebuchadnezzars, Cyruſes, and the reſt of thoſe renowned conquerors, now ſerve but as foils to ſet off the more glorious enterpriſes and ſucceſſes of our immortal ſultans.

It is true the Perſians at this day retain ſome fragments of that once vaſt and formidable eaſtern empire, and the Germans have a ſhadow of the ancient imperial

majeſty of the Romans; but both the one and the other are grown effeminate and weak; they have loſt the virtue, power, and fortune of their predeceſſors.

Thou haſt travelled over all the dominions of the Sophi, and been an eye-witneſs of the Perſian luxury, libertiniſm, and nakedneſs; thou haſt ſeen the offspring of heroic ſages transformed to ſwine, dogs, aſſes, and other contemptible brutes, as if they had drank of Circe's cup; ſo fatal is it to decline from the way of virtue, nay, ſo impoſſible even to ſtand ſtill in that ſacred path, without being violently pulled backward: In a word, thou art ſo thoroughly acquainted with the preſent ſtate of Perſia and all its circumſtances, that I ſhould appear too officious in pretending to deſcribe either the country or the people that inhabit there.

But as to Europe thou profeſſeſt thyſelf a ſtranger, and haſt commanded me to characteriſe this quarter of the world; wherein Germany makes the moſt majeſtic figure by land, England and Holland by ſea; Spain boaſts of her gold, whilſt France treaſures it up to pay her armies, to keep foreign kings in penſion, to build mighty fleets and magnificent palaces, to corrupt the German princes, and make them pimps to her ambition, inſtruments of her deſigned grandeur, which is no leſs than the weſtern empire.

As for the Duke of Savoy, he is a mere tennis-ball or a ſhuttle-cock, bandied to and fro between the kings of France and Spain.

The Swiſſes are poor and mercenary, they cannot ſtay at home, unleſs they could banquet on the turfs and ſtones; for all the fleſh, fruit, and corn in the land, is not half enough to keep them alive, and they have little or no money but what they get abroad; this makes them all travellers, and moſt of them take up the trade of war:

They ſerve the pope, the French king, and many other princes, for pay, and where they once engage, they are very true to their truſt; but I can tell thee, they would be unwilling to fight for the Grand Signior, unleſs he would allow them plenty of wine, which thou knoweſt is contrary to the diſcipline of the muſſulman armies; and theſe Swiſſes are the profeſſed adorers of Bacchus.

The Hollanders are induſtrious and rich, they mind nothing but merchandiſing and mechanics, they would fain engroſs the trade of the Indies and the Levant to themſelves: They traffic that they may be in a condition to fight, and they fight to eſtabliſh their commerce, having no ſenſe of honour, but only of profit: If they attempt any conqueſt, or make an invaſion, it muſt be in America or ſome other remote country; for they are only upon the defenſive among their neighbours, not daring to be the firſt aggreſſors in a war: In a word, they are like a neſt of piſmires, that trudge up and down continually to get proviſion, but ſting and bite thoſe under whoſe protection they live, if they have an opportunity.

It is thought the Prince of Orange, who deſcends from an illuſtrious ſtock, will ere long reduce theſe republicans to another form of government. The French ſtyle him, "The Head and Heart of the United States," and theſe thou knoweſt command the hands and feet.

Germany is counted the bulwark of Chriſtendom againſt the mighty power of the Ottomans and Tartars; but in my opinion one of our ambaſſadors at the emperor's court gave a truer deſcription of it, when he compared Germany to a great monſter with many heads and tails, which having a deſire to break through a certain quickſet fence or hedge, and each particular head making way where it could beſt among the leſs entangled branches, were all caught in ſo many different nooſes by

the interpoſition of ſtrong trees, and ſo the monſter was forced to retire with ſhame and loſs; whereas he ſaid the Oſman empire was like an animal with one head and many tails, and that one head not encountering the like difficulties, eaſily paſſed through, being followed by the tails with one conſent, as the untwiſted ends of a ten-ſtringed cord paſs through a ring or hole, when the united part has led them the way.

I ſhould have mentioned Italy, Poland, Denmark, Muſcovy, and other regions of Europe, but it would be too tedious for one letter, which I ſhould neither have time to write, nor thou patience to read at once.

Therefore I deſire thee to accept of this only as a rough draught and imperfect ſketch of ſome parts of the Weſt; but in my future diſpatches I will imitate the painters, and endeavour to draw each member and lineament of this great body to the life, as near as I can diſcern them by the lights I have in Paris.

Paris, 10th of the 4th Moon, of the Year 1634.

VII.—*To* Kerker Hassan, *Baſſa.*

May God multiply his bleſſings on thee, and cauſe thy heart to ſparkle with freſh lights and new joys, like the ſky-rockets on a dunalma or royal holiday. Accept alſo a ſmall preſent, not worth an inventory (conſiſting only of a few pictures, looking-glaſſes, watches, and other manufactures of France), from the hands of Mahmut thy countryman, ſon of thy father's neighbour, and a voluntary ſlave of thoſe who ſerve thee, if I had the honour of an opportunity.

Neither the gift, nor he that offers it, is worthy of eſteem; but thou haſt condeſcenſion enough to look on

both with the eye of a noble Arab, who knows how to value the ſincerity of any man's devoir and affection, which way ſoever he expreſſes it.

I can never forget the former diſcoveries of thy friendſhip to my brother Peſteli and me, and in general to all thoſe of our houſe, which ſtill encourages me to expect greater kindneſſes, nay, in a manner aſſures me of them; becauſe I know the nature of true generoſity is ſuch, that where it once begins to faſten on an object, it never ceaſes to communicate its favours, till damned perfidy gives a check to the current; and may he be damned that then has the impudence to aſk for any more.

But, praiſe be to God, my caſe is otherwiſe; I am not in the number of the ungrateful and treacherous; and therefore with boldneſs I preſume once more to addreſs to the duſt of thy feet, illuſtrious baſſa, begging thy patronage and ſhelter from the perſecution of my enemies, whoſe whole endeavour is to ruin me.

Thou knoweſt I came to Paris in the year 1637 of the Chriſtians hegira: The ſun had then reviſited the ſign he was in at my nativity juſt the eight-and-twentieth time. I was a mere youngſter in the world; however, my ſuperiors thought me fit for this employment. How I have acquitted myſelf in it ever ſince, I leave to themſelves to judge; yet, for faſhion's ſake, they will be always finding faults; one ſycophant or other is perpetually railling againſt me, when they find any of the viſiers and other grandees in a humour to hearken to them. I fancy it is for want of diſcourſe; when they have nothing elſe to talk of, then they fall a-cenſuring of poor Mahmut, who undergoes more fatigues than an hundred thouſand ſuch * Thiguch as they. I cannot

* This word *Thiguch* was left ſo in the Italian, and the Engliſh tranſlator knows not what to make of it.

imagine what they aim at, unleſs it be that they would have me turn Chriſtian, and enter myſelf into ſome monaſtery.

Suffer me, my noble friend, to tell thee that a man cannot want for temptations to ſuch a change of his faith, without being confined to a recluſe life: He may be a friar or a libertine, a prieſt or a layman, a zealot or an hypocrite, a chimney-ſweeper or an abbot, which he pleaſes, according as he is qualified; and I can aſſure thee, he that would be a good man, which is beyond all the reſt, has incentives enough among the profeſſors of the Nazarene worſhip, though the greateſt part are wicked.

As for me, I never thought that true religion conſiſted in empty names and titles, in forms and ceremonies, in parties and factions, or in any thing but in a life conform to reaſon and to the will of God.

They take me here at Paris for a Moldavian rambler, that has read ſomething more than the pariſh-clerks; and becauſe they know I underſtand Greek, Sclavonian, and two or three languages more, they would fain make me a prieſt, doctor, orator, or any thing that I would accept of, to ſerve an intereſt; and I am compelled to uſe either a downright humility or a forced pride, that I may handſomely evade their courtſhip, convincing them ſometimes that I am not fit for ſuch dignities, at other ſeaſons telling them I above inferior orders, and that nothing leſs than an archbiſhop's poll or a cardinal's hat will ſatisfy my ambition.

Thus I really diſſemble, and jeſt myſelf in earneſt out of ample eſtates, to ſerve God, his prophet, and the Grand Signior; yet am traduced at the ſeraglio for an hypocrite, an infidel, and God knows what.

Here is honeſt Eliachim the Jew undergoes the ſame

fate, whilſt thoſe of his own party, eſpecially the rabbis, proclaim him every where for a Chriſtian, and the Nazarenes point at him as a Turk; only my landlord, where I before lodged, who is an honeſt old drunken Fleming, takes Eliachim for a ſaint, and ſwears he will have him canoniſed after his death, and all this for no other reaſon but becauſe Eliachim treats him now and then with a bottle of wine; ſo partial are all men to their own humours and intereſts. But the truth of it is, Eliachim is an excellent counterfeit, and my landlord is not the only man who has this veneration for him; he paſſes for a very good catholic and an holy man among a great many others; his looks are ſo demure, his mien ſo compoſed, and he has ſuch godly diſcourſe with him, about the ſacraments, indulgencies, miracles, and graces of the church, when he is in company with Chriſtians, that he would deceive the Spaniſh inquiſition, and cheat the devil himſelf.

Such is the violence we are forced to uſe to ourſelves, who live in theſe hazardous ſtations; and yet nobody conſiders us, or regards our zeal for the Grand Signior; our reputation, liberty, and lives are precarious; we are not only in perpetual danger of the revenge of the Nazarenes, who are our real enemies, but alſo expoſed to the envy, malice, and perſecution of thoſe who ought to be our friends.

I have often complained of the malicious calumnies thrown on me by Ikingi Cap-Oglani and his aſſociates, and the miniſters were pleaſed to receive my apologies; but now I ſuſpect greater treachery: I ſent an account to the reis effendi ſome years ago, how I was dodged up and down the ſtreets of Paris by a fellow whom I knew not, and what apprehenſions that put me upon. I will acquaint thee farther, that being afraid of an aſſaſſin in

the dark, I armed my breaſt with a quire of paper, which is known to be dagger proof: I was not at all miſtaken in my gueſs; for the laſt night, as I was returning home to my lodging, between the hours of nine and ten, I received a ſtab in my aforeſaid breaſtplate, right againſt my heart. It was not ſo dark but I could perceive the perſon who gave me this blow; and ſelf-preſervation taught me immediately to ſeize on him, and grapple as cloſe as I could, extending his arms with mine, at a good diſtance from our bodies. I am but little and ſhort, yet I have a ſtrong ſpring with my body when I am once rouſed, as thou wilt imagine I was now; beſides, I have generally a certain preſence of mind in time of danger, which fails not to prompt me with the readieſt and moſt proper courſe to eſcape: In a word, I wreſted the poniard out of the ruffian's hand, and ſtabbed him dead with it, not thinking it ſafe to make a noiſe, but chooſing rather to die, if my ſtrength failed me, than, by crying out for help, run the riſk of worſe conſequences; for I had long expected ſome ſuch attempt as this upon my life from my enemies at the Porte; and concluding this fellow to be one employed by them for that purpoſe, I thought it no prudence to have him ſeized by the watch and puniſhed by the law, leſt he ſhould in revenge diſcover me and my buſineſs to theſe infidels; therefore I played the executioner myſelf, and ſent him out of hand to another world, to prevent his telling tales in this. Thou wilt ſay there was no injuſtice in this, ſince it was in my own defence, and to ſave the honour of my ſovereign. As he fell, he uttered theſe words in a faint broken tone; "Mahmut, my death will be revenged before long, and you cannot eſcape the trap that is laid for you." Then he expired.

This made me preſently conclude that he was em-

ployed by ſomebody at the Porte, for how elſe ſhould he know my true name? But, upon ſecond thoughts, I cannot be certain but that he was ſet at work by my old Sicilian maſter, ſince he knew my name alſo; however, I have greater reaſon to ſuſpect the former; becauſe it is not probable that the infidel would take ſo chargeable and troubleſome a method to murder me; neither had he provocation enough; beſides, for aught I know, he may be dead. God only is acquainted with the truth. However, to prevent future aſſaults of this nature, and a great many other inconveniences, I have removed myſelf to a new lodging, in the moſt obſcure corner of the city, and very remote from the place where I lived before, being reſolved alſo not to frequent the court nor any public places, as I have done formerly, but to take other meaſures for intelligence.

What I deſire of thee is, to repreſent my caſe favourably to the divan, that they may approve of my conduct. Do alſo whatever elſe thou judgeſt the part of a countryman and a friend.

As for the event, I patiently wait the appointment of deſtiny, for it is in vain to be too ſolicitous.

Adieu, high-born Kerker, and forget not Mahmut in his diſtreſs, for that is the time wherein true friendſhip is tried.

Paris, 17th of the 5th Moon, of the Year 1664.

VIII.—*To* NATHAN BEN SADDI, *a Jew at Vienna.*

BE not diſheartened at the troubles which thou encountereſt in this world of lotteries; but remember the adage of thy rabbis, "That evil, which is old as night, is yet the offspring of every morning." The ages are

meaſured exactly, and our hours are chequered with equal mixtures of happineſs and misfortune; we are not born to our own deſires; and, as not a man of us can remember how he was formed in the womb, ſo have we no reaſon to repine at what happens to us ſince we came out of it. Whatever power, wiſdom, and goodneſs, took care of us then, and afterwards inſpired our mothers and nurſes with tenderneſs, and a thouſand degrees of patience beyond what is recorded of Job, the ſame will provide for us to eternity.

The deſire of knowledge killed Adam, and the ſame luſt, propagated with his ſeed, deſtroys all his poſterity: We can never be ſatisfied in our confinement to this world, and therefore we flounce and flutter on all ſides, like fiſh, or birds in a net, to find a way out; whilſt we do but entangle ourſelves the faſter, render our reſtraint more uneaſy, and delay the poſſibility of our releaſe; whereas patience would ſoon ſet us free, and rank us among the immortals. One thinks to eſcape by high drinking; another by fevers of love or glory; and a third conceits he ſhall by his gold be able to bribe the watch, who guard the laſt paſſes of this life, and perſuade them to let him ſcamper ſafe to paradiſe. Alas! alas! all this is but the ſophiſtry of our paſſions; it is in vain to think of haſtening or retarding our fate; our time is ſet, though we know not the period; reſignation is our beſt leſſon, and prudence the next.

Perhaps thou wilt call this a ſermon rather than a letter; but I adviſe thee to read it with the eyes of a ſloe; that is, whether it pleaſes thee or not, regard it no farther than it agrees with reaſon. I would fain aſk of the man who expects to have his will accompliſhed in this life, whether he can prevail upon the ſun to riſe any morning within the arctic circle, or the moon to deſcend ſome

night and ſweep the ſnow off from the top of mount Athos; ſo inexorable is our deſtiny, ſo unalterable the decrees of fate.

Be not troubled therefore at any thing, but remember that thou art a part of the univerſe, and that nothing can betide thee which is not for the good of the whole.'

What I have ſaid is to arm thee againſt all the contingencies which may aſſault thee unawares, ruſhing upon thee on a ſudden from behind the veil, which covers all the deſigns of providence and nature, deſtiny and chance.

I myſelf have lately experienced that it is good to be thus prepared for future events, having narrowly eſcaped death by a little timely forecaſt.

It is not neceſſary for thee at this time to know all the circumſtances of my danger; ſuffice it to ſay, that I was aſſaſſinated in the dark, killed him that deſigned to be my murderer, and am now forced to remove my habitation.

Eliachim thy brother in Iſrael will be at Vienna within fourteen days: He will give thee a farther account of all things which it behoves thee to know, with freſh inſtructions concerning my new lodgings, and the method we muſt obſerve for the future in conveying letters; we cannot be too cautious in the Grand Signior's buſineſs.

As for our own lives, let us imagine they were only lent us to ſerve him, on whoſe life ſo many millions of lives depend.

Paris, 18th of the 5th Moon, of the Year 1664.

IX.—*To* Zeidi Alamanzi, *a Merchant at Venice.*

I am obliged to ſend circular letters at this time to all the ſlaves of the Grand Signior, who have buſineſs with me at Paris, to inform them, that upon a very important emergency I am forced to change my lodgings. I have already ſent away diſpatches to Conſtantinople and Vienna on this account, to prevent the errors they might commit in addreſſing their letters; for the ſame reaſon I now write to thee; thou needeſt not inquire after the occaſion of this conduct, nor wonder at any thing that happens to us extraordinary in theſe hazardous poſts: We muſt expect to encounter with rubs and obſtacles in ſerving our great maſter. If theſe difficulties have but their proper effect, which is to whet our inventions, increaſe our diligence, and confirm us in our zeal, all ſhall go well.

The ſoul of man never diſplays her faculties and perfections with greater luſtre, than when ſhe is environed with perils; theſe are the trials of fortitude, prudence, juſtice, and all the virtues. He that ſinks under misfortunes and croſs events, has either no ſoul, or it is aſleep.

Courage, then, fellow-ſlave, and let thy heart beat a continual alarm: Be not diſmayed at any thing, nor let ſelf-love bereave thee of thy honour; but go on in thy duty, and truſt thy ſoul to God.

Thou liveſt in a city where virtue and vice are in emulation, ſtill ſtriving to ſurpaſs each other: There are not more wicked people in the world than Veniee affords, nor yet more pious and good. Follow thou the beſt patterns, and be happy; but do nothing by bare imitation, for that is the right way to become an hypocrite. Let all thy actions proceed from vital principles of reaſon and

generosity in thyself, and when thou seest rare examples, let them serve only to awaken and rouse thy innate virtue.

Send me no letters till thou hast received fresh orders from the Porte; they will furnish thee with all necessary instructions; after that, let me hear from thee as often as thou wilt; thy dispatches will be always welcome. Let them contain matter of intelligence chiefly, and that of the freshest date; penetrate into the councils of the republic where thou residest; insinuate thyself with the senators and grandees; dive into their hearts, and unlock their secrets; communicate nothing but the truth to the ministers of the Porte or to me. If thou canst discover their inclinations to a peace, or their absolute need of it, thou wilt do an acceptable service to the Grand Signior, and to the whole empire of the faithful; for then we can bring them to our own terms.

Zeidi, to God I recommend thee, desiring him to preserve thee from wine, women, and cards, which are the three capital temptations of Venice.

Paris, 1st of the 6th Moon, of the Year 1664.

X.—*To* MURAT, *Bassa*.

I CANNOT easily divine the reasons why I am so much neglected by the ministers of the Porte. Above four years have passed away, wherein many notable events have happened, yet nobody thought it worth his labour to inform Mahmut of any thing; so that all the notices I could gain of remote transactions, are owing either to the public news of Europe, or at best to some particular letters of merchants residing in this city, with whom I

conſerve an intimacy for the ſake of intelligence, and for other cauſes.

Thus I ſhould have been in ignorance to this day what iſſue the baſſa of Aleppo's rebellion had, were it not for an accidental interview I lately had of ſome French travellers who came from Conſtantinople: Theſe informed me of the ſudden fate of that baſſa, when he was at the height of all his grandeur, within a few days march of the imperial city, at the head of a potent army, and juſt upon the point of accommodation with the Grand Signior. They much extol his bravery and reſolution; for the French are naturally lovers of ſuch as dare boldly oppoſe their ſovereign. They equally condemn the ſly perfidiouſneſs of Mortaza Baſſa, to whoſe ſafe conduct the generous rebel truſted his life, and by that eaſineſs loſt it; yet they applaud Mortaza's loyalty, courage, and wiſdom, with the eminent ſervices he afterwards did the empire, in leading the army againſt Ragotſki Prince of Tranſylvania, which at length lifted him to the government of Babylon.

All theſe things had been hid from me, were not the Nazarenes my intelligencers; nor ſhould I have known how the rebellion was carried on, after his death, by his revengeful nephew, by the ſon of Chuſaein Baſſa, by a Bey of Egypt, and other malecontents; yet ſuch paſſages are fit for a man in my poſt to be acquainted with, that he may have a clear idea of his maſter's circumſtances, and ſo apply himſelf more effectually to ſerve him.

It had not been amiſs if I had received timely intelligence of the death of Prince Ragotſki, in regard there was always a private correſpondence between him and this court, which ceaſing by his death, it had been worth my pains to obſerve whether it would be conti-

nued by his ſucceſſor, or what other meaſures they would take.

It is true I was acquainted with this, but not by the miniſters of the Porte. I heard alſo of all the following commotions in Tranſylvania, occaſioned by the different factions of Michael Apaſi and Kemini Janos, the two rival princes. I was not ſorry for this news, knowing that the diviſions of the Nazarenes ſtrengthen the unity and force of the muſſulman empire. I was likewiſe informed of the fate of Mortaza baſſa of Babylon, who fell a victim to the grand vifier's jealouſy, with many other paſſages; but neither from the Porte, nor from any other hands, could I learn the leaſt intelligence of the Venetian war, and what progreſs our arms have made in Candia, Dalmatia, and the other dominions of the republic, which makes me conclude, that either the Grand Signior's reſidence at Adrianople abated his inclinations to martial affairs (which is alſo the common opinion of the Chriſtians here in the Weſt), or that the war in Hungary for a while ſuperſeded all other deſigns.

However it be, it is certain the ſucceſſes of the Ottoman arms, in taking Newhauſel, Leventz, Novigrod, and other places of ſtrength, with the terrible incurſions of the Tartars through Moravia and Auſtria, put the whole German empire into a great conſternation: Ambaſſadors are ſent from the imperial court to all the Chriſtian princes, imploring their aſſiſtance in this general danger of Europe.

Here is one arrived at this court, whom they call Count Strozzi, a perſon of good addreſs, and maſter of much eloquence: He has prevailed on the French king to maintain at his own charges ſix thouſand horſe and foot to ſerve againſt the victorious Oſmans; a great many perſons of quality have liſted themſelves as volunteers,

and the meaner ſort talk of nothing but marching to Conſtantinople, and driving the Turks back to Scythia, from whence they firſt came.

Courteous baſſa, thou wilt laugh at the vanity of theſe infidels, who conſider not, that by the grace of God, and miracles of his prophet, our emperor is the king of all the kings on the earth; the mightieſt of the mighty ones; the phœnix of honour, power, and unparalleled majeſty; brother and companion of the ſun, moon, and ſtars; a prince of a myſterious and ſublime lineage, in whom are centered all glory and excellency; the ſhadow of God on earth.

The breath of fame goes before the van-couriers of his armies, purifying all places, and filling them with veneration and terror; the duſt that is raiſed by his heroic cavalry paſſing through the air, cauſes trembling and aſtoniſhment in the hearts of the Chriſtians; the infidels fall before the fatal ſcimetars of true believers.

May the angel of the houſe of Iſmael continue to proſper the holy offspring, to extend their conqueſts, and propagate the faith unblemiſhed, that the names of Alla and Mahomet may be heard in all climates, and from the utmoſt borders of the earth.

Paris, 5th of the 6th Moon, of the Year 1664.

XI.—*To* Isouf, *his Kinſman, a Merchant at Aſtracan.*

I have often wondered why, among the reſt of the nations in Chriſtendom, thou wouldeſt not beſtow the leaſt tranſient viſit on Spain; but, upon more mature conſideration, I find thou art a man of judgment in travelling; that country lies under a very ill character for the penury of all things neceſſary to ſuſtain the lives of the na-

tives, and by conſequence, it is not to be thought they can ſpare much for ſtrangers; a very inhoſpitable region, abounding in beggars, thieves, and drones, full of wine and gold, yet barren of corn and rich people.

Thou wilt not think this a paradox, when thou ſhalt conſider that the Spaniards have all their corn from France, Germany, or Sicily; and that, for this and other reaſons, Spain is but like a ſieve, through which the immenſe treaſures of Peru and Mexico are drained into other countries.

You may travel ſome days together in Spain without ſeeing any thing, ſave the dry face of a deſart; and if you chance to meet with a houſe wherein you may ſhelter yourſelf and your horſe, expect no better than a Ramezan entertainment; for you muſt faſt all day, and think yourſelf much reſpected if you can get a few onions, or other roots and herbs, with a morſel of bread and fleſh at night, to keep you from being ſenſible that you are actually ſtarving.

Then the inhabitants are the proudeſt people on earth; you ſhall meet with none but kings, princes, viceroys, or at leaſt men that conceit themſelves ſuch; they are alſo mercileſs in their revenge, cruel, obdurate, coveteous, morofe, and inexorable; in a word, Spain is the Jeſuits paradiſe, the Jews purgatory, and the hell of women.

I therefore commend thy fortune, or thy prudence rather, which would not ſuffer thee to fall into the hands of thoſe barbarians, nor think it worth thy pains to breathe an air infected with ſo many vices. Thou haſt paſſed through many more inviting provinces, and art at laſt happily ſeated to thy mind. Improve thy opportunities in doing good.

I ſent a letter to our couſin Solyman, adviſing him

to give thee a viſit. If he comes, receive him kindly, and perform the part of a kinſman; put all expences to my account, and remember that no man is born for himſelf.

Paris, 6th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1664.

XII.—*To* Afis, *Baſſa.*

All Europe is alarmed with the mighty preparations which our invincible ſovereign is making to invade the German empire: Great is their conſternation and fear, and couriers are every where running up and down from one kingdom and court to another, to remonſtrate the common danger, and beg aſſiſtance: Every body appears zealous in a cauſe which concerns all Chriſtendom; and the French king has lent the emperor 8000 men.

The Duke of Beaufort is alſo gone with a ſquadron of ſhips to encounter the corſairs of Algiers, and other dominions of Barbary.

The pope has ſent to the emperor's aſſiſtance ſix thouſand foot and two thouſand horſe; and the reſt of the emperor's allies are raiſing levies for him as faſt as they can, it being current news, that the Grand Signior in perſon is at the head of two hundred thouſand men, entering Hungary as a conqueror; that he has taken above forty towns, ruined all the country where he paſſed through, and that in a little time he will be at the walls of Vienna.

In the mean time, this court appears inſenſible of the general danger which threatens Chriſtendom; they are altogether taken up in ballads, plays, and feaſting, minding their own intereſt more than that of their neigh-

bours, and revelling as if the King of France were ſole monarch of the world.

Here is arrived a legate from Rome, to compoſe the differences between the pope and this crown: His name is Cardinal Chiſi. He is received with unparalleled magnificence, as if he were an angel from heaven; for the French king loves to ſhow his grandeur on ſuch occaſions; beſides, all the nations which are in the communion of the Latin church have an unreſerved veneration for the Roman muſti, whom they eſteem the ſucceſſor of Peter the prince of the apoſtles.

This young monarch has a large ſoul; the whole world ſeems too little to ſatisfy his ambition; he lays the foundation of deſigns greater than thoſe of Alexander the conqueror of Aſia; he heaps up money at a prodigious rate, raiſes vaſt armies, builds magnificent palaces, keeps kings in penſion, ſupports many princes of Germany, and in a word, commands more of them than does the emperor himſelf who is their lawful ſovereign.

Yet after all I cannot perceive that he loſes any degree of that reſpect which he owes, and which his predeceſſors have always paid to the Grand Signior, who is the undeniable arbiter of the whole world.

God grant our ſovereign long life, perpetual victories, and a good ſtomach to his meat, which the King of France wants to the accompliſhment of his happineſs; for at preſent he feeds like a ſparrow.

Paris, 19th of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1664.

XIII.—*To* HAMET, REIS EFFENDI, *Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.*

THOU wilt perceive the vaſt reſpect I have for thee by my frequent diſpatches; thy commands are to me as the laws and ſanctions of the Ottoman empire, which I will never violate. I am no flatterer; witneſs my letters to ſome of the grandees, wherein I have not ſpared to reprove their vices, errors, and maladminiſtration. If a baſſa has been unjuſt, ſeditious, or engaged in rebellious practices; if he has proved an extortioner, a drunkard, or a tyrant, he has not eſcaped without a due reprimand. I have been bold in correcting, adviſing, and giving counſel to the greateſt miniſters in the empire; and this was a province appointed me by the flower of ſublime glory, the phœnix of honour, ſole favourite and truſtee of the Grand Signior, the Viſier Azem, in whoſe cuſtody were the ſeals of imperial ſecrets, majeſtic decrees, and royal edicts, who being the *primum mobile* of the refulgent muſſulman ſtate, gave life, activity, and order to all the inferior orbs, ſprings, and inſtruments of government.

I received this command many years ago, and he that gave it me is gone to the world of ſpirits; yet the injunction remains in force, being ſtamped with the myſterious ſignet, the character of ſupreme and immutable authority; in obedience to which I have never warped or winched from the duty injoined me; and to demonſtrate that I did not do this in vain oſtentation of the power which was given me, I have not failed all along to pay to a man of merit the attach and veneration which was his due.

It is with inexpreſſible pleaſure I throw myſelf at the feet of a wiſe and virtuous man, with extreme compla-

cency I kiſs the duſt whereon he treads, and unfold all my faculties in expreſſing my eſteem. I am full of Platonic love, and build altars in my breaſt to a ſoul deſerving the innocent ſacrifices of amorous paſſions, the incenſe of gratitude, and a pure affection, an holocauſt of integrity and loyal friendſhip.

I proteſt, by the hopes I have of ſitting on the banks of the rivers in Eden, and of being regaled in the delectable chioſes of paradiſe, that I honour thy learning, and other ſage perfections, that unblemiſhed life, thoſe excellent morals, and the unparalleled ſweetneſs of modeſty which crowns all thy actions. But I will ſay no more to a man who cannot hear his own praiſes: The beſt method of expreſſing my regard will be to anſwer thy expectations, in preſenting thee with the true portraiture of theſe weſtern nations and people, which thou ſo paſſionately coveteſt.

I muſt deſire thee to excuſe the confuſion and want of order in my letters, ſince I ſend thee a medley of remarks as they come to my knowledge and memory.

It is not long ago ſince I wrote to Iſouf Eb'n Achmed, a kinſman of mine, a merchant at Aſtracan; and among other things I took notice of his not going to ſee Spain in his travels; for he has been in moſt of the kingdoms of Europe, and over all Aſia and Africe. In that letter I deſcribed Spain in its worſt colours; now I will ſhow it to thee in another figure, without ſwerving from the truth; for every country has its perfections and excellencies, as well as its defects and blemiſhes.

If Spain have a barren ſoil for corn, nature has made amends for that fault, in the purity of the air, and the plenty of fruits; the ſands of her rivers are of the moſt perfect gold; her villages, though few, are greater and more populous than ſome cities, witneſs Madrid; her

mountains are of iron, marble, and jaſper; her valleys underlaid with lead, braſs, and ſilver. Spain of old was the Tharſis of Solomon, the Ophir of the Phœnicians, and the Peru of Rome.

In thoſe days the inhabitants of Spain were famous for their fortitude and invincible conſtancy. It is recorded, that the inhabitants of Saguntо, in the province of Valencia, when they were beſieged by Hannibal, and ſore preſſed by the Carthaginians, choſe to burn themſelves, with their wives, children, and all their wealth, rather than yield to their enemies.

Their fidelity alſo was ſo remarkable, that ſome of the Roman emperors had always a guard of Spaniards near their perſons, as the French king, the pope, and other princes do now confide in the truſty Swiſs.

But though there remain ſtill ſome ſcattered remnants of the ancient virtue among them, eſpecially in Biſcay and Caſtile, yet the greateſt part of the Spaniards are degenerated; they make no figure now in the world, but only for their gold, and the vaſtneſs of their dominions; for they poſſeſs the beſt half of America, are lords of two mighty empires, and not without large territories in the other three quarters of the world: Yet the too great extent of their power has weakened its vigour; the affluence of their wealth has really impoveriſhed them, and by ſtraining their honour too high, they have cracked it, being now of little or no eſteem in Europe: Their glory fades at the riſing grandeur of France, which makes radiant and ſwift advances towards its zenith. This young monarch is already become the arbiter of all Chriſtendom.

Accompliſhed miniſter, there is nothing in nature ſtedfaſt; the world is but an eternal circulation of events, viciſſitudes, and changes, without beginning or end. On-

ly God remains immutable in his own eſſence, which is the centre of every thing. May thou and I meet there, and then we ſhall be eternally happy. Adieu.

Paris, 12th of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1664.

XIV.—*To* Mûsu Abu'l Yahyan, *Profeſſor of Philoſophy at Fez.*

By the faith and obedience I owe to Mohammed our holy lawgiver, by the Alcoran, and all that is eſteemed ſacred among the muſſulmans, I ſwear thy long ſilence made me conclude my firſt letter was unwelcome to thee; but now I am convinced to the contrary; thy generous anſwer has removed my apprehenſions, and filled me with complacency; henceforth I ſhall reſt aſſured and confident of thy friendſhip, promiſing myſelf vaſt improvements from ſo learned a converſation, though only by letters at many hundred leagues diſtance.

As to what thou requireſt of me concerning the various languages of Europe, I will inform thee the beſt I can, according to the obſervations I have made, and the intelligence I have received from men of letters, and from books, which are the pictures of learned ſouls, mirrors wherein they may behold their own perfections whilſt they are on earth, and after their departure to the inviſibles, other men may ſee the interior beauties of their mind repreſented to the life; for words are the perfect ſculpture of the intellect, or at leaſt its mezzotinto; they are the expreſs portraiture of divine and human reaſon. Thus the Alcoran is called by ſome of our holy doctors, "The true image of original and uncreated wiſdom."

Now of all the words and languages on earth, thou

knoweſt the pre-eminence has been for ever given to thoſe of the Eaſt, and among them to the Arabian, both in regard of its purity and of its antiquity, from whence it is ſtyled the virgin mother of languages, the dialect of the bleſſed above.

Thou knoweſt that for this reaſon it is the true faithful covet no ſpecies of learning more ardently than to be perfectly ſkilled in ſo divine a ſpeech, wherein the volume of celeſtial majeſty was penned in Heaven before the throne of God, and ſent down on earth by the hand of Gabriel, prince of the meſſengers who fly on the errands of the Omnipotent. It was ſent, I ſay, to the prophet, who could neither write nor read, that the world might be convinced of its divine original; yet the incredulous will not believe; though it is manifeſt to any man of impartial ſenſe, that a perſon altogether ignorant of letters could not poſſibly compoſe a book the moſt elegant that ever was penned in the world, and wherein not the leaſt blemiſh or contradiction can be found, from the chapter of the preface to the laſt verſicle, which winds up the whole volume. Oh! obdurate hearts of infidels! Oh! wilfully blind, that ſhut their eyes againſt the ſplendours of eternal light! Oh! reſolvedly deaf, that ſtop their ears againſt the voice of God and his prophet! neither will they liſten to the ſoft whiſpers which are waſted from paradiſe.

Such are the Nazarenes, who, for the ſake of the Greek and Roman tongues, of which they are paſſionately enamoured, educate their children in a fair way to believe all the monſtrous fictions of the ancient poets, or at leaſt all the lying tales and legends of their own prieſts, which are ten times more fabulous than the former, and more inconſiſtent with reaſon; and this they do rather than be at the pains of learning Arabic, which would

inſtruct them in truths as clear and ſerene as the orient ſun.

I ſhall ſay little of thoſe two ancient languages of Greece and Rome, in regard they being now grown obſolete are only to be learned in ſchools; thou, no doubt, art verſed in them *ad unguem*, as the Latins phraſe it.

That which ſeems propereſt for me to inform thee of is, that the Roman or Latin tongue appears like an old antiquated mother thruſt out of doors by her four ungrateful daughters, Italian, French, Spaniſh, and Portugueſe. Theſe are her natural offſpring, begot during the Roman conqueſts in the Weſt, and degenerating after that empire was in its decline; ſo that now they are taken for no better than mongrels or baſtards. In Spaniſh there is a great mixture of Gothiſh and Moreſco words; the French retain many of their old Gauliſh idioms; the Italian is corrupted with a hodge-podge of words, left by the Vandals, Huns, and Longobards; yet that fault is recompenſed by abundance of Greek etymologies; as for the Portugueſe, it is but a dialect of Spaniſh, and lies under the ſame imperfections.

The only pure maternal languages now current among the common people in any part of Europe, are the Teutonic, Sclavonic, and Britiſh; the firſt is ſpoken in Germany to perfection, but corruptly in Swedeland, Denmark, and the United Provinces; the ſecond is common to the Hungarians, Moldavians, Poles, Ruſſians, and many other nations; the laſt is confined to the Welſh, a people inhabiting a corner of Great Britain, driven thither by the victorious Saxons, their conquerors, above a thouſand years ago; as for the reſt, they are only mixed dialects, and ſo not worth taking notice of; excepting one mountainous part of Spain, where the inhabitants are

ſaid to ſpeak pure Arabic at this day; they are ſuppoſed to be a remnant of the Moors.

The critics here in the Weſt uſe to give theſe following rules in reference to languages: If you would addreſs to God, ſpeak in Greek or Latin, becauſe of their antiquity, purity, and majeſtic loftineſs; if to kings, ſpeak in Spaniſh, in regard of its ſlow pronunciation and gravity; if to men, uſe Italian; to women, French; to dogs, Welſh; but if you would affright an enemy, or the devil himſelf, ſpeak High Dutch.

They relate a ſtory of a German ambaſſador, at the French court, who delivered his meſſage in Teutonic, which when a certain grandee heard, and took notice of its harſh and ſtrong emphaſis, he ſwore it was his opinion that this was the language wherein God curſed Adam, Eve, and the ſerpent. The German turning to him, anſwered briſkly, "It is poſſible, Monſieur, it may be ſo, but then I hope you will grant that French was the occaſion of this curſe, when the devil choſe to tempt Eve in that language for its effeminacy, wheedling her a-la-mode de Paris, to eat the forbidden fruit."

Renowned Muſu, do me the honour of frequent letters; inſtruct me in things whereof I am ignorant; make me familiar with the remarkables of the country where thou reſideſt; tranſport Fez, with the other parts of Afric which are known to thee, tranſport them, I ſay, ſucceſſively to Paris, every moon, on a piece of paper, and I will ſend thee all Chriſtendom by way of exchange; for thus it becomes the lovers of wiſdom to barter for knowledge.

Paris, 10th of the 11th Moon, of the Year 1664.

XV.—*To* OSMAN ADROONETH, *Aſtrologer to the Sultan at Adrianople.*

THOSE of thy profeſſion here in the Weſt are wholly taken up in contemplating a certain comet which appears in the firmament; it is of that ſort which they call bearded; and ſome will have it to reſemble a lion, others ſay it is like a dragon, a crocodile, a bear, and I know not what. There is hardly a ſpecies of four-footed beaſts to which the giddy rabble do not reſemble it; and ſome aſſert it to be the perfect figure of a ſword.

The mathematicians are ſtraining all their ſkill to take the true dimenſions of this celeſtial apparition; the painters are drawing it to the life; the poets are making ſongs and ballads of it; and the more learned ſages are framing aſtronomical ſchemes, like ſo many gins or traps to catch this meteor in; they watch all its motions, and dodge it from one heavenly houſe to another; they trace it through the moſt intricate paths of the ſky.

If it ſtands ſtill, or makes a tranſient addreſs to any planet, eminent ſtar, or conſtellation, we are preſently alarmed with the news of it, and bid to be upon our guard, as if there were ſome miſchief a-plotting againſt us above. The world is harangued with fatal predictions of wars, famine, earthquakes, and other calamities, the ſure conſequences of this ſuppoſed prodigy.

Tell me, thou who art converſant in the ſcience of the ſtars, and the myſterious philoſophy of Nature, what theſe comets are? Whether they be only exhalations drawn up into the higher region of the air by the force of the ſun, or whether they be more ſolid and durable ſubſtances? Whether they be of a poſthumous origin, like the clouds, hail, rain, ſnow, and other meteors, the daily products of Nature, the upſtart offſpring of the

elements? or whether they are in the rank of thoſe beings, whoſe antiquity is untraceable, which are as old as the world, ſuch as the ſun, moon, ſtars, and this earth whereon we tread?

For my part, I believe it is no hereſy in ſcience, whatever it is in religion, to ſtart new maxims; for ought we know, both in the one and the other, what we call innovation is but a reviving thoſe principles, which, through deſuetude, or the corruption of times, are grown obſolete, out of date, and forgotten, though really the moſt primitive and ancient truths in the world.

Thus I cannot forbear thinking there are ſome other globes ſcattered up and down the infinite expanſe, beſides thoſe whoſe continual brightneſs expoſes them to our eyes.

The moon, it is known, with Venus and other planets, receive their light gradually from the ſun by hemiſpheres; ſo that it is certain each of theſe orbicular bodies is always dark by half. And where is the ſoleciſm, if we ſuppoſe there are other opake bodies in the firmament which receive no light at all, and by their nature and qualities are incapable of receiving any but from within themſelves? So we may ſuppoſe theſe comets to be ſuch ſolid globes, made reſplendent by an eruption of their central fires.

God only knows the truth in ſuch caſes; and thou art better able to decide theſe queſtions than I; therefore referring it to thy ſage judgment, I pray him who made the ſtars, and orders their dominion on earth, to bleſs thee with favourable influences, that thy ſoul may be always like a land flouriſhing under the ſweet aſpects of Orion and the Pleiades.

Paris, 22d of the 12th Moon, of the Year 1664.

XVI.—*To* HAMET, REIS EFFENDI, *Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.*

THE French have had ſo many occaſions of joy of late, that it is hard to determine which affects them moſt nearly.

The ſatisfaction which the pope gave this monarch for the injuries formerly done to his ambaſſador at Rome, began the triumph of the French court. I have already ſent intelligence of that quarrel, and how high the reſentments of the king flew on the ſame day that he received the firſt news of ſo barbarous an affront; now I ſhall acquaint thee, that there enſued a treaty between them at Piſa, a city of Italy, in the dukedom of Tuſcany, after the French troops had terrified them into a ſtate-penitence, by the menacing approaches they made toward the eccleſiaſtical territories, through the principalities of Modena and Parma. Theſe two are friends to France, and their intereſt makes them ſo, in regard that crown protects them from the pope's oppreſſion, who is always eſteemed an ill neighbour by the Italian princes whoſe dominions lie next to his; for this Roman prelate is very potent and rich; he would in a ſhort time be lord of all Europe in temporals as well as ſpirituals, were he not curbed by the King of France and his allies.

This makes all the little ſovereigns round about Rome, ſtand in awe of the monarch who was born to command crowned heads. Wonder not at the expreſſion; for I tell thee ſome of the greateſt princes in Europe are his penſioners. This very quarrel with the pope has gained the French king three cardinals more than were his friends formerly.

The concluſion of the treaty was, that the pope ſhould ſend a *legate de latere* into France to pacify the king's wrath, and that the militia or Roman guards, whom they call Sbirri and Corſes, ſhould be for ever aboliſhed, and a pyramid be erected over-againſt their guard-houſe, with an inſcription in Latin and French, declaring their crime and puniſhment.

This put the court of France into a very jolly humour; they fell preſently to feaſting and revelling; and the king's next project was the conqueſt of Barbary. To this end, he ſent the Duke of Beaufort, with a fleet of great ſhips, to clear the ſeas of African corſairs, that ſo an army might be ſafely tranſported from Toulon, and landed on the oppoſite ſhore: His deſign in this was to reduce the inhabitants of thoſe happy countries to the old idolatry of their forefathers, to plant there the Nazarene ſuperſtition, and make himſelf the ſole lord and proprietor of Afric.

I cannot divine what ſucceſs he will have in this great enterpriſe; but it appears as if God were angry with the muſſulmans, ſuch continual loſſes they ſuſtain by land and ſea.

It is with no ſmall grief I ſaw not long ago the French who ſerved in Hungary this campaign return to Paris laden with the ſpoils of true believers. I cannot behold the very ſcimetars and enſigns which theſe infidels took from the vanquiſhed Oſmans hang up in their temples as trophies of their victory, without inexpreſſible paſſion and regret. It is ſaid here the Grand Signior has loſt in Hungary above thirty thouſand men this campaign, whereof ten thouſand were killed in one battle, and a hundred-and-fifty colours taken, with ſixteen cannon.

Beſides, theſe giaſers grate my ears with another bravado, boaſting that one French ſhip of war fought ſeven

hours with three-and-thirty of the Grand Signior's galleys, ſunk five, ſcattered the reſt, and came off with a complete victory.

It is a vaſt advantage the French have in the ſituation of their country, in that it is waſhed on the ſouth by the Mediterranean, on the north by the main ſea; ſo that it is eaſy for them to curb the greateſt part of Europe on one ſide, and ſufficiently moleſt the Levantines on the other. As for the weſtern parts, this kingdom is their very centre, where all the lines of war, peace, commerce, and traffic meet and terminate. She is to Chriſtendom what Egypt and Sicily were in former ages to the empire of old Rome, an inexhauſtible granary. Whatſoever deſirable things nature has frugally dropped here and there in other regions, are found in this kingdom as in their original ſeminary; corn is plentiful as graſs, wine is almoſt as cheap here as water is with you in ſome parts of Turkey, the fens and lakes are covered with wild fowl, the meadows with ſheep, deer, goats, and oxen; there is nothing ſcarce but hens, eggs, and true believers: I had almoſt forgot their remarkable plenty of ſalt, the bare cuſtom of which augments the king's coffers with four millions of ſequins every year.

France alſo abounds in hemp, a moſt neceſſary vegetable, whereof ſhe not only makes all her own cordage and ſails, but alſo furniſhes her neighbours, which brings in a conſiderable revenue. There is an infinite plenty of fruits, and trees for timber, of iron, marble, free-ſtone, and all things neceſſary for building ſhips or houſes, for defence or offence by land or ſea; neither are there wanting mines of gold, ſilver, tin, lead, copper, and other metals, whereof men make the inſtruments of war, and the entertainments of peace: In a word, this country is ſo enriched with every thing, that ſome hiſtorians and phi-

loſophers have called it the Parent of Plenty, others the Fountain of Earthly Bliſs, the moſt incomparable Region of this Globe, the Epitome of the World, or rather a little World itſelf.

Serene ſcribe, thou wilt not wonder at the univerſal ſucceſſes of the French arms when thou conſidereſt theſe things, and that here the provinces are peopled like kingdoms, the cities appear like whole provinces for multitude of inhabitants: To ſay all in a word, the common character of France is the ſame which philoſophers give to Nature, that there can be no vacuum found in it.

Paris, 25th of the 12th Moon, of the year 1664.

XVII.—*To* Abdel Melec, Muli Omar, *Preſident of the College of Sciences at Fez.*

Permit me to ruſh into thy preſence, venerable patron of philoſophy, without the uſual formalities of addreſs, or punctilios of introduction; let me be admitted like a man with coals of fire on his head, as the cuſtom is at the Imperial Porte in urgent caſes; for I am newly inflamed afreſh with Pythagoriſm, Platoniſm, and Indianiſm.

Floods, fires, and other devaſtations by war, famine, peſtilence, earthquakes, and ſuch like contingencies, have either quite aboliſhed the true and primitive ſcience of the firſt ages in moſt parts of the earth, or at leaſt very much diminiſhed and obſcured their original ſplendour.

The beſt manuſcripts are loſt, unleſs the Indians have preſerved them. Our fathers grew torpid, ſtupified, and deſperate, under the public calamities which overwhelmed whole cities, provinces, kingdoms, and empires; there was no encouragement for a ſcribe or a man of letters to put himſelf to a needleſs toil in labouring to preſerve the

records which came from heaven; hiſtories of the world inviſible, celeſtial, perfect, and eternal; traditions of undiſcoverable antiquity; pandects repleniſhed with bright Oriental wiſdom, and ſealed with the Tetragrammaton, which thou knoweſt is the ſignet of the Firſt and the Laſt, even of the Divinity which comprehends all things, and is itſelf comprehended of none.

Had they gone about ſuch a taſk, they knew that ſome ill fate or other would ſwallow their writings, and bury them in eternal oblivion. Hence it is that at this day we can hardly boaſt of the footſteps of ancient knowledge, a few fragments and relics of primitive learning ſcattered up and down in divers authors, and much adulterated with the vain opinions and errors of after times; for every writer was either inclined or forced to flatter the age wherein he lived, and not oppoſe their tenets; ſo that now there is ſcarce any true philoſophy extant on this ſide the Ganges.

How thoſe Bramins only had the happineſs to conſerve ſo ſacred a treaſure, can be no other way made out than by their own conſtant tradition, that the deluge of Noah never reached thoſe utmoſt borders of the land toward the Eaſt; and perhaps the ſame reaſon may be given for the untraceable chronologies of the Chineſe their neighbours; for though they differ in the ſentiments and rites of their religion, in their laws, cuſtoms, and manner of government, yet they both agree in affirming the world to be indeterminately old, putting a certain number of millions of years for an uncertain far beyond it; which is but a modeſt retrenchment of their own thoughts, as if they were unwilling it ſhould be falſely cenſured that they aimed at an hyperbole.

They ſay that the firſt matter is co-eternal with God, as light is coeval with the ſun, produced alſo and depend-

ing after the ſame manner; for as the light diffuſed through the air is not properly the ſun, but an inſeparable effect of it, ſo the univerſe is not God, but his production, ever ſubſiſting on him, and never to be divided from his eternal eſſence: and, for aught I ſee, the moſt ſignificant language in the world has no other way to expreſs things of this abſtruſe nature. They are too ſublime for human thought, much more do they tranſcend the power of ſpeech. All the dialects on earth are too barren of words, and words too defective in ſenſe, to deſcribe the ineffable ſecrets of eternity.

As for the various ranks of beings, the infinite diverſity of forms reſulting from the firſt matter, they think it reaſonable to believe that they were ſucceſſively produced in time, every one in its order, and according to its perfection.

I tell thee, it appears much more rational for me to believe this, than that the firſt matter itſelf was produced out of nothing, about five or ſix thouſand years ago, as the Jews and Chriſtians ſeem to teach. Rather than ſtarve my reaſon with ſo ſhort an idea of the world's age, I would embrace the ſentiments of Democritus and Epicurus, ſuppoſe an infinity of ſpaces and worlds, an eternity of generations and corruptions, a continual change not only of individuals, but of the very ſpecies of things, through the fatal concourſe and blending of atoms; yet not denying the unity of the Divine Eſſence, nor undervaluing his providence all the while; for theſe things are in my opinion very compatible one with another.

I do not pretend to be ſingular, or ſet up for a dogmatiſt; neither am I ambitious of being eſteemed a wit, by venting notions above the reach of vulgar capacities: It is only the pure love of truth which encourages me to

take this liberty with thee, who in matters of philoſophy art the only maſter of the age.

To thee, therefore, I ſubmit all my ſentiments, as to an oracle, deſiring thy impartial anſwer; and couching the faculties of my ſoul in the moſt humble attach to thy venerable wiſdom, I become mute as a mummy.

Paris, 30th of the 12th Moon, of the Year 1664.

XVIII.—*To* MIRMADOLIN, *Santone of the Vale of Sidon.*

WHAT is this world that on all ſides invades our ſenſes? this earth under our feet, thoſe clouds whirling over our heads, theſe winds ſhaking the trees, that azure ſky, with all its glittering ornaments? What is all this but an eternal dream, a mere ſhadow of God Almighty's thoughts? It is pleaſant living in it, it is alſo painful. In his ſenſe this univerſe is perfectly good, in ours it is mixed with evil. He made it for his own diverſion, and our ſcrutiny: It is to us a field of riddles and contradictions. In ſummer we curſe the heat, and in winter blaſpheme the cold; yet we bleſs both the one and the other when we feel them in due meaſure and ſeaſon. One hour this colour pleaſes the eye, another that, and perhaps in the next it is diſguſted at them both; we never find reſt or content in any thing. The ſofteſt muſic at ſome times grates our ears, like the croaking of toads; the moſt agreeable odours are as the ſmell of a ſepulchre, loathſome and abominable; the moſt delectable wines and ſavoury meats at ſuch ſeaſons are unpalatable as the beverage and diet of hell; neither can the more inſinuating charms of women put us in a better humour; all the whole ſyſtem of nature joined together is not ſufficient to afford us eaſe; nothing but a ray from the Omnipotent can alleviate our

melancholy, or give us a taſte of ourſelves; for we are the very Deity in ſcattered fragments, or we are ſeparated drops of the Divine Eſſence, volatile ſpirits of eternity, by fate or chance fixed in proper vehicles of time and matter. O Santone! this whole corporeal univerſe is but a web ſpun from the bowels of an infinite God, and wrought with inimitable artifice to catch immaterial forms, ideas, and ſouls in, which are the genuine offſpring of the Eternal Mind. We mortals of human race are but ſo many parcels of the Divinity in diſguiſe, trepanned into bodies by certain hidden baits, magnets, and charms, lurking in embryos, with which we have ſome ſympathy; we are all gods in maſquerade; ſo are the beaſts of the field, the birds of the air, and the fiſh of the ſea.

Let us not therefore condemn the antique ceremonies of Gentile religion, which taught men to adore the ſun, moon, and ſtars, the elements, and all that is within their circumference, eſpecially the ſouls of departed heroes, demigods, nymphs, and the reſt of thoſe beings, which are the eldeſt progeny of Eternal Nature; for in ſo doing, they did but build altars to the Original Fountain of the univerſe; ſince God is in the winds, in the rain, in the thunder, lightning, hail, and other meteors; in the heavens and air, ſun, moon, and ſtars; in the fire, earth, and water; in plants and animals; finally, ſince he is in the elements, and every thing compounded of them; he is not only in them, but is theſe very things, by an ineffable production of himſelf: And when the final conſummation ſhall come, it will be but a withdrawing all the extended lines of his infinity into their centre, where thou and I, and every divided atom in nature ſhall meet, be united and ſwallowed up in eternal beatitude. Amen!

Amen! Oh thou Lord and Father of all things, inexhauſtible abyſs of miracles which know no end.

Paris, 6th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year 1665.

XIX.—*To the ſame.*

SUPPOSING it were otherwiſe than I have ſaid, grant the doctrine of Epicurus true, believe that we and all things were produced by the fortuitous concourſe of atoms, yet ſtill we have the ſame or greater reaſon to value ourſelves as diminutive gods, ſince in this ſenſe we muſt of neceſſity be eternal, every atom being ſo of which we are compounded. In the opinion of theſe philoſophers, there is no ſuch thing as an origin or beginning of the univerſe; each particle of matter with them is as old as the Divinity. We have all ranged eternally from one form and world to another, danced to the meaſures of Fate, been parts of the orbs above, and of the caverns below, ſtrayed through the heavens and all the elements, taken an univerſal career through infinite and endleſs ſpace, and are now (as fixed as we ſeem in theſe ſolid hulks of fleſh) in the ſame hurly-burly as ever.

Theſe bodies which we carry about us are not compounded of the ſame atoms as they were ſeven years ago; there is a perpetual flux and reflux of particles; we die as faſt as we live; every moment ſubtracts from our duration on earth, as much as it adds to it; we move, breathe, and do all things by paradox; our very eſſence is a riddle.

With an open heart, therefore, I applaud thy religious negligence of human affairs, in that thou art divinely careleſs of thyſelf and every thing elſe, ſave only to conſerve thy innocence.

What ſignifies it whether we believe the written law or the alcoran, whether we are diſciples of Moſes, Jeſus, or Mahomet, followers of Ariſtotle, Plato, Pythagoras, Epicurus, or Ilch Rend Hu the Indian bramin? Of what import is it whether we pray or not, whether we kneel before images or in a naked moſque? It will be all one in the winding up. We are but the machines of Chance; as we live ſo ſhall we die, and God knows what will become of us afterwards; neither is it worth our while to be ſolicitous, ſince we can be certain of nothing. Perhaps every atom of which we are made may be ſcattered from the reſt; we may be tranſported piece-meal into ten hundred thouſand millions of worlds; and ſevenfold as many years may expire before two the minuteſt particles of our frame meet together again. We need not to be troubled at all this; nothing can hinder us from being immortal and eternal, though it be but in fragments.

Go on then, ſacred vagabond, pious rambler, holy fugitive, go on to aſſert, in the courſe of thy life, this great truth, "That all things depend on everlaſting Chance or Deſtiny." Thy actions ſhall reprove the hypocrites of the age, who abound in ſpecious words; and thy divine indifference ſhall condemn the helliſh zeal of furious bigots, who think to pleaſe God, and atone for their ſins, by ſacrificing human blood, and maſſacring all that are not of their faith.

God, or Chance, or Fate, ſhall tranſport thee after death to happy regions, immarceſſible joys, and an endleſs ſucceſſion of bliſs; every atom ſhall find its paradiſe; thou ſhalt mount by degrees to full, infinite, and eternal felicity. Adieu for a time.

Paris, 20th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year 1665.

XX.—*To* ISOUF, *his Couſin, a Merchant at Aſtracan.*

WHEN I reflect on thy happineſs in having been all thy life at liberty to change thy reſidence, and ramble whitherſoever thy fancy invited thee, and that even now at Aſtracan thou art no longer confined than by thy own pleaſure or intereſt, I cannot forbear envying thee.

There is an inexpreſſible delight in ranging the various tracks of the earth; whereas to be perpetually ſhut up and impriſoned as I am, in a city ſo cloſe and high built, that the very winds can ſcarce find way into her interior parts, is a perfect hell upon earth.

To ſpeak the truth, Paris may be called a heap, or aggregate of cities, built one upon another, like Pelion upon Oſſa, ſince the houſes here are as high as the minarets at Conſtantinople, and divided, like the air, into the lower, middle, and upper regions or apartments, or rather like the heavens, whoſe number aſtronomers aſſert to be nine; for with ſo many ſtoreys do ſome houſes, nay, whole ſtreets in Paris, lift up their heads, and every ſtorey or apartment is peopled like a bee-hive; ſo that in this infinite throng of inhabitants, and ſuch as come hither about buſineſs, we are ready to be ſtifled with one another's breath; whereas thou knoweſt, in the cities all over the Eaſt, the houſes are intermixed with gardens; they are low built, with terraces on the top to take the cool air on by night, with parterres, kaſkaneys, divans, conſervatories, and all the other conveniencies for refreſhing the ſenſes, by water, wind, and odoriferous ſmells.

This makes me long to be at Conſtantinople, Damaſcus, Moſul, or even at Aſtracan, where thou reſideſt, though that city wants many delights which others enjoy; however, I ſhould there encounter with tiaras and turbans, the very ſight of which would half cure my diſ-

content. May my portion be with Tagot, if I am not tired with ſeeing nothing but theſe hats and ſhort coats, theſe ridiculous Franks, theſe apes without tails; and then to hear them rant againſt the Grand Signior and all true believers, to hear them blaſpheme the meſſenger of God, curſe the alcoran, revile the mufti and all the mollahs, with a thouſand other impertinencies, which none but ſuch reprobates, giaſers, and infidels, would be guilty of, makes me either with myſelf deaf, or that my tongue were at liberty to anſwer them. But much rather would I deſire to be in a place where I might enjoy my ears, to receive the ſalem from my friends that are muſſulmans, and to hear the name of God devoutly bleſſed on any occaſion that awakens the ſenſe to piety.

Oh that I were among my countrymen, the Arabians, who dwell in tents, and frolic about from hills to valleys, taſting by turns the various ſweets of the foreſt and the plain: The groves and meadows, paſtures and arable grounds, cities and villages, all contribute to their delight; they want no innocent joy that the earth can afford; their wealth conſiſts in the multitude of their ſheep, camels, goats, and oxen; and for them is all their care, that they may not want graſs and water in due ſeaſon; as for themſelves, they are reſigned to Providence.

So are the Tartars, who ſleep in hordes or waggons, the only cavaliers of Aſia, whoſe life is a perpetual campaign from the cradle to the grave: Their labour and eaſe are derived from the ſame fountain, exerciſing themſelves on horſeback at ſeven years old, and feeding on the milk of mares as ſoon as they are weaned from their mother's breaſts. Toil and recreation with them are one and the ſame thing, ſince they know no other pleaſure but what conſiſts in riding, fighting, and conquering, or elſe in death, which they believe tranſlates them to new

joys, and thoſe more poignant than they knew before; therefore they bravely court it at the point of a ſword or the mouth of a cannon, nothing being more ſcandalous or hateful than a coward among them.

I proteſt the very idea of Palus Mœtis, and Taurica Cherſoneſus, with the reſt of thoſe horrible fens and marſhes on the north of the Black Sea, which encompaſs the dominions of the Tartars, affects me with a paſſion, or rather ſuch a medley of paſſions, as I know not how to name. Thoſe ample deſarts, theſe untraced ſolitudes, appear to my imagination like the limits of this old habitable world, and the frontiers of ſome new, ſtrange, and unknown region, ſome *terra incognita*, where an univerſal deſolation and ſilence keep their ſeat for ever; where no voices are heard but thoſe of uncouth ſatyrs, fawns, and other exotic tenants of the woods and moors; no other ſound but the whiſtling and roaring of the winds; no proſpect but that of trees, which have appeared from the infancy of time; and where thoſe are wanting, the eye is wearied in a long endleſs waſte, which nothing ſeems to bound but the declining arch of diſtant ſkies, or low black melancholy clouds, ſkirted with miſts and fogs, eternal mantles of the northern climes.

This is the figure of thoſe ſolitary tracks where I would chooſe to live, rather than in a city which ſtifles me with too much plenty of every thing but freſh air and honeſt people.

Iſouf, the contrarieties which we find in earthly things give a guſt to each other, and the moſt magnificent palace would ſeem a priſon, were a man always confined to live in it.

Couſin, I wiſh thee perpetual liberty and happineſs.

Paris, 7th of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1665.

XXI.—*To* HAMET, REIS EFFENDI, *Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.*

AMIDST the variety of obligations which I have to diſcharge, I forget not to obey thy commands. I have already in my former diſpatches acquainted thee with the characters and ſome remarkable paſſages of Henry IV. Lewis XIII. Lewis XIV. Cardinal Richlieu, Cardinal Mazarini, and the Prince of Conde; now I will ſay ſomething of the famous Mareſchal de Turenne, whoſe fame reaches whereſoever the French wars have been talked of for theſe forty years. The name of this great general is Henry de la Tour d'Auvergne, ſon to the Duke of Bouillon.

When his father was near his death, he called for both his ſons, whereof this was the youngeſt, and, among other exhortations, he recommended in a ſpecial manner three things to their practice; never to renounce or change their religion, never to take up arms againſt their ſovereign, nor to provoke the firſt miniſter.

As to the firſt, the Mareſchal de Turenne has hitherto kept it inviolably; but he has faultered in both the other, having revolted from his maſter's ſervice during his minority, and oppoſed the intereſt of Cardinal Mazarini when the parliament perſecuted that miniſter.

However, this hinders not but that he is a great ſoldier, and beſides he is ſince reconciled to the king. He ſeems to be born for martial affairs; and they relate of him, that when he was but ten years old, and his governor miſſing him, had fought up and down every where for him, he at length found him faſt aſleep on a cannon, which he ſeemed to embrace with his little arms as far as they would reach; and when he aſked, "Why he choſe ſuch a couch to lie on," he made anſwer, "That he de-

ſigned to have ſlept there all night, to convince his father that he was hardy enough to undergo the fatigues of war, though the old duke had often perſuaded him to the contrary." And, to ſpeak the truth, no man was more careleſs of his body than this prince.

At fourteen years of age he was ſent into Holland, to ſerve in the army under the Prince of Orange, who was his uncle. There he applied himſelf to all the diſcipline of war, doing the duty of a private ſoldier, which is the common way that cadets, or younger brothers, take to riſe to the moſt eminent offices. He was equally forward in labours and perils, never ſhunning any fatigue or hazard which might bring him glory; yet he was not raſh, the common vice of youth, but tempered all his actions with an extraordinary prudence and ſolidity of judgment, beyond what was expected from him at theſe years; yet, on the other ſide, his counſels were not ſlow and phlegmatic, being of a very ready forecaſt, and he ſeldom failed in his contrivances. He was ſoon promoted to a place of command; and the exactneſs of his conduct raiſed him a vaſt reputation, ſo that by degrees he at laſt arrived to that height of power and honour he now poſſeſſes. He appears indefatigable in his body, and of an invincible reſolution; he hates flatterers, that think to gain his friendſhip by praiſing him, and is equally averſe from making uſe of ſuch fawning inſinuations to others, though the greateſt princes of the blood, or the firſt miniſter himſelf.

He has alſo a certain ſtedfaſtneſs of ſpirit, which cannot be warped by any artificial addreſſes, though made to his own apparent advantage, if they propoſe to him any thing that has the leaſt ſemblance of what is baſe and diſhonourable. Thus he would never conſent, that the honour of taking Dunkirk ſome years ago ſhould be

aſcribed to Cardinal Mazarini, though that miniſter privately courted him to it, offering him the greateſt commands in the kingdom if he would do him that ſervice, and the Mareſchal knew it might prove his ruin if he did not; yet ſuch was his integrity and love to the truth, that by no means would he be brought to condeſcend to this meanneſs of ſpirit; yet perhaps it might only proceed from the averſion which in thoſe days he had for the cardinal. Many times it is evident, that a natural paſſion is made to paſs for a moral virtue; beſides, perhaps he was unwilling to be deprived of the glory due to him for that important ſervice.

He is a man of few words, and ſo ſecret in all his counſels, that no body knows any thing of his deſigns till he puts them in execution. Every man eſteems him the moſt liberal prince of this age, having no other regard for money, than as it ſerves the neceſſities of his family, and enables him to oblige his friends.

In a word, whatever vices he may have, he is yet endowed with ſo many good qualities and virtues, that he is beloved by all the nation, and in particular favour with his ſovereign, who treats him not as a ſubject, but as one of his moſt intimate friends.

May God, who has raiſed up this great genius to aggrandiſe the French monarchy, continually ſupply the Grand Signior with valiant and expert generals, that the empire of the faithful Oſmans may increaſe like the moon, but never be in its wane, till that planet ſhall no more appear in the heavens, and the faſtening of the elements ſhall be diſſolved.

Paris, 14th of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1665.

XXII.—*To* ORCHAN CABET, *Student in the Sciences, and Penſioner to the Grand Signior.*

(This letter was written originally in Sclavonic.)

THE French king has lately received a groſs affront from the poets; they have often been ſatirical upon his loves, and now they begin to burleſque upon his money. A day or two ago, as he was newly riſen out of his bed, he found on a table in his chamber a paper containing theſe verſes:

Tu és Iſſus de Race Auguſte,
Ton Ayeul eſt Henry le Grand;
Et ton Pere Louis le Juſte;
Pour Toy, tu n'és qu'un Louis d'Argent.

Thou knoweſt where the force of the poet's wit lies, having travelled in France, and learnt their language. The king ſmiled at the reading of it, and ſeemed to be pleaſed with the frankneſs of the author, ſaying, "He was worth a thouſand flatterers." He promiſed likewiſe to give him five hundred louis for his wit, if he would diſcover himſelf, as alſo to pardon him on his royal word; but the ſatiriſt would not venture himſelf, knowing that kings have more ways than one to revenge themſelves of private perſons their ſubjects. However, ſince the king appeared ſo well pleaſed with this, he was reſolved to give him another touch of his ſkill; and the very next morning, in the ſame place, the king found theſe words:

Tu ne le ſçaura pas, Louis,
Car j'etois ſeul quand je le fis.

There have been many conjectures made about the author of theſe lampoons; ſome ſay one thing, and ſome another; and there are not wanting ſuch as faſten it on

a virgin of Collen, now reſiding at the court: Her name is Anna Marie de Skurman; ſhe is very learned, and ſpeaks Arabic, Latin, Turkiſh, Greek, Italian, French, and Spaniſh, as fluently as her native dialect; ſhe is of a fine wit and piercing judgment in the controverſies of philoſophy and religion.

There are ſeveral epiſtles of her's in print, ſome penned in Latin, others in French, addreſſed to the queen-mother, Cardinal Richlieu, Cardinal Mazarini, and others, beſides a book of poems, moſt of them ſatires; and it is this laſt gives the world ſuch a jealouſy of her writing the lines which were found on the king's table; for the critics have compared them with her ſtyle, and find a very near reſemblance between them.

But let who will be the author, I think the French king is wronged in the character they give him; for though he has heaped up great quantities of gold and ſilver, to carry on his vaſt deſigns, yet he is no miſer, being very liberal to perſons of merit.

I ſend thee this for thy diverſion, and in order to our future correſpondence; take it for an example, and be as familiar with me, remembering the old Latin proverb, "*Manus manum fricat.*"

Paris, 11th of the 6th Moon, of the Year 1665.

XXIII.—*To the* Captain Bassa.

May thy heart be cheerful, and thy voyage crowned with ſucceſs wherever thou ſaileſt, noble old Tarpaulin, and favourite of the god of the ſea. The empire of the Ottomans has not had ſo brave a commander of the navy theſe thirty years. God grant thee good fortune againſt the infidels, whether on the White or Black Seas. Thou

are already famous for thy exploits on the latter, in above twenty engagements with the Coſſacs, Circaſſians, and the reſt of thoſe thieviſh countries; but nothing has raiſed thy character ſo high as the laſt combat thou hadſt with Pachicour, the renowned pirate of thoſe parts, who threatened not only his Chriſtian neighbours, but alſo the Ottoman empire, with infinite ravages.

But thou haſt ſtemmed the tide of glory, humbled the maritime people, his confederates, and by that means made thyſelf a way into the Archipelago and Mediterranean, where thou rideſt, as another Neptune, king of the waters.

Take not this for flattery; for I tell thee, I have not ſaid ſo much to a baſſa of the ſea theſe ſeven-and-twenty years; neither indeed had I any reaſon. He that merited the moſt applauſe in all that time, was the brave Zorneſan Muſtapha; and I addreſſed no more to him than his due; fortune did not favour him, or elſe he had done great things. As for the reſt, they were generally men never bred to ſea affairs, but minions of the court, or bullies of the city, who were better at making a noiſe than at any action of hazard or importance. And there were ſome bold renegadoes, but they played faſt and looſe, and nobody knew where to have them.

Treachery infects the whole world, but in theſe weſtern parts it reigns as in its centre: Here is nothing but undermining and ambuſhes, one ſtate trepanning another out of their guards, and then they play their own game.

It would be endleſs to acquaint thee with the original of the quarrel between the Engliſh and the Dutch; let it be enough for thee to know, that theſe people are at odds now; and, in regard the ſtrength of both nations lies in their ſhipping, they are preparing to cover the northern

ſeas with navies; but the iſlanders ſtill get the beſt of it; they claim the ſovereignty of thoſe ſeas, and in my opinion they deſerve it. I ſpeak according to my intelligence, being aſſured that no nation ever prevailed againſt them on that element.

They have had a terrible fight this ſummer, wherein the Dutch loſt ſeventeen ſhips of war, beſides veſſels of ſmaller note: The commander of the Engliſh fleet is called the Duke of York, a great general, and brother to the Engliſh king; his name was famous in France and Flanders during the Spaniſh war; and though the land afforded him no farther occaſions of glory, yet he has found ſome in the ſea. Opdam, the greateſt admiral that ever the Dutch could boaſt of, fell a ſacrifice to his genius.

I am the more particular in this relation, becauſe it is fit thou ſhouldſt know the characters of all the brave heroes living.

Since this fight, the King of France has ſent an ambaſſador to the Engliſh court, to mediate a peace. What iſſue his negotiation will have, is of no great import to us, who ſerve the Grand Signior, ſole lord of the four ſeas; but I will tell thee ſomething which it concerns thee to know.

The King of France is going to cut a canal through part of his kingdom, by which the Mediterranean may be joined to the main ſea. This is a vaſt deſign, and much diſcourſed of in Europe, being a parallel to what has been formerly attempted by ſome kings of Egypt, and emperors of Rome, to join the Mediterranean and Red Sea together, for the ſake of an eaſier traffic to the Eaſt Indies.

Thou oughteſt alſo to be informed of the Duke of Beaufort's exploits on the coaſt of Barbary: He is com-

mander of the French navy in thoſe ſeas, and has done great injuries to the people of Algiers, Sarcelle, Bougie, and other ports.

Though theſe rebels are deſervedly puniſhed for deſerting the protection of the high Porte, yet let us remember that the Algerines are muſſulmans, and therefore ought not to be abandoned to the malice of infidels.

Mighty baſſa, fail thou in the ſtrength of God, againſt the enemies of the Ottoman empire; and when thou haſt finiſhed thy voyage here below, may a wind of mercy waft thee over the waters which are above the firmament, and land thee ſafe in one of the ports of paradiſe.

Paris, 3d of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1665.

BOOK IV.

LETTER I.—*To* ACHMET BEIG.

THIS court has put on the exterior ſemblance of mourning, whilſt they inwardly rejoice at the death of Philip IV. King of Spain: He deceaſed on the 17th of the 9th moon. It is poſſible their grief is more real for the death of the Duke of Vendoſme, a prince of royal extraction, and whilſt living, not far removed from a poſſibility of inheriting the crown of France; but now he is gone to the grave, the general receptacle of all mortals and which makes no diſtinction between the noble and the vulgar.

There have been abundance of ceremonies performed, on the part of the king, the dauphin, the Duke of Or-

leans, the Duke of Valois, and other princes of the blood, for the health of the departed soul; for the Nazarenes, to give them their due, fall not short of the true faithful, in believing the resurrection and immortality to come; they consign the bodies of the dead to their sepulchres with solemn rites of religion, perfuming them with incense, and sprinkling them with holy water, rehearsing also certain sacred hymns and prayers appointed for that purpose; neither do they neglect to fast, and give alms, to perform any pious office, which is practised by the mussulmans, for their friends who are gone to the invisible state: They agree with us in abundance of good things, and if they mix some superstitions and errors, let us pity their weakness, and praise God, who guides us into the right way, and suffers us not to be seduced into the way of infidels; he is the merciful of the merciful, the joy of the elect, and the hope of all nations; should he punish men according to their hourly demerits, the earth would soon be depopulated, and void of any other inhabitants save the beasts; but he knows our mould, and remembers that we are no more than a mere froth or spume of the elements, and that in a very little time, by the course of nature, we shall vanish like bubbles, which yield to every blast of wind; therefore he spares us, and connives at our infirmities, because he is the lover of souls.

I speak this as an incentive to charity among ourselves, and to our fellow-mortals. It seems to me unreasonable, that we should pursue, with inexorable hatred, all the followers of Jesus; he was a holy prophet, humble, mild, chaste, and harmless; he did many good works himself, and commanded his disciples to imitate his example; he rebuked those among them that would have called down fire from heaven to consume his enemies, enjoining them

to return bleſſings for curſes, prayers for blaſphemies, and good for evil. There are thoſe among them who obey his precepts; as for the wicked, I am not their advocate. If the greateſt part of the Chriſtians live contrary to the law of the Meſſias, let us conſider alſo how many hypocrites, libertines, hereties, and atheiſts there are among thoſe who profeſs the muſſulman faith. Doubtleſs there are good and bad of all religions; and it is impoſſible to find an aſſembly of juſt men, without a mixture of ſinners.

As for our difference with the people of Jeſus in matters of worſhip, it ought not to make us forget that we are men, compounded of the ſame fleſh and blood as they; and for aught we know, God, who made all the nations of the earth, may accept of their various rites and ceremonies, in paying him divine adoration.

We that are the poſterity of Iſmael, and worſhip the Eternal after the manner of our fathers, who followed the pattern of Ibrahim the beloved of God, cannot deny but that the law of Moſes was of divine original; and yet it contains precepts and injunctions, to which we are wholly ſtrangers in our practice, though the Jews, who are the deſcendants of Jacob, obey them to this day.

So we believe what the Alcoran ſays of the Meſſias, that he is the Breath and Word of God; that he healed diſeaſes, raiſed the dead, wrought many other miracles, and preached the true heavenly doctrine; yet there is abundance of difference between the ceremonies, which the very apoſtles uſed in the ſervice of God, and the worſhip eſtabliſhed by Mahomet, our holy lawgiver; but he tells us that they who live up to the law of Jeſus ſhall go to paradiſe as well as the muſſulmans.

The greateſt ſcandal which the Chriſtians give us is, their ſetting up pictures and images in their temples, and

the reverence they pay to thoſe inſenſible pieces of human art; and yet, for aught we know, they may be excuſeable before God, ſince they profeſs openly, in the public decrees of their councils, that the veneration and honour they pay to the figures of ſaints and angels is only relative, their devotion at the ſame time reſting not on this ſide the prototypes.

If this be true, I ſee no more hurt in their worſhip of images, than in bowing and proſtrating before the Alcoran, which is but another ſort of imagery repreſenting the divine will.

In a word, if the hieroglyphics of the ancient Egyptians are allowed to be lawful letters, and inſtruments to expreſs the inward conceptions of the mind, in my opinion, the painting and ſculpture which we ſee in the churches of the Chriſtians, ought not to be condemned as an idolatrous practice, when it is only uſed as an eaſier way to convey the hiſtory of Jeſus, and the reſt of the prophets and ſaints, to the vulgar, who are generally ignorant of letters; unleſs we ſhall ſay, that the Son of Mary was an idol, and the prophets and ſaints were devils, which God avert from the mouth of a true believer.

Paris, 13th of the 11th Moon, of the Year 1665.

II.—*To* William Vospel, *a Recluſe of Auſtria.*

Thy diſpatch came to my hands in a good hour; I peruſed with reverence the paternal inſtructions it contained, the grave and judicious apothegms, the ſacred rules and inſtructions of a regular and ſpiritual life, the morals more refined than thoſe of Pindar, Epictetus, Seneca, or Cato; but pardon me if I reliſh not ſo well

thy panegyric on ſome of the newly canoniſed ſaints, from which you take occaſion to extol the pope's infallibility, and to exclude from ſalvation all that are not within the pale of the Roman church.

I am a Chriſtian and a Catholic as well as you; I honour the apoſtles and martyrs, with all the primitive ſaints, confeſſors, and holy doctors of the church; but I can never be perſuaded, that a man, for being a murderer, traitor, an inventor of cruel devices, or a learned ſycophant, can merit heaven, though he may be ranked in the red lines of the kalendar; much leſs can I believe that all men ſhall be damned who are not in communion with the biſhop of Rome. Certainly the catholic or univerſal church is not ſhut up within the narrow confines of the ſhattered Roman empire; conſider Greece, Armenia, Egypt, Muſcovy, Ethiopia, and all the ſpacious territories of Europe, and the Eaſt: How many millions daily ſay the pater-noſter, and pray in Jeſus's name, yet never paid obedience to any but their own patriarchs and biſhops? Were not all the apoſtles equally in commiſſion? Were not the churches they founded and eſtabliſhed equally holy and orthodox? Where then commenced the mighty ſchiſm, but in the moroſe pride of Victor, who (for the ſake of paſchal niceties) affronted all the churches in the world, and was for that reaſon ſeverely reproved by a French biſhop of his own obedience, beſides the reprimands of Polycarp and other prelates of the Eaſt? Was not St. John the Beloved, that reſted his head with divine honour on the breaſt of Chriſt, as privy to the laws of his maſter as Peter, Paul, or any other abortive apoſtle? Remember the firſt general council at Jeruſalem, where James the brother of our Lord ſat preſident, decreeing abſtinences exactly oppoſite to the preſent Roman faith and practice; and believe at the ſame time that

it was imperial vanity and pride which firſt begot the fatal ſeparation. Hereſy was but the baſtard of the apoſtolic canons, cheriſhed and too much countenanced by Conſtantine and his ſucceſſors, till the fatal time of Phocas, whoſe untimely death made all things ripe for the intended uſurpation. Oh Guicciardine! how truly haſt thou written the ſtate of modern Rome! Worthy as Horace of eternal honour; thy faithful proſe equals his courtly verſe, and merits new Auguſtuſes to patroniſe it.

Believe me, Father William, I have no ſpite or enmity againſt the Roman high prieſt; I reverence him equally with his brethren, the patriarchs of Conſtantinople, Jeruſalem, Alexandria, and Antioch; I would go beyond this, for the ſake of conformity to ancient cuſtoms, and in obedience to the celebrated council of Nice, I would willingly acknowledge him the primate of the world; let him have the firſt place, in God's name, among the patriarchs of the univerſal church, but let him not ride on the necks of his equals; let him not pretend a power to cancel the apoſtolic canons, reverſe the traditions of the fathers, repeal the decrees of general councils, diſpenſe with the laws of nature, grace, reaſon, morality, and the very inſtitutions of his predeceſſors, men, without queſtion, as infallible as he. This is not the way to make proſelytes to the Roman faith, unleſs it be of fools and knaves. The world has received new lights, Father William, and men begin to hiſs religious bantering off the ſtage; nay, even they who are moſt guilty of it, I mean the Roman courtiers, cardinals, and prieſts, cannot forbear laughing at the folly and credulous eaſineſs of thoſe on whom they impoſe their pious frauds; the bigotted laity are by them eſteemed no better than ſilly aſſes, tamely couching under the burdens of their eccleſiaſtical lords and drivers.

Therefore it is time for thee to open thy eyes, lift up thy head, and lay aſide monaſtic ſimplicity. I do not counſel thee to turn libertine, or imitate the Italian gallantry, which has taught the prieſts, inſtead of ſacred continence, to ſquint a benediction on ſome charming lady from the altar, in the name of *Dominus Vobiſcum*, or *Surſum Corda*, even whilſt they are preparing for divine revels, to banquet on the fleſh and blood of God. Oh! monſtrous perfidy, and execrable profaneneſs! Nor, if thou art affronted and revengeful, would I adviſe thee to time the execution of thy wrath like the Sicilian veſpers, and make the bells become the ſignals of thy cruelty, which ought, and were deſigned and conſecrated on purpoſe to drill on harmleſs ſouls to church, with their dull, ſleepy, jangling chimes; and with their more triumphant lofty muſic on the feſtivals of ſaints, to make devouter Chriſtians dream they are going to heaven, inſtead of a maſſacre. I would not have thee hope to merit paradiſe by ſending thither, in obedience to the pope or general of thy order, the majeſtic ſouls of kings or emperors, in vehicles of ſacred poiſon or envenomed euchariſts. Believe that thoſe prelates, prieſts, or monks, who are thus divinely profane and mercifully cruel, ſhall become mitred, veſted, cowled monſters, in the fierceſt and moſt violently glowing dens of hell, there with the moſt exalted arſenics, mercuries, and whatſoever gives the higheſt pains, to languiſh, pine, and rack away ten thouſand thouſand thouſand ages, in penances of ſlow effect, which expiate, but very late, the crying ſins of guilty murderers and bloody hypocrites.

Yet ſuch as theſe, ſince modern times, are the only men thought worthy to be canonized for ſaints, which made a certain honeſt cardinal cry out in the preſence of

the pope, "Theſe new ſaints force me to doubt the old ones."

Father William, the ſame thought begins and ends my letter: Your's was upon the ſtretch, extolling far too high the largeneſs of the Roman church, the infallible power of popes, the miracles of theſe new ſaints; and I, for my part, am a man abhorring bigotry; I cannot believe things contrary to my reaſon: I wiſh the differences of mankind in point of religion were rationally compoſed, and that the good of all ſects, factions, parties, churches, and communions, were united in this life, as they ſurely will be in the next.

In the mean time, to the Father without Beginning, to the Son without a Younger Brother, to the Holy Ghoſt, the Firſt and the Laſt, to the Virgin Mary, the mother of the Entire Deity, I recommend thee and all good Chriſtians, hoping to ſee you in heaven, though we cannot it ſeems think alike on earth.

Paris, 1ſt of the 12th Moon, of the Year 1665.

III.—*To* Nathan Ben Saddi, *a Jew at Vienna.*

According to thy deſire, I have procured and ſent thee the Alcoran and other writings of our holy doctors, books which will conduct thee into the right way. Thou wilt find in theſe volumes a ſpirit of life and power; there breathes in them a certain vital principle of reaſon, ſo that whoſoever reads them attentively, may feel (if I may ſo ſpeak) the very pulſe of intellectual wiſdom beating in every ſentence.

There is a vaſt difference between theſe writings, full of arguments clear and intelligible, and the whimſies of

thy rabbis, who abound in ſacred fables and divine romances.

Who can peruſe your celebrated Miſnah without diſdain? or look into your more applauded Talmud, and not feel himſelf touched with horror at the monſtrous blaſphemies and ridiculous forgeries therein contained? Doſt thou not laugh at the ſtory of God's pickling up the leviathan till the days of the Meſſiah, and that other of the bull which daily devours the fodder of a thouſand mountains? or wilt thou ſhow me the neſt of that bird, from whence, the Talmud ſays, an egg falling on the earth, threw down three thouſand tall cedars with its weight, and at length breaking, overflowed ſixty villages with the liquid ſubſtance included in the ſhell?

Such as theſe muſt needs be fit themes for the contemplations of the Omnipotent! and yet your rabbis teach, that God ſtudies nine hours in the day, in the Talmud. Can any man of common piety hear theſe blaſphemies, and not tremble? What affronts are theſe to human ſenſe? what impoſitions on the reaſon of the credulous Jews? Does the moſt perfect of all beings acquire knowledge by degrees? or is the Eternal Intellect improved by reading of books? or if it were ſo, would he not make a better choice than of a volume which, in the incredible ſtories it relates, exceeds all the figments of the poets.

Tell me, Nathan, canſt thou ſwallow that loud lie of the Talmud, which tells thee that there was a lion, who when he roared at the diſtance of four hundred miles from Rome, all the women that were with child in that city, being affrighted at the noiſe, miſcarried, and the walls of Rome fell down? and when he drew nearer by an hundred miles, he ſet up his throat again, which made ſo terrible a ſound, that all the Romans teeth fell out of

their heads, and the emperor himſelf felt ſuch convulſions as had well nigh coſt him his life.

Surely the crow which the Talmud ſpeaks of in another place, was but a puny to this monſtrous lion, and yet it ſeems that crow ſwallowed a ſerpent that had eaten a frog as big as a village of threeſcore houſes, and when he had done, flew into the next tree. I ſuppoſe that was the tree which grew in paradiſe, and was five hundred miles high, according to the Talmud. Have I not reaſon for this raillery, when one of your rabbis ſolemnly ſwears he was an eye-witneſs of theſe things? Who can forbear to ridicule the bigotry of thoſe who give up their faith to ſuch deluſions?

Thou wilt meet with more rational entertainment in the books of the muſſulman doctors, more eſpecially in that tranſcript thou haſt of the volume firſt dictated in heaven; that confirms the true law of Moſes, but damns the impoſtures of the Talmud, attributing this invention of ſuch errors to the devil.

But thou wilt aſk me, perhaps, what I mean by the true law of Moſes? Shall I tell thee the opinion of one of thy own nation, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, as he pretends, and, for aught I know, of the ſame tribe with thyſelf; for I am a ſtranger to the genealogies of you both.

Some years ago, here was in this city a man who, if we may believe him, has been in all the cities of the world; the French call him The Wandering Jew, and he confirmed that title by the profeſſion he made of his birth, deſcent, and univerſal travels. No doubt but thou haſt heard of this man, or at leaſt of ſuch a character, and therefore I need not repeat what he ſaid of himſelf, and what the generality of mankind believe of him; ſuffice it to tell thee, that I was once in his company half a day together, when, among other diſcourſes, he told

me that the true law of Moſes has been loſt for above theſe two thouſand years, except in the north parts of Aſia, where there are an infinite number of Hebrews, but far different in their religion from all the Jews in the reſt of the world. He ſays the country where they inhabit is environed round with high and inacceſſible mountains. I aſked him the exact geographical ſituation of this country, but received no other anſwer than that it lay beyond the river Sabbation. Then I remembered what I had read in Eſdras, a ſcribe of thy nation, concerning the tranſmigration of the ten tribes who were carried away captives by the Aſſyrians, how they paſſed through a certain river on dry ground, the waters being divided to the right hand and to the left, and that after the ſame manner they ſhould return again in the latter days, but that in the mean time the region where they live was hidden from all other mortals.

Comparing this paſſage with what I had heard from the Wandering Jew, I became almoſt perſuaded that the people and country of which he ſpoke were the very ſame mentioned by Eſdras. God only can diſcern the truth from error in hiſtories of ſo remote and ancient a ſubject.

As to their religion, I was juſt going to give thee an account of what he ſaid concerning it, but am interrupted by company, wherefore I am forced to break off abruptly; expect a full relation in my next. I am in haſte.

Paris, 4th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year 1666.

IV.—*To the ſame.*

The interruption which made me ſo ſuddenly conclude my other letter laſted not long, ſo that I have time enough to perform my promiſe by the ſame poſt.

I was about to relate what the Wandering Jew told me of the religion of thoſe remote Hebrews in Aſia, which take as follows:

He ſays they are a nation of philoſophers, bound by their laws to ſtudy the liberal arts and ſciences; they have none but iron money current among them, the uſe of gold and ſilver coins being expreſsly forbidden by their laws, to prevent the temptations of avarice and theft: For who would ſteal or covet a metal, which for its bulk was not eaſy to be hid, nor for its beauty very deſirable, being every where common in the veins of the earth, and ſerved only as a method of barter and commerce among themſelves, where the inequality of merchandiſes entangled their traffic, and would not admit of a ready exchange?

This took from them the occaſion of many unneceſſary arts at home, and they had no temptations to travel abroad, the chief deſign of their lawgiver being to oblige them to ſpend moſt of their time in religious and philoſophical exerciſes, and the reſt in preparing neceſſaries for human ſuſtenance: They had no need to buy any thing of foreign countries, or to build ſhips for that end, who were bound to live content with the natural product of their own fertile country; for luxury has not as yet ſet footing in that happy region, if we may believe this traveller. He ſays they feed altogether on the fruits of the earth, not admitting any art or employment which tends to ſuperfluity, but only ſuch as ſerve the neceſſary uſes of life, wherein they ſhow an admirable dexterity and ſkill.

When they travel from one town to another, which is very frequent, they never carry any thing to defray their charges by the way, or when they arrive at their jour-

ney's end, all entertainment of this nature being free and reciprocal; ſuch is the cuſtom of the country.

They have no lawyers among them, but if any contention ariſe, it is preſently determined by the arbitration of the next neighbour, to whoſe ſentence all ſubmit, every man being willing to loſe ſomething of his right, rather than diſturb the public amity and peace.

As to the manner of their worſhip, they are ſtrict obſervers of purity in waſhing, anointing, and ſhaving their bodies.

They have temples alſo, where they aſſemble every ſeventh day, and having offered up the firſt-fruits of the earth, they ſit down in the courts and banquet together with joy, whilſt the prieſts entertain them with excellent muſic and ſongs in praiſe of God and his works. To this end the courts of their temples are made very large, that they may contain ſo many diſtinct families; and ſtately pavilions are ſet up, adorned with the boughs of green trees, with all manner of flowers careleſsly intermixed. But amidſt all their feaſting they are not permitted to taſte of fleſh; they eat only the fruits of the earth, with milk, honey, and oil; and their common drink is water and wine.

At the age of ſixteen years, every man is bound to take the following oath:

"I ſwear that I will adore but one God, who brought our fathers out of Egypt, and has conducted us by a myſterious path to this land of promiſe; I will religiouſly ſerve him all my life, for that he has vouchſafed to plant me in the family of his elect, and not in either of the two tribes who were left behind in the land of deluſions; I will do juſtly to all men, neither will I voluntarily hurt or kill any living creature, unleſs it be in my own defence; I will not taſte of the fleſh of any animal,

but in all things obſerve the abſtinence commanded by Allah to Moſes on the mount; I will religiouſly obey my prince to my laſt breath, and rather be torn to pieces by wild beaſts, than betray him, or conſent to betray him to another, for he is the viceroy of God; I will never conceal my knowledge of any conſpiracy againſt him or my country, neither will I diſcover his ſecrets to any, if it ſhould ever be my honour to know them; I will obſerve the traditions of my fathers, and teach the ſame and no other to my poſterity; in fine, I will in all things obey the laws of this ſacred kingdom, this region of peace, this garden of bliſs. All this I ſolemnly ſwear by the Firſt Father of Light, and by Nothing, the profound womb of darkneſs, and by Silence, the companion of that Depth which no created being can fathom; which is the ſame as if I ſhould wiſh myſelf annihilated, if I violate this oath in the leaſt point."

Theſe are all the terms of the oath that I can diſtinctly remember, which I here inſert, to ſhow thee what opinion theſe people have of the law which was given to Moſes on the mount; and they reject the two tribes that were left in Paleſtine, and eſteemed of that country but as the land of deluſion, accounting their own country the region of promiſe, and themſelves the elect of God.

One would think that theſe were the poſterity of the ten tribes that were carried away captives by Salmanaſſar King of Aſſyria; and this was alſo the opinion of that wanderer, who told me that both their Pentateuch was different from yours, and the language wherein it is written; for he ſaid it was rather a dialect of Arabic, in which language thou knoweſt God wrote the ten commandments on the two tables, among which one is, "Thou ſhalt not kill." This prohibition, they ſay, extends to all living creatures, though your doctors inter-

pret it as only reaching to men, and ſo do the Chriſtians. But the muſſulmans interpret it thus, "Thou ſhalt neither kill man nor beaſt without reaſon;" by which clauſe the beaſts are privileged from the wanton cruelty of men, who otherwiſe would murder them only to make ſport; yet wicked men are not exempted from a violent death, as a puniſhment of their crimes.

This traveller ſays alſo that the people of that country are ſo healthy that they generally live till they are an hundred-and-twenty years old, which is almoſt twice the age of other mortals. This he aſcribes to their exquiſite temperance and moderation in all things, as alſo to the dryneſs of the ſoil, and to the force of certain winds, which continually ſweep the air of this delectable region, and purge it of all hurtful qualities.

If it ever be thy fortune to ſee this perſon, he will acquaint thee with a great many more delightful paſſages, which it would be too tedious for me to inſert in a letter; beſides, my memory is treacherous, and I often forget thoſe things at one time which I remember at another; but if thou art ſolicitous to hear more, I will oblige thee with all that I can call to mind of this traveller in another letter.

In the mean time, make a right uſe of theſe hints, and weigh one thing with another; examine all things without prejudice or partiality; truſt no man's reaſon but thy own, in matters of a diſputable nature, ſince thou haſt as much right to decide the controverſy as any man; and thus thou wilt never become a bankrupt in religion.

Paris, 4th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year 1666.

V.—*To* MOHAMMED, HADGI, DERVICH, *Eremit of Mount Uriel in Arabia the Happy.*

As I think, this is the laſt of my hours in this world, and the firſt of a new life which I ſhall commence in immortality: I perceive that the fatal period, the moment of tranſmigration ſet by deſtiny is approaching: The craſis of my blood is diſſolving apace; my ſpirit haſtens to get looſe from theſe mortal chains; I feel my ſoul trying and ſtretching her wings, preparing to take her eternal flight to the region aſſigned her by God and nature.

I have not preſumption enough to hope for paradiſe, nor am I ſo abandoned to deſpair as to conclude I ſhall go to hell; I rather believe Aaraf, or the place of priſons, will be my portion, in regard I fear the evils which I have been guilty of are not overbalanced by my good actions; it is well if virtue has counterpoiſed vice in the courſe of this mortal life. However, I am reſigned, and commit myſelf to the Indulgent Creator of all things, who will not fail to diſpoſe of me according to the order which he has eſtabliſhed in the univerſe.

Methinks, were I even in hell, I could not forbear praiſing that Fountain of all things; I would teach the devils and damned a new leſſon of patience and contentedneſs, of humility and devotion, of generoſity and love, amidſt their tremendous torments; I would ſurvey, with an indifference becoming a true believer, the horrid abyſs, with all its dreadful vaults and apartments; I would conſider the wonderful architecture of thoſe infernal priſons, the inexpugnable ſtrength of the walls, their prodigious thickneſs and unmoveable faſtneſs; I would contemplate every thing with the reaſon of a philoſopher, and the pi-

ety of a muſſulman, not giving myſelf up to the paſſions of a fool and an infidel.

All this I imagine were eaſy to perform in thoſe fatal caverns, and much more; but God knows how the experience of ſuch an intolerable anguiſh and reſtraint might alter a man's mind.

However, I find it medicinal to think of the laſt and worſt things, to be always prepared for death, and whatſoever ſhall follow it; for ſurpriſes are apt to unman us, and plunder us of our reaſon. I was in the height of a violent fever when I began this letter, yet now it is abated, and I palpably feel the gentle return of health and life; this is owing, in my judgment, to the real belief I had, that my laſt hour was come, which I have ſo long expected; and I could almoſt perſuade myſelf, that I ſhall diſperſe a thouſand maladies, recover out of the moſt dangerous paroxyſms, and prolong my days to old age, by the mere force of theſe contemplations.

My faith in this point is grounded on experience; for I have often found, that to be armed againſt calamities, with an even mind, is either a ſure way to avoid them, or at leaſt to protract the ſeaſon of their arrival; and if there were nothing elſe in it, but the rendering them more eaſy when they come, it were worth any man's pains to try the experiment.

Doubtleſs there is no terror in death, but what the vain opinion of men creates; it is as pleaſant for a thinking man to die as to live, if it be only for this reaſon, that in his paſſage from the life he had led before, he ſhall not have bare naked ideas for his contemplation, but matter of fact, and the moſt important that ever employed the ſouls of men.

O admirable ſylvan! conſider with thyſelf, whether it will not be highly grateful to thy languiſhing ſoul,

when thou ſhalt perceive demonſtratively, by the infallible enthymemas of thy trembling pulſe, that thou art juſt ready to be releaſed from the deceitful ſophiſtry of human life! that thou art near eſcaping from a narrow cage, to be upon the wing at large, to fly into the ample fields of beauty, light, and endleſs happineſs! Reflect alſo at the ſame time, O holy eremit, that I ſhould think it no pain to be freed from my confinement to a ſtinking neſt of infidels.

But why ſhould I give them that reproachful epithet, when, for aught I know, I am a greater infidel myſelf? It is true, indeed, I am of the lineage of Ibrahim, Iſmael, and the holy race; I bear in my body the ſeals of a divine league or covenant between God and man; I was circumciſed in due time, and gave ſupreme glory to one God, and honour to Mahomet his meſſenger; I pronounced the ſeven myſterious words, whoſe ſound excites the harmony of the ſpheres, ſets the angels a-dancing, puts all nature into motions, and makes the devil as deaf as a beetle; nay, as our holy doctors teach, the very breath with which that ſacred confeſſion is uttered, blows the aſhes of hell into the eyes of the damned, and ſtrikes them blind; in a word, I have faſted, prayed, given alms, and performed all the external duties of a true believer; yet I have reaſon to fear, that the beſt of my pious actions are not ſufficient to cancel my ſins; my practice runs counter to my faith; there ſeems to be a double ſpirit in me, one inclining me to good, and the other forcing me to evil; for whilſt I really in my heart believe the alcoran, and obey Mahomet our holy lawgiver, I am compelled to deny both, to profeſs the life and manners of a Nazarene, to counterfeit an infidel, and do a thouſand other ill things, to pleaſe the Grand Signior and his ſlaves. Thus I play faſt and

looſe with God Almighty, and turn religion into croſs-purpoſes; yet Heaven knows that I obteſt all the elements to witneſs, that I would fain be innocent, and live in unblemiſhed virtue; but the fatal neceſſities I lie under conſtrain me to a perpetual courſe of vice, which makes me ſometimes cry out in the agonies of my ſoul, "O God! I pray thee either to alter my circumſtances, and reform my nature, or make new laws more eaſy to be kept."

Venerable and patient ſolitary, bear with my importunate complaints, and remember, that though thou art as an angel for thy perfections, yet Mahmut is but a man, ſubject to a thouſand frailties. Pity him, and continue to afford him thy ſage counſel; reſt alſo aſſured, that amongſt all his infirmities he ſtill retains an inviolable affection and dutiful regard to the tenets of God's prophet.

Paris, 22d of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1666.

VI.—*To the* KAIMACHAM.

THOU mayeſt report it to the divan for a certainty, that Mirammud, the ſon of the xeriph at Sallee, is taken priſoner by the French. That bold youth has long roved the ſeas uncontrouled, has done many injuries to the Chriſtians, filled Sallee with ſlaves; now he himſelf is become a captive. Such is the fortune of war by ſea and land, to-day triumphant and victorious, to-morrow vanquiſhed and in chains.

Yet he loſt not his honour with his liberty, having bravely defended his veſſel, and ſtrewed the decks with ſlaughtered French, till overpowered with numbers he was compelled to yield. His enemies extol his courage,

and the greatneſs of his mind, which would not ſink under the preſſure of this misfortune; he ſeemed to have the command of himſelf (which is the moſt glorious victory), and ſuffered not his free-born ſoul to be led captive by his paſſions, but behaved himſelf with ſuch an even temper, as placed him above the pity of his enemies, and rather made him the ſubject of their emulation. He is brought to the court, where he is entertained as a gueſt, rather than as a priſoner, being invited to their banquets, maſks, plays, and other divertiſements; neither is he debarred the privilege of hunting, which might give him the faireſt opportunity to eſcape; but he is ignorant of the language of this country, and few of the French underſtand Moreſco, ſo that it is almoſt impoſſible for him to make a party, or conſult his flight, unleſs the king's interpreter ſhould aſſiſt him; beſides, the French have a higher opinion of his generoſity, than to apprehend ſuch an ungrateful return of the royal uſage he finds in this court.

As for Mahmut, he has not yet made himſelf known to this brave captive; but if the miniſters of the divan ſhall think it the intereſt or honour of the Sublime Porte to engage in this affair, I want but a commiſſion to ſet Mirammud ſafe aſhore in Afric.

I will not hazard any thing in an affair of this importance, without an order from my ſuperiors. When their pleaſure is once known, the execution ſhall be ſwift. I wait for thy commands, as for a decree of deſtiny, which cannot be repealed.

The God of our fathers, who multiplied the ſeed of Iſmael as the graſs of the field, and gave them the ſovereignty over many nations, grant, that the Sublime Porte, which is the nurſery of the faithful, may always

take ſuch meaſures as ſhall advance the intereſt of the muſſulman empire.

Paris, 14th of the 3d Moon, of the Year 1666.

VII.—*To* HAMEL MULADDIN, *Xeriph of Sallee.*

THY ſon is no longer a captive, but a conqueror; his firſt appearance before the ladies of this court was an equivalent to his ranſom; he is like to do thee greater ſervice by his chains than when he ranged the ſeas; his beauty may do more miſchief in France than all thy ſhips of war, ſince it has already created ſuch rivalſhips and factions among the fair ſex as engages the French gallants on many unhappy rencounters; and in a little time it will be difficult for the intereſted ſparks to meet and part with unſheathed ſwords. Libels and panegyrics divide the ſtudies of the wits; while one flatters, another lampoons the amorous females; and Mirammud, the illuſtrious ſlave, is all the talk. In a word, he finds royal uſage, having the liberty of the court; and all are pleaſed with his graceful deportment and undiſguiſed converſation; every one affects his company, and he has the fate of princes, never to be alone. His ſkill in riding and throwing the lance has inflamed the noble youth with martial emulations; they eſteem Mirammud the moſt accompliſhed perſon of this age.

Canſt thou now repine at thy ſon's glorious thraldom? a captivity that loads him with ſo many honours? that lays his conquerors at his feet, and ſubdues all hearts to his matchleſs perfections? His followers find friendſhip among the infidels for his ſake: It were to be wiſhed that equal humanity were ſhown to the Chriſtian ſlaves in Barbary. I tell thee thy ſon is ſo admired and loved,

that all thy treaſure will not redeem him. The French are generous, and ſcorn to ſell the brave for gold; they will ſooner give thee thy ſon again, expecting from his gratitude a recompence ſurpaſſing the value of money, that is, an inviolable obſerving the conditions of peace, which they ſay thou haſt ſo often broke. Thy ambaſſadors are expected here to conſummate a laſting friendſhip; when that is done, thou wilt quickly ſee thy ſon return, attended by a numerous train of French, who have vowed to follow his fortune through the world, ſo long as he draws not his ſcimetar againſt their king.

I have diſpatched an account of this adventure to the kaimacham, that ſo the Sublime Porte, which gives the law to all the kings on earth, may intereſt itſelf on thy behalf. The French ſeem to have a profound attach to the Ottoman empire; whether it proceeds not more from fear, and the principles of policy, than from any real love to the muſſulmans, I will not determine. They ſpeak reverendly of the Grand Signior, covet his friendſhip, and applaud the victorious enterpriſes of the true believers. Indeed they are naturally a martial people, and honour all men of brave ſpirits and daring reſolutions. They have this particular reaſon alſo to bear friendſhip to the invincible Oſmans, becauſe we are almoſt continually in wars with the Houſe of Auſtria, the old enemy of France. The Germans are wont to ſay, that the dragon's head and tail are in conjunction, when the Turks and French invade their empire at the ſame time. Theſe are numbered amongſt the conſtellations by aſtrologers, to which the Germans allude in this proverb, being ever jealous of ſome private treaty between the Sultan and the French court.

God, who is the wiſeſt of the wiſeſt, inſtruct thee to

adjuſt thy differences happily with this noble nation, that ſo thou mayeſt ſee thy ſon again in peace at Sallee.

Paris, 14th of the 3d Moon, of the Year 1666.

VIII.—*To* PESTELI HALI, *his Brother, Maſter of the Cuſtoms at Conſtantinople.*

UPON my word, thy letter came in a critical hour, to prevent, for aught I know, more miſchief than could have been repaired again all the days of my life. I have but juſt taken my eyes off from it, and ſet pen to paper, to expreſs my thanks to thee for the care thou takeſt of thy exiled brother; for the poſt goes this night, and I have appointed to meet Eliachim the Jew, with ſome Armenians, within theſe few minutes. It had been an unfortunate meeting for me, had not thy diſpatch come ſo opportunely to give me warning of our couſin Soly-man's perfidy; for theſe furred caps are his ſpies and confidents. The back blows of Tagot, Negidher, and the great devil, be upon him and them. What have I done to that ungrateful villain to merit ſuch ill offices from him? But upon thee be the mercies of God, the favours of his prophet, and the benedictions of all good men and angels; for thou art to me as one of the watchers above, more than a brother; thou art the tutelar genius of my life, my good demon in time of danger.

We had deſigned this evening for a private banquet of wine, which thou knoweſt dilates the hearts of mortals, unlocks ſecrets, and makes the moſt reſerved man in the world too talkative and open.

I keep as great a guard upon my tongue perhaps as another; but God knows how far I might have been tempted by ſuch good company, to let it looſe for the

ſake of diſcourſe; for theſe fellows are ſoft as the air in their addreſs and converſation; they appear as innocent as Santones, ſincere as Hadgis, loyal and courtly as the pages of the Seraglio; they would wheedle ninety-nine of Argus's eyes out of his head ſucceſſively before he miſſed one.

They came firſt to Paris as merchants, and no doubt but Solyman had given them inſtructions how to inſinuate into Eliachim's acquaintance, and ſo by degrees into mine; for that honeſt Jew trades with people of all nations and characters.

However it be, I remember the very words which thou inſerteſt in thy letter were ſpoken by me in company with theſe infidels; but I ſhall find a way to be even with them, and Solyman too, before they dream of it.

In the mean time, I pray heartily, that if ever it ſhall be thy misfortune to be in the like peril, deſtiny or chance, providence or fate, may raiſe ſome friend to give thee a caution, and that thou mayeſt not, with the unhappy Cæſar, neglect to read it in time.

I am now going to encounter theſe giafres; perhaps I ſhall catch them in their own ſnares; if not, I will ſecure they ſhall not catch me.

Dear Peſteli, may thy ſoul repoſe under the protection of God.

Paris, 1ſt of the 5th Moon, of the Year 1666.

IX.—*To* Dgnet Oglou.

To whom ſhould I complain in my adverſity but to my friend? I have been more embarraſſed within theſe two moons, than through all the former courſe of my life;

troubles of divers kinds throng in upon me; I ſeem like a but or mark, whereat every ſpecies of misfortune, like a ſkilful archer, directs the fatal arrows of its malice; I am near overwhelmed with calamities; heaven and earth are ſet againſt me, and all the elements conſpire my ruin; yet no perſecution appears ſo terrible as that of man, nor any affliction ſo poignant as that which proceeds from the ingratitude and perfidy of my own countrymen, perſons related to me by blood.

Age and much ſickneſs have confined me to my bed for a conſiderable time, which is no ſmall alloy to human happineſs; but to render me perfectly miſerable, the miniſters of the Porte are angry with me for being old and infirm, and for not continuing to ſerve the Grand Signior with the ſame vigour and ſtrength as formerly; elſe what mean the frequent reproaches they ſend me, whilſt I am not in a condition to anſwer them, or make an apology for myſelf? Would they have me immortal, and proof againſt the ſtrokes of deſtiny and death, which thou knoweſt are unavoidable? Whilſt I was in my prime, healthy and ſtrong as an eagle, they encouraged me with the faireſt promiſes in the world, telling me I ſhould never want for money, or the protection of the Grand Signior; yet even then I received not my penſion without murmurs and obſcure menaces; ſo hard a thing it is for courtiers to be touched with any man's neceſſities. But now they threaten plainly to ſtop all farther ſupplies, unleſs I will grow young again, and do buſineſs as briſkly as when I had numbered but thirty ſummers. Thus they ſerve poor Mahmut, as we uſe oranges and lemons, whoſe vital ſpirit when we have ſucked out, we throw the reſt away as unprofitable. Yet not one of them will contribute in the leaſt to my recovery; only the generous Cara Hali, our beloved friend, hearing of my ma-

lady, ſent me a ſtrange chemical liquor, with the celebrated confection El Razi, ſome bezoar, and the moſt precious balm of Gilead, all prepared to my hand, with directions, and ſealed with an authentic ſignet.

Theſe indeed had a marvellous operation on me. I tried them but yeſterday, and find myſelf ſuddenly reſtored to ſome degrees of health as by a miracle. Whether it be the vaſt eſteem I have for that excellent phyſician, with the confidence I repoſe in his ſkill and judgment, has had ſome influence on me, or what elſe, I know not; yet we uſed to obſerve, that the patient's good opinion of his phyſician is half a cure: However, thoſe ſovereign medicines have inſpired me with a new energy; and had I not other afflictions to break my heart, I could almoſt promiſe myſelf to reach the age of Neſtor; but my unfortunate ſtars will have it otherwiſe, and I am reſigned to deſtiny.

Thou knoweſt my couſin Solyman, the turban-maker, and art no ſtranger to his humours and fortune; what an unſettled man he has been in the whole courſe of his life; that no employment could ever pleaſe him, nor he be long fixed in any place; how he has rambled from Conſtantinople to Scutari, from thence to Chalcedon, &c. always murmuring againſt Heaven, and complaining of his hard fate, in that he was not bred a courtier, a ſtudent, a ſoldier, or any thing but what he really is. Thou art acquainted alſo with ſome of his religious caprices, how he is addicted to doing the book, making the triple knot, and to a thouſand other fooliſh ſuperſtitions; by which, whilſt he aſpires at the character of a ſage, or a cunning man, he renders himſelf more contemptible than an idiot, forfeiting the eſteem of all wiſe and good men, for the ſake of a little fame, and noiſy character among the empty, giddy multitude.

But after all, I believe thou art wholly a ſtranger to his ſecret malice, and the rancour with which he perſecuted me, his poor exiled uncle. I myſelf was deceived by the ſubtle apology he made ſome years ago, for the ſlander his tongue had uttered, when he transferred all the guilt of that injury on Shaſhim Iſtham, the black eunuch, and Ichingi Cap-Oglani, maſter of the pages; but now I am convinced he is a traitor, a villain, and a fellow void of faith and honeſty.

I received a letter from him within theſe ſeven days, full of tender and inſinuating expreſſions, thanking me for all the good offices I had done him, and for my ſeaſonable counſel in ſeveral caſes; profeſſing alſo at the ſame time an inviolable friendſhip, and that he would make it his ſtudy to do me ſome effectual ſervice; yet the next poſt brought me a diſpatch from my brother Peſteli Hali, wherein he bids me beware of Solyman, aſſuring me that he had good reaſon to ſuſpect that couſin of mine had ſome ill deſign upon me. This is certain, ſays my brother, Solyman boaſts of his familiars, not without ſome inſult, that there is not a word or action eſcapes his uncle Mahmut at Paris, but he is ſoon informed of it at Conſtantinople; and that which confirms me in the ſame jealouſy with Peſteli is, that he inſerts in his letter to me ſome paſſages and diſcourſes verbatim, which I muſt needs own to have been between me and Eliachim the Jew, with two or three Armenian merchants, in our moſt private meetings at Eliachim's houſe or my chamber. Theſe he learned from ſome of Solyman's moſt intimate companions.

What can I make of all this, but that theſe Armenians are of Solyman's council, his privados, his chronees, &c. whom, having buſineſs of their own at Paris, that perfidious wretch has engaged to pry into my ſecrets,

to give him a conſtant account of what diſcoveries they make, and, if poſſible, to trepan me into ſome irrecoverable error in my conduct, that ſo he may finally ruin me?

O Mahomet! what is become of the reverence due to thy ſacred name, to thy law, and to the book penned in Heaven? where is the muſſulman faith and integrity? the religious faſtneſs of friendſhip, with which our fathers propped up one another in the ſervice of God, and the empire of true believers? But there is no need of exclaiming againſt faith and piety on this account; human nature itſelf is reſponſible for the baſeneſs and ingratitude of my kinſman; he no longer deſerves the character of a man; I adviſe thee to ſhun his company as a peſt, a walking contagion among mortals.

In a word, dear Dgnet, let not thou and I ſuffer ourſelves to be carried away by a vain pity or tenderneſs for any man, though he be the ſon of a mother's ſiſter, ſince there is no truſt in fleſh and blood; but let us learn the maxims of French wiſdom, which teach men to lay the foundation of their own happineſs in ſmiling at the misfortunes of others.

Paris, 14th of the 6th Moon, of the Year 1666.

X.—*To* Hamet, *Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman empire.*

Beſides the general characters of countries, and the people inhabiting there, it is neceſſary for thee to be informed of particular emergencies, and ſuch events as deſerve a place in the eternal records of the Ottoman monarchy, the fifth and laſt in the world, that ſo the miniſters of the auguſt divan, the deſtined arbitrators of the

univerſe, judges of all human affairs, and counſellors of the great Sultan, may in the ſacred code, as in a mirror, behold whatever happens in the diſtant climates worthy of remark.

After the ſalutations, therefore, proceeding from profound humility, entire reſpect, and perfect friendſhip, know, that a devouring peſtilence has lately made a fatal decimation in the Engliſh territories, eſpecially in London, the capital city of that iſland, where above an hundred thouſand ſouls, ſtruck with inviſible darts from God, went off the ſtage of human life in leſs than ſix moons revolution.

The dire contagion by degrees ſpread farther through the adjacent provinces, and reached the moſt remote and ſolitary corners of the land; death ſet his ſtandard up, proclaiming open war againſt the inhabitants; with flying troops of mortal plagues he ravaged over the iſle, filling all parts with doleful cries and lamentations; the cemeteries were not large enough to hold the carcaſes of ſuch as fell before the dreadful conqueror; but open fields were turned to ſepulchres, and crammed with ſpoils of human race; an univerſal deſolation reigned; death celebra ed cruel triumphs every where.

Such as pretend to aſtrology and hidden ſciences, will have this to be an effect of the late comet which appeared at the end of the year 1664, whilſt others attribute it to nearer natural cauſes; and ſome conclude it is a judgment ſent from Heaven on that rebellious people, who a few years before had involved the nation in a civil war, and barbarouſly maſſacred their king. God only knows the truth that is concealed from man.

Thou mayeſt regiſter alſo, that the Queen-mother of France is newly dead, and the crook-backed Prince of Conti; on which account this court is now in mourning,

and the churches hung with black, whilſt melancholy bells perpetually invite the living to pray for the deceaſed royal ſouls, and deep-baſſed organ-pipes breathe out inceſſant doleful aſpirations, ſounding like inarticulate prayers, and funeral ſighs for the departed. In this the Nazarenes approach near to the faith of true believers; they give alms alſo, as we do, and ſettle ſtipends on certain prieſts and derviſes, to mumble over daily maſſes for the dead, which is an evident ſign that they have hopes of immortality, and look for the reſurrection. Doubtleſs there is ſomething good at the bottom of all religions, though it be overlaid with errors and corruptions.

God direct us through the meanders which human frailty involves us in, and grant every muſſulman a particular chart and compaſs, whereby to ſteer his courſe through the uncertain tracks of mortal life, that he may at laſt arrive in paradiſe; for we ſhall never find the way thither by general rules.

Illuſtrious Hamet, I pray that thou and I may at a deſtined hour encounter one another in the walks of Eden, there to converſe under immortal ſhades, near to ſome warbling ſtream of matchleſs wine or water, to revolve our paſt fatigues on earth, and to careſs ourſelves in the ſecurity of endleſs bliſs.

Paris, 15th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1666.

XI.—*To* Nathan Ben Saddi, *a Jew at Vienna.*

Thou and thy feigned Meſſias be damned together for company! Muſt I be baulked of my money for the ſake of your new ſuperſtition? How many Meſſiaſes have ye had, five-and-twenty at leaſt, beſides the ſon of Mary,

who is acknowledged and bleſſed for ever? Muſt all the world be bubbled to eternity by the fables of your nation? Curſe upon your rabbis and cochams, thoſe pimps to the more religious debaucheries of mortals. Nathan, I took thee for another manner of man; however, if thou art a ſworn ſervant to Sabbati Sevi, the new ſham king of the Jews, I have nothing to ſay to it; do as thou wilt; but I dare be a prophet, ſo far as to tell thee thou wilt be curſedly left in the lurch, with the reſt of the fools, thy bigotted brethren. Let what will be, it behoves thee as an honeſt man to tranſmit the bills that are entruſted to thee. Whether Sabbati Sevi, Ben Joſeph, or Ben David, be the name of your expected Meſſias, I would not have Ben Saddi degenerate. Continue thou faithful, and the few others that are entruſted with the ſublime affairs, and let all the reſt of the common Jews go to Gehenna, or to the Vale of Tophet, which you pleaſe; but I would fain have thee in the number of the righteous who ſhall poſſeſs paradiſe. Some of thy letters have encouraged me to hope for this, but thy laſt makes me almoſt deſpair of ſeeing thee happy either in this world or the next; for thou writeſt like one in a phrenzy, raving on chimeras of ſtrange honour, glory, and power, which thou ſhalt ſhortly enjoy in the kingdom of thy fantaſtic Meſſias; thou art already a prince in thy own conceit.

For God's ſake, Nathan, wean thyſelf from theſe religious fondneſſes; awaken thy reaſon, which is the diſtinguiſhing character of a man; examine the grounds of this new deluſion; ſearch into the birth and origin of Sabbati Sevi, and thou wilt find him to deſcend of an obſcure and baſe parentage, his father being but a kind of mongrel Jew, and by profeſſion an uſurer, which is forbid by the written law of Moſes, and in the great Al-

coran it is accounted execrable; his mother, a woman of the Curds, ſuſpected for a witch, in regard moſt of that infidel nation practiſe magic arts, and diabolical charms; and it is not altogether improbable that your counterfeit Meſſias was educated privately by her in the ſame ſtudies, whence he learned the methods of enchantments and illuſions, to deceive the ſenſes, and impoſe on the reaſon of mankind.

I can tell thee of a truth, that there are more eyes on him and his actions than he is aware of; and I myſelf, at this diſtance, have received a particular relation of his life, from ſuch as knew him a youth at Smyrna, the place of his nativity: He is accuſed of many vices and extravagancies during his early years; his converſation was wild and diſſolute, being a noted inamorato or ſtallion over all that city; for which, and ſome other crimes, he was expelled the ſynagogue, and baniſhed from Smyrna, by the mutual conſent of the muſſulman cadi and your own rulers; he was alſo excommunicated by the rabbis as an heretic, for broaching certain doctrines repugnant to your law, and the general faith of the Jews; all which cannot but be prevailing recommendations of him to the office of Meſſias, or king of Iſrael.

From thence he rambled up and down the Morea, and other provinces of Greece, leaving a memorial of infamy wherever he ſet his foot, continually marrying and divorcing of wives, debauching of virgins, and frequenting the company of harlots, till thoſe countries grew weary of him, and threatened to chaſtiſe his wickedneſs. Then he paſſed over into Syria and Paleſtine, beginning to ſet up for a reformer of your law, and at Jeruſalem openly profeſſing himſelf to be the Meſſias, whereby he drew a rabble of lunatics and frantic people after him; but as for

the seniors and governors, they have rejected him as an impostor.

Consider, Nathan, the fate that befel Ben Cochab, as he called himself, that is the Son of a Star, who pretended to be the Messias, in the days of Adrian, Emperor of the Romans; reflect on the calamities which overwhelmed him and his followers, to the number of four hundred thousand Jews, who all fell, with their false prophet, sacrifices to the just revenge and fury of that incensed monarch; for they had impudently boasted, that by such a prefixed time he should be taken captive, and deposed from his throne by the Messias, who should assume the imperial dignity, and all the world should obey him; but when those who survived the slaughter of their brethren reflected on the author of so tragical a catastrophe, they changed his name in contempt and hatred, calling him no longer Ben Cochab, the Son of a Star, but Bar Cuziba, the Son of a Lie, a false prophet, and seducer of the brethren.

Thou hast all the reason in the world to have no better opinion of Sabbati Sevi, since he is rejected by the wiser sort of Jews, and has not performed one miracle in confirmation of his pretended Messias-ship; neither has any uncommon or preternatural appearance happened before or since he assumed this dignity; whereas all your rabbis teach, that no less than ten eminent and remarkable prodigies shall precede the coming of your Messias; and I remember thou thyself, about ten years ago, sentest me a letter much to the same effect, telling me that certain monstrous sorts of men should come from the ends of the earth, whose eyes shall be as venomous as basilisks; with a great many other stories of like nature.

Hast thou forgot this, Nathan, or art thou so far infatuated with the bold impostures of this impudent deceiv-

er, as for his ſake to deny thy former faith, reverſe thy own ſentiments, and diſannul the traditions of thy doctors? For ſhame! rouſe up thy intellectual faculties, and ſuffer not thy reaſon to be lulled aſleep by the preſtigious umbrages and charms of a lewd vagrant, a wizard, a cheat.

Have but patience, at leaſt, till thou ſee thoſe ſigns accompliſhed which are to uſher in your Meſſias, before thou give up thyſelf to ſo dangerous a credulity; let the ſun firſt emit thoſe peſtilential vapours, which ſhall kill a million of the Kophrim, or infidels, every day, as your traditions threaten; let that luminary be alſo totally eclipſed for the ſpace of thirty days; in a word, let all the other prodigies come to paſs which thou thyſelf didſt once ſo paſſionately believe; and then I promiſe thee, on the word of a muſſulman, that I will be thy proſelyte, and embrace thy law, and adore thy Meſſias, on condition that otherwiſe thou wilt be my convert, believe the alcoran, and obey the meſſenger of God, the laſt and ſeal of the prophets.

Pari, 11th of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1666.

XII.—*To the* Kaimacham.

I am afraid the divan will be obliged to ſend another agent to Vienna, to ſupply the place of Nathan Ben Saddi, who is running mad after the new Meſſias of the Jews. There is no doubt but thou and the other happy miniſters reſiding at the auguſt Porte have heard of a certain impoſtor at Smyrna, by name Sabbati Sevi, of Hebrew race, who calls himſelf The only begotten Son of God, Meſſias, and Redeemer of Iſrael, and what multitudes of doating, credulous Jews he draws after him; ſo

that there is a ſchiſm broke out between them, and they are divided into two contrary factions both in Smyrna and all over the Levant. It is impoſſible that theſe things ſhould be concealed from the reſplendent ſeat of fame, ſince they have reached even our ears who dwell at this diſtance; nay, there is hardly a province or city in all the Weſt which has not received intelligence of ſo remarkable a novelty.

I have received a diſpatch from Zeidi Alamanzi at Venice, wherein he informs me that all the Jews of Italy are preparing to viſit the Holy Land, and to ſee the face of their long-expected Meſſias, who they now believe is really come on earth, and is that Sabbati Sevi at Smyrna; they are ſettling their affairs as faſt as they can, acquitting themſelves from all worldly engagements; and thoſe who are devout give themſelves up to prayer and mortifications, whilſt others ſpend their time in feaſting, dancing, and all manner of mirth. He ſays ſome of them will ſit or ſtand up to the noſe in water for four-and-twenty hours together; and this they do in imitation of Adam's penance, according to their tradition; for they are taught that the firſt father of mortals, after he was baniſhed from paradiſe, as a puniſhment for his ſin, ſtood an hundred and thirty years together in water thus reaching to his noſtrils.

Others of theſe ſuperſtitious people will ſit naked many hours together on a heap of piſmires, till they are almoſt ſtung to death; a third ſort dig their own graves, and going down into them, cauſe themſelves to be covered all over with earth, except only their faces; and in this condition they will lie till they are almoſt famiſhed.

In the mean while, they ſend circular letters from all parts, congratulating each other's approaching happineſs and deliverance from the oppreſſion of the Gentiles; for

ſo they term all that are not of their own nation; and in theſe mutual addreſſes they fail not to propheſy, that their Meſſias ſhall, in ſuch a moon, go to the great tyrant, king of the Iſmaelites, and lord of all the children of Moab and Edom, (ſo they blaſpheme our glorious Sultan); that he ſhall depoſe him from his throne, and lead him away captive; after which he ſhall have the dominions of the whole earth laid at his feet.

With ſuch kind of wild ſtuff do theſe deluded people flatter one another and themſelves, as if in a little time they were to be lords of all things; ſo that no trading or commerce goes forward among them; an univerſal ſtop is put to all buſineſs, it being eſteemed an inexpiable ſin to follow their trades in the days of the Meſſias, who is to enrich them with the wealth of all nations.

Strange rumours are ſpread abroad of the return of the ten tribes over the river Sabbation, who were carried away captives by Salmanaſſar King of Aſſyria, and never were heard of ſince, till they now diſcourſe of their being encamped in the deſart of Mount Sinai, in their march to the Holy Land. It is reported alſo, that a mighty fleet of ſhips were ſeen at ſea, whoſe ſails were of ſattin, and their ſtreamers bore the figure of a lion, with this inſcription, "The Lion of the tribe of Judah."

The Chriſtians ſeem aſtoniſhed at theſe things, yet ſome look on them only as dreams. As for honeſt Eliachim here, he is no more moved at theſe things than I; only he laughs at the folly of the credulous world, and curſes the Jews for bringing ſuch contempt on themſelves and their poſterity. But Nathan is like one hag-ridden, or defiled by the lamiæ of the night; he has loſt all reaſon, and it will be no leſs than a miracle that muſt reſtore it again.

Sage miniſter, whilſt theſe execrable people thus loſe

themſelves for the ſake of their counterfeit Meſſias, let us continue to honour the true one, even Jeſus the ſon of Mary, who is now in paradiſe, and our holy prophet with him.

Paris, 21ſt of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1666.

XIII.—*To* MURAT, *Baſſa.*

THIS has been a conſiderable year of actions and events. At the beginning of it I ſent to the Porte an account of the death of the Queen-mother of France, and of the Prince of Conti; now I will farther inform thee of a war that is broke out between this crown and that of England. The occaſion of it was this: The Engliſh and the Hollanders trafficing in America, had had ſome miſunderſtandings and feuds about the limits of their ſeveral conqueſts in thoſe remote parts of the world; the Hollanders being the ſtrongeſt, did many injuries to their neighbours the Engliſh, and domineered over them as their lords; the Engliſh reſenting this very heinouſly, and grown weary of their oppreſſions, ſent complaints to their king; he, to redreſs his ſubjects, ordered his reſident at the Hague to demand ſatisfaction of the States; they refuſed to do him that juſtice; upon which he was reſolved to have recourſe to his arms, and accordingly proclaimed war againſt Holland, making all neceſſary preparations to carry it on. The fame did his adverſaries. The French king, in the mean time, was obliged by a treaty with the Hollanders, concluded in the year 1662, to eſpouſe their quarrels; yet, that he might not break with England raſhly, he firſt ſent an ambaſſador to that court to mediate a peace; but that proving ineffectual, he proclaimed war againſt that nation, and commanded

the Engliſh ambaſſador to depart his kingdom. The Duke of Beaufort, who is admiral at ſea, was ordered to equip a gallant fleet, and join the Dutch navy, which he performed with all imaginable diligence and expedition. There have been two combats between thoſe enemies at ſea, and in both the Dutch had the worſt of it; neither did the French eſcape without ſome loſs, having two of their greateſt ſhips ſeverely ſhattered, and a third taken by the Engliſh.

The plague ſtill rages in England, and has almoſt depopulated whole provinces; whilſt a milder death has robbed France of one of her greateſt heroes: The Count d'Harcourt, of whom I have often made mention, is gone to celebrate the triumphs due to his valour and fortune in another world.

The Emperor of Germany has at laſt married the Infanta of Spain, after abundance of demurs and heſitations about that buſineſs. Theſe Nazarenes can do nothing with expedition. The ſpiritual courts, as they call them, have more tricks and cramp words to amuſe people with, than an Indian mountebank or juggler. Neither are ſovereign princes more exempt from their juriſdiction than the meaneſt of their ſubjects: Eſpecially, the court of Rome can make or annul marriages at pleaſure; and they are ſure to be excommunicated who refuſe to ſubmit to their orders. This holy court can alſo bind or releaſe ſins, open or ſhut the gates of paradiſe, make a devil a ſaint, or a ſaint a devil; in a word, they can do every thing if there be gold in the caſe; but if that be wanting, they can do nothing but ſhrug their ſhoulders.

Thou mayeſt alſo inform the divan, that the French king has given permiſſion to ſome of his ſubjects to undertake a conqueſt in America, and eſtabliſh a commerce in that part of the world. Many veſſels are equipped in

order to this expedition, and they that are concerned in the voyage are as merry as Jaſon and his Argonauts, when they were preparing to fetch the golden fleece from Colchos. That weſtern continent affords immenſe riches, and tempts all the nations in Europe to make an experiment of their fortune in gaining one part of it or other. It were to be wiſhed it lay nearer to the Ottoman empire. No record can diſcover the origin of the inhabitants; yet moſt authors conjecture that they paſſed over from the north-eaſt parts of Aſia, where the Straits of Anian are very narrow, and would invite ſea-faring men to ſeek new adventures. Beſides, by their being cannibals, it appears very probable, that either they deſcended from the Tartars, or the Tartars from them. God alone knows how to adjuſt the differences, and reveal the ſecrets of hiſtory.

Brave baſſa, it is no matter from what ſtock we are deſcended, ſo long as we have virtue, for that alone is the only true nobility. God regale thee with his favours.

Paris, 30th of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1666.

XIV.—*To* PESTELI HALI, *his Brother, Maſter of the Cuſtoms, and Superintendant of the Arſenal at Conſtantinople.*

WHEN I hear of thy proſperity, my heart is dilated, like his who has found hidden wealth; yet I am ſorry for the diſgrace of the good old man thy predeceſſor: But we muſt not cenſure the conduct of our ſuperiors; the juſtice of their actions is not to be called in queſtion; the ſultan cannot err. This is an eſtabliſhed maxim in all monarchies, eſpecially in that of the renowned Oſmans.

As for what relates to thee in this new advance thou haſt made, thy own experience, acquired by many years travel and obſervation in foreign countries, added to the knowledge thou haſt in the laws, diſcipline, and cuſtoms of thy own, will be a ſufficient guide to conduct thee in the management of thy buſineſs: Yet deſpiſe not the counſel of others. A man is never nearer to ruin than when he truſts too much to his own wiſdom; therefore the greateſt emperors undertake nothing of moment raſhly, or without advice. Temerity often blaſts the faireſt deſigns.

It will be of particular import to thee to hear of a tragical event that has lately happened to Rezan, a great city in Ruſſia, by the blowing up of the magazine. This gun-powder does more miſchief than good in the world. The ancients fought as ſucceſsfully with bows and arrows, ſwords and ſpears, and other inſtruments of war, without running the hazard of blowing up whole cities into the air in time of peace; and they could undermine the ſtrongeſt caſtles, even thoſe ſituated on rocks, without the help of this infernal duſt. Nature taught them to be induſtrious in defeating their enemies, and they ſpared no labour to gain the victory. Our forefathers were hardy and ſtrong, patient of toils and fatigues; they cut their ways into mountains of ſtone, if any place of ſtrength were built on it which they had occaſion to beſiege; and as they hewed away that part of the rock which ſupported the walls, they underpropped the foundation with wooden pillars, and when they had finiſhed their mine, they ſet fire to certain combuſtible matter, which conſuming theſe ſupports, the walls and gates that reſted on them ſunk down, and left the fortreſs naked and open to the beſiegers.

It had been well for the inhabitants of Rezan if their

city had been only thus gently diſmantled by ſome enemy againſt whom they might have afterwards employed their courage, to defend themſelves, or make compoſition; but, poor unfortunate people, they have felt a ruder ſhock, an unmerciful blow of fate, in their city being in a minute's time, without the leaſt warning, ſtormed, plundered, and laid in heaps, by an enemy which gives no quarter.

This accident happened on the 15th of the laſt moon, about the hour of Ulanamiſi. There were five hundred barrels of powder in the magazine; and the force of the blow was ſo violent, that, beſides the deſtruction of that city, or at leaſt the beſt part of it, all the neighbouring villages round about it felt its fatal effects, ſome of their houſes ſhaking as in an earthquake, others falling to pieces.

Aſſuredly Heaven is angry with theſe infidels, and turns the very inſtruments of their defence and ſafety into ſcourges for their chaſtiſement. I formerly ſent Saleh the ſuperintendant an account of the like misfortune that befel the city of Gravelines in Flanders, and of other terrible effects of the wrath of Heaven in the Low Countries. One diſaſter follows cloſe on the back of another; yet the infidels are inſenſible and ſtupid, as they were in the days of Noah, when the flood came and ſurpriſed all the inhabitants of the country. That prophet gave them warning of the approaching danger; he was three whole years in cutting down Indian plane-trees, and preparing planks, beams, pins, and other neceſſaries, and ſeven years more in building that wonderful ſhip: The infidels went by daily, and ſaw him at work; but they derided the patient apoſtle, and taught their children to mock him, ſaying, "Where is the water this ſhip is to ſail in?" After the ark was finiſhed, it lay on the ground

ſeven moons, till they had thrice ſacrificed ſome of Noah's followers to their idols.

It was perfected in the moon of Rajeb, and in the moon of Saphar was the decree of the chaſtiſement ſigned, which was to be executed on all of mortal race, ſave Noah, and the fourſcore that were with him, with the two pairs of every ſpecies, which the four winds, by God's appointment, collected together and drove into the ark, and the body of Adam, which was enſhrined and brought to Noah by angels out of the region of Mecca. There was alſo Philemon, the good prieſt of Egypt, with his whole family.

Juſt as the determined day and hour of the flood was come, the prince of the country, ſtimulated by his evil deſtiny, mounted his horſe, with ſome of his retinue, and having ſacrificed to their idols, rode toward the place where Noah and his company were ſhut up in the ark, with a deſign to burn it to aſhes. He called out aloud to the prophet with ſcoffs, ſaying, "O Noah, where is the water in which this ſhip is to ſail?" "It will be with you incontinently (replied the holy man), before you can remove your ſtation." "Come down, thou dotard (ſaid the proud infidel), otherwiſe I will burn thee and thy companions with fire." "O miſerable man! (ſaid Noah) turn to God, for his judgments are ready to burſt forth on you."

The prince incenſed at this, commanded his ſlaves to put fire to the ark: But while he was yet ſpeaking, he manifeſtly ſaw the water guſhing out on all hands round about him, and under his feet. Then his heart was troubled, and full of anguiſh and fear; he haſted to ſecure himſelf, with his family and goods, in the caſtles which he had built on the higheſt mountains; but, alas! the earth opened, and broke like a ſpider's web, ſo violent

was the force of the waters which boiled up every where. The clouds poured down vaſt cataracts of rain, mixed with dreadful and unſupportable thunder and lightning; the miſerable infidels thronged upon one another, curſing and blaſpheming their gods, who had deluded them; great was the confuſion and cry every where, for ſuch a calamity had never been known ſince the moon gave her light. If any were ſo nimble as to reach the foot of a mountain, yet he could not aſcend by reaſon of ſtones which fell on his head, and torrents of boiling water that ran down upon him, as if it had come out of a cauldron; and ſuppoſe he had reached the top, it had been but a ſhort delay of his fate, for, in a word, the waters ſwelled forty cubits above the higheſt mountains, and all the living generations periſhed.

Son of my mother, when thou readeſt this memoir, (for it is a fragment of an ancient Arabic writing) think on the day of judgment, which ſhall ſurpriſe the world even as the deluge did. At that hour the greateſt part of men will not dream of any ſuch thing, till they ſee flames and rivers of fire burſting forth from the ſprings and fountains, which before yielded water, and ſhowers of fire deſcending from heaven, inſtead of rain; for the elements will change their courſes to accompliſh the decrees of him who made them, and to conſummate the revenge of the Omnipotent againſt unbelievers.

Paris, 2d of the 11th Moon, of the Year 1666.

XV.—*To* Useph, *Baſſa.*

Surely the gods of the Engliſh are angry with that people, and the guardian ſpirits of the iſle have forſook their charge. I ſent a diſpatch at the beginning of this

year to Murat, baſſa, wherein I informed him of a deſtructive plague raging at London and in other parts of the nation. That peſtilence continues ſtill, but under different forms, to aſſault the living, and augment the number of the dead.

God only knows the origin of theſe epidemical contagions, whether they derive their pedigree from heaven or hell, from the earth, or any other element. Perhaps ſome latent poiſons in the air mix with the breath of mortals, and by their ſubtle energy ſoon diſſipate the vital flame of human bodies, like the infectious blaſts of the wind El-Samiel in Arabia, which in a moment's time commits a rape upon the lives of travellers, ſcorching their ſpirits up, and leaving on the ſands a black ſtiff carcaſe of jellied fleſh, as though they had been thunderſtruck: Or perhaps ſome venomous exhalations from the minerals below tranſpire through chinks and crannies in the earth, to plunder mortals of their breath, like to the fatal vapours in the cave of death, not far from Virgil's grotto in Italy: Or who can tell but that ſome hidden meteors above, or ſome malignant ſtars, may ſend down whole battalions of empoiſoned atoms to invade this region of mortality, and in death's name, king of the world inviſible, to claim and carry away a certain number of ghoſts pricked down by deſtiny, a tribute ſet by fate? However it be, that whole iſland may well be called at this time the grand infirmary of Europe, where baneful ſickneſs makes its public reſidence. The timorous giafres run from place to place, thinking to eſcape from Heaven's all-ſearching purſuivants; they flee from populous towns to villages, and from theſe again to unfrequented deſarts, woods, and heaths, carrying their wives and children with them, and all the ſubſtance of their houſes; the roads are covered with the caravans of

doubtful paſſengers, who dread to think of going back to the contagious ſeats they left behind, yet know not where to be received anew; ſo general is the conſternation, ſo ſtrong the fear of thoſe who yet ſurvive, leſt they ſhould alſo catch the infection and die.

Beſides this, they have felt the ſtrokes of another ſurpriſing calamity, London, the capital city of England, being newly conſumed by fire. It is not certain whether deſign or chance firſt kindled the devouring element; but it fell out at an unlucky ſeaſon, when the wind was high, and from its eaſtern quarter blew the flames full weſt, which ſpreading north and ſouth, demoliſhed all before them, laying the greateſt part of that rich and famous city in aſhes.

Some aſcribe this to a plot of the French; others term it a judgment of God for their rebellion, pride, and other crying ſins; whilſt, with equal probability, a third ſort affirm it was contrived and put in execution by a cabal of carpenters and maſons, who wanting employment, and projecting the method of enriching themſelves, diſdaining alſo the inartificial and obſolete form of buildings, reſolved to put this city into a new figure, and raiſe it according to the models of foreign architecture. Every one gueſſes as his affections incline him, or his conjectures follow the bias of his intereſt. Men are always partial to themſelves and the cauſe they have eſpouſed. God only knows the truth.

The ſuperſtitious among the Roman catholics take occaſion, from the timing of this horrible conflagration, to inſult over the Engliſh proteſtants, who, from ſome obſcure paſſages in the book of their goſpel, uſed to foretel, in a prophetic manner, that the final ruin and cataſtrophe of Rome would happen in this year 1666, whereas, by

fatal experience, more ſure than vain predictions, they find the metropolis of their own nation reduced to aſhes.

Whoever are the inſtruments in theſe tragedies, it is certain the deſigns of fate are ſtill performed. Every kingdom, ſtate, and community, has its critical periods and climacters, wherein it ſuffers detriment *.—— ——

Paris, 2d of the 11th Moon, of the Year 1666.

XVI.—*To* Cara Hali, *Phyſician to the Grand Signior.*

I am melancholy beyond the deſcription of painters, poets, or the lively eloquence of Cicero. Methinks I am ſome exotic being, a perfect foreigner on earth, a ſtranger to its laws and maxims. I appear to other mortals like a giafre, or Frank, in his weſtern dreſs at Morocco, Babylon, or Conſtantinople; I mean not for my outward habit (for in that I am conformable enough to the mode of the religion where I reſide), but I am all unfaſhionable within, ridiculous in my ſentiments and converſation. When others laugh, I ſigh, and find a reaſon to be ſad in the midſt of merry company. Even wine itſelf, that exhilarates all the world beſide, does but increaſe my melancholy, by adding ſtrength unto my labouring thoughts. It ſublimates my ſpirits up to ſacred phrenzies; I am all lunatic at ſuch a time; each glaſs creates new dreams, more wild than the ſtrange flights and raptures of a Santone. My heated ſpleen, like Mount Gibel, belche forth horrid clouds of ſmoke and vapours, which lay long ſmothering in its ſpongy caverns; theſe quickly ſpread,

* This blank the Italian preface mentions, and ſays it is owing to the loſs of ſome part of the Arabic letter, ſuppoſed to be torn off by chance, or on ſome other occaſion.

and cover all the horizon of my ſoul, rendering it dark and gloomy as the Cimmerian ſolitudes, or the more diſmal valleys bordering on the river Styx, where ſurly Charon waits to ferry over the caravans of trembling ghoſts, and land them in Elyſium.

Oh! that thoſe fables of the ancient poets were but true! or that I knew but ſomething certain of our future ſtate! whether the ſoul ſurvives or no, when death has ſtopped the circulation of our blood; and what becomes of that immortal ſubſtance after its parting from the body; whether it paſs by tranſmigration into the embryo of ſome other animal, as Pythagoras taught, or be united, ſwallowed up, and loſt, in the univerſal ſoul of the world, as Plato did believe; or, if ſome other magnet does attract its preſence, and hidden ſympathies of nature teach it to form itſelf a vehicle or body of the elements. Perhaps ſome ſouls unite with air, whilſt others mix with water, earth, or purer ſkies. This for its horrid ſins in mortal ſtate, may be, by the eternal Nemeſis, ſunk down into the fatal caverns of Mount Etna, Strombolo, or Veſuvius, there to incorporate with burning rivers and lakes of ſulphur and other minerals, to hear perpetually the frightful cracking, rumbling, and loud thunders of thoſe infernal vaults, to be without intermiſſion annoyed with the eternal ſtench of melted mines, whoſe poignant vapours equally kill it and revive it every moment, that it may be confined to an endleſs circle of miſeries; to feel the excruciating torments which no tongue can utter; whilſt the inceſſant, rapid motion of thoſe exalted, and moſt violent fires with which it is embodied, by decree of fate, rob it of the very poſſibility of the leaſt eaſy thought or quiet minute, and at the ſame time rack it with infinite tortures.

Think not, my dear phyſician, that it is impoſſible a

ſeparate ſpirit can thus be ſenſible of pains: There is no ſuch thing as a ſeparate ſpirit, ſave God, who made all bodies, and therefore was before them. The angels themſelves are partly corporeal; ſo are the devils. Do not believe then, that mortal man, who is in a middle ſtate between theſe two, ſhall, by dying, gain a privilege above the moſt illuſtrious ſpirits in heaven. As ſoon as death has diſlodged us from one body, nature, providence, or fate, provides us another, according to our qualities, inclinations, and merits. We may as well by metempſychoſis become the ſpirit or ſoul of a flaming ſulphur mine, or at leaſt of ſome part of it, as of an horſe, an eagle, or a dove; for ſuch, for aught we know, may be the diſpoſitions of divine wiſdom, juſtice, and omnipotence.

By the very ſame reaſon another ſoul may be tranſported to the open happy ſkies, where it may either range in boundleſs, free, and ſerene tracks of bliſs, or be enfranchiſed in the corporations of the ſtars, to dwell in palaces of azure, topazes, and diamonds, to poſſeſs provinces more rich than in Peru or Guinea, where the ruſtics plough up gold more beautiful and pleaſant than the famous fields of Theſſaly. God knows what will become of us after our diſſolution; but the ignorance of this one truth occaſions all my melancholy.

Death is not formidable of itſelf, nor all the dolorous circumſtances that precede it; it is only what comes after raiſes all my terror. Were I to melt away in lingering agues and conſumptions, or to be ſooner poſted off in high-wrought fevers, pleuriſies, or peſtilence; or if it were my fate to die by piſtol, ſword, or poiſon, or any other kind of ſlow or ſudden death, allotted me from chance or nature, providence or fate; ſhould heaven conſume me in a trice by lightning, or this globe, with equal ſwiftneſs, bury me in ſome ſurpriſing earthquake, it

would be all one to Mahmut, were it not for the after-claps, to which I am a ſtranger. I tremble at the hidden and unſearchable force of nature; I dread the irreverſible, unknown decrees of fate, the ſecret methods of eternal deſtiny, the laws and order of the other world, in billeting the troops of human ſouls that go to winter there after this life's campaign is finiſhed.

Once in a cold and froſty evening, as I was travelling over a bleak, wide plain, and felt the penetrating blaſts of north-eaſt winds, with chilling ſleet, which fell upon me from the clouds, my ſpirits alſo tired with tedious journeys, and my anxious thoughts being wholly taken up about a reſting-place that night, and how to avoid the aſſault of robbers, with a thouſand other perils threatening a ſtranger on the road; at length I chanced to think of the untried and remote voyage I muſt one day make to another world: It chilled my blood to imagine the diſconſolate, naked circumſtances of a ſeparate ſoul, which, for aught I knew, might be bewildered, loſt, and forced to wander up and down, through untraced waſtes of miſty, frozen air, where the inhoſpitable element affords no guides, no caravanſeras to comfortleſs, poor, ſtraggling ghoſts, unleſs they would accept a lodging in ſome cloud, the ciſtern and chariot of rain, hail, or ſnow, there to incorporate with the unwelcome meteors, and be whirled round the globe, or elſe precipitated down to earth again in ſhowers, from thence perhaps to be exhaled by the ſun, and mixed with embryos of lightning, fiery dragons, ignes fatui, or other bodies hourly flaming in the welkin, and thus to circulate in endleſs tranſmigrations. Who knows the circumſtances of departed ſouls, or laws of a ſeparate ſtate? Let him declare what uſage we ſhall find in that inviſible and dark receſs from life; he ſhall be then e-

ſeemed more than Apollo by the penſive Mahmut. Not the old Delphic oracle could receive greater reverence from the inquiſitive world, nor Mecca now from devout muſſulman pilgrims, or Medina Talnabi, where the prophet reſts in peace, than ſuch an one ſhould have from me, who could with unfeigned truth diſcover how we ſhall be diſpoſed of when we die. But I am cloyed and naufeated with the dull romances of the prieſts and derviſes.

My friend, let thou and I learn to improve the joys of preſent life, and not by damned miſtakes deprive ourſelves of double happineſs; but let us ſo comport ourſelves, that our tranſmigration may be but from the pleaſures of earth to thoſe of heaven, from one paradiſe to another.

Paris, 6th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year 1667.

XVII.—*To* Kerker Hassan, *Baſſa.*

The bleſſings of God and his prophet cheer thy heart, as thou haſt exhilarated mine by thy laſt letter, wherein thou encourageſt me with the hopes of being removed from this diſagreeable poſt, to one more delightful and happy, even to a ſweet country retirement, either in Arabia, or any other part of the Grand Signior's dominions, which is the very mark of all my wiſhes.

I have a natural averſion for great and populous cities. They ſeem to be ſo many magnificent ſepulchres of the living, where men are ſhut up, impriſoned, and buried from all commerce with the elements; or they are like hoſpitals and peſt-houſes, where people crowd, infect, and ſtink one another to death with a thouſand pollutions: They hive together like bees, and build their

apartments in darkneſs; like neſts of piſmires, they trudge up and down all the ſummer of their youth to heap up treaſures, that they may ſpend the winter of their old age in loathſome eaſe and benumbed ſtupidity; not daring to venture out of the purlieu of their naſty, ſmoky habitations, and yet they are ready to be ſtifled with their own breath.

It is with pleaſure I contemplate the face of the infant earth, before it was deformed by the unneceſſary arts of the carpenter, ſmith, and maſon; when men had no other houſes ſave what they made themſelves, every one for his family, of the branches and boughs of trees, interwoven with oſiers, reeds, and ivy, and covered thick with leaves and graſs, to ſhelter them from wind, hail, rain, and other injuries of weather; or, perhaps, ſome had found out a den, or a cave in the earth, or the hollow of a rock, for a ſanctuary in ſuch caſes, where they repoſed in perfect tranquillity, without fear of ſnares or violence, without apprehenſion of robbers, or any tragical ſurpriſe; they went out and in, ſleeped and waked, laboured and reſted, in ſafety and quiet; avarice, envy, and injuſtice had not as yet corrupted the minds of mortals; the earth brought forth corn, herbage, and fruits, without the huſbandman's or gardener's labour; all places abounded with plenty of innocent refreſhments, and thoſe primitive inhabitants coveted no more; the cattle and bees afforded them milk and honey, and the fountain waters were generous as wine. This globe was a complete paradiſe, and no miſtaken zeal had taught men religiouſly to invade one another's rights, and in a pious fury to murder their neighbours, in hopes of meriting heaven hereafter; there was no ſuch thing as bigotry or ſuperſtition to be found among any of human race; the law of nature was in univerſal force; every man purſued

the dictates of reaſon, without hearkening after religion, ſophiſtry, and ſacred fables.

But when once the lucre of gold had corrupted men's manners, and they, not contented with the riches and ſweets which they daily cropped from the ſurface of the earth, had found a way to deſcend into her bowels, ſtung with an inſatiable deſire of hidden treaſures; then began injuſtice, oppreſſion, and cruelty to take place: Men made incloſures to themſelves, and encompaſſed a certain portion of land with hedges, ditches, and pales, to fence them from the invaſions of others; for the guilt of their own vicious inclinations filled them with fears, and made them jealous of one another. They built themſelves ſtrong-holds, fortreſſes, caſtles, and cities; and their terrors increaſing with their criminal poſſeſſions, they perſuaded themſelves, that the very elements would prove their enemies, if not pacified by bribes and preſents. Hence ſprung the firſt invention of altars and ſacrifices; and from theſe vain panic fears of mortals, the gods derived their pedigree; for one built a temple to the ſun, another to the moon, a third to Jupiter, Mars, or the reſt of the planets; ſome adored the fire, others the water or wind: every one ſet up to himſelf ſuch a god as he fancied would be propitious to him. Thus error being equally propagated with human nature, they created an infinite rabble of imaginary deities, paying to thoſe idols the ſupreme and incommunicable honours due only to the Eternal Eſſence, Father and Source of all things.

Beſides, they lived in intolerable pride and luxury, in conſtant wars and ſtrife, in darkneſs, ignorance, and confuſion. I ſpeak of ſuch as dwelt in cities, and were incorporated together by one common intereſt; for ſtill there remained ſome who obeyed the original laws of nature, and the traditions of primitive humanity.

Theſe dwelt in tents, or other moveable habitations, as our countrymen the Arabs do at this day, with the Tartars their brethren. They ſcorned to faſten themſelves to the earth, by poſſeſſing any part of it in propriety: every field and wood, hill and valley, river and well, were with them in common; they ſtraggled whither they pleaſed.

This is the life ſo emulated by me, or, inſtead of that, at leaſt a retirement from cities, that I may breathe out my laſt hours in a free air, remote from the ſtifling company and contagion of mortals. I long to range at liberty through unfrequented paths of deſart ground, over wild, unpoliſhed heaths, from thence inſenſibly to fall into ſome venerable ſolitude, where the dry, moſſy barks of trees, in ſilent characters, proclaim the antiquity of the place, and gentle whiſpers of the winds inſtruct the methods of Platonic love, inſpire ſtrange paſſions which we never felt before, and teach us to converſe with ſatyrs, nymphs, and other harmleſs tenants of the ſhades. How great is the pleaſure to be thus ſurpriſed with ſome harmonious, warbling ſtream, or ſilent, ſoft, deep, cryſtal river! to ſpeak incognito with dryads, hamadryads, and the ſporting echoes; to lie diſſolved in looſe, yet innocent enjoyments, on the banks, to talk with nature, with immortal ſubſtances, and with eternity itſelf! Oh God! is not this raviſhing?

It is difficult to ſay whether it would be pleaſant or painful to return from theſe ineffable parades of the ſoul, to our domeſtic felicities, though even in a rural life, which I acknowledge to be the happieſt on earth; yet there to trace the herds and flocks, to walk amidſt the high grown corn and graſs, to pluck the bearded ears of barley, to let our eyes roll over the various figures of the wind-blown wheat and millet, our noſes to ſuck the

fragrant airs of marjorum, thyme, oranges, and lemons, with innumerable ſpices, our ears to hear the inimitable melody of birds, and every ſenſe to be tranſported, ſnatched away, and loſt in ſacred ecſtaſies, muſt needs be ranked among the higheſt kinds of earthly pleaſures.

But to deſcend from theſe enjoyments to the meaneſt and moſt common diverſions of a country life, methinks there is ſomething peculiarly charming in the very cloiſtre ſituation of the houſes, whether it be on the brow of an hill or the bottom of a valley, in the midſt of a wood or the opening of an heath, on the ſide of a road or in ſome obſcure corner of the country; it is agreeable, when waking in the morning, to hear the bleating of ſheep, lowing of oxen, ſcreaming, quacking, and crowing of geeſe, ducks, cocks, and other homebred animals; to hear the louder winds threatening to tear up trees by the roots, demoliſh houſes, and remove the globe itſelf, if poſſible, from off its baſis. This would be better muſic to me, for a change, than a concert of dulcimers, theorbos, timbrels, and viols. Human nature delights in variety, and there is a certain audacious curioſity in the ſoul, which loves to venture on extremes. The rain, the dirt, the ſtink of hogs, camels, dromedaries, and other neceſſary rural beaſts, would pleaſe me better than the conſtant tedious eaſe and fulſome ſweets of court or city; I ſweat whilſt thus ſhut up within theſe walls; it cloys me to be daily walking in a circle; to trample away over the ſame ground, in a vaſt labyrinth of houſes, where my ſenſes meet no new refreſhing objects, but my ears are hourly nauſeated, vexed, and tired with the rattling din of coaches, carts, artificers, and the harſh voices of ſuch as ſell fleſh, fiſh, and other things about the ſtreets; my eyes can find no grateful proſpects, but daſhed with ſurly rugged looks

of proud and wealthy infidels, or with the ſly ſatiric ſmiles of well-ſhaped people, who contemn me for my bandy legs and crooked back.

In a word, my dear baſſa, I long to feel the gentle breezes of the Eaſt purifying my ſoul, and cleanſing it from ſo many pollutions; I languiſh for the ſight of turbans and creſcents, for the devout call of the muezins on the lofty minarets; I die in contemplation of the ſacred faſts and feaſts, the nocturnal joys of Ramezan, the revels and cheerful illuminations of Beiram, and the imperial dunalmas. When I think of theſe things, my ſoul burſts forth in fervent invocations, and every faculty cries, Alla, Alla.

May that divine and immortal one hear my prayers, and grant me the happineſs to ſee the face of noble Kerker Haſſan in an horizon pure and free from the defilement of infidels.

Paris, 14th of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1667.

XVIII.—*To* Isour, *his Couſin, a Merchant at Aſtracan.*

I SENT a diſpatch to thee in the year 1664, wherein, among other things, I recommended our couſin Solyman to thy friendſhip and patronage, if ever he ſhould travel to Aſtracan, as I adviſed him; for thou knoweſt he has a roaming genius, without the wit to improve himſelf in any foreign country, unleſs he has a friend to guide and take care of him; and then it will be a difficult taſk to make him ſenſible where he is; he will always think he is within the verge of the Grand Signior's hunt, where he may domineer at large, under the notion of a retainer to the ſultan; he is a ſtrange humoured fellow; I know not what to make of him; he is as

changeable as Proteus or a cameleon; ſometimes religiouſly dull and phlegmatic, like a hadgi; at another ſeaſon, you ſhall feel his pulſe beating to the tune of youthful pride, ambition, luſt, and other vices; to-day he would be a derviſe, ſantone, or any thing that bears the form of holineſs; but when he has ſlept upon it, the vain young convert would return again to the world, and be a ſoldier, courtier, profeſſor of the law, or any thing that makes a figure in the eyes of men; ſo unwelcome are the rigid paths of virtue to a ſoul not well eſtabliſhed in its principles.

And yet our couſin Solyman, as I am told, is the muſſulman of the muſſulmans as to his exterior. With hand devoutly laid to breaſt, and humbleſt couch of the head, he gives the Salem to his friends and neighbours; ſoft as the ſigns of mutes in the ſeraglio; humble, as the Grecian chapman, walking through the ſtreets, is forced to imitate, when he is hectored by the rampant janizaries.

But, Oh, my couſin Iſouf, it is grief to ſay, that Solyman, partaker of our blood, is baſe, ungrateful, and perfidious; that he ſhould be thus unnatural, ſtudying the utmoſt period of our life, inſtead of honeſt, juſt, and noble preſents to prolong it.

I had reaſon, long ago, to compare him to Pontius Pilate; and if I had gone on, and ſcummed off all the moſt enormous crimes of human race, it would be too little to expreſs his enmity againſt Mahmut, the kindeſt uncle and the trueſt friend that ever poor Solyman could boaſt of.

But he is degenerate, and that is too little, without the mournful ſighs of thee and me to increaſe the aggravation of his crime.

In fine, he is our kinſman, and let us ſhow mercy;

he has been perfidious to me, and I would retrench the words I have ſpoken in his diſgrace; if he comes to Aſtracan, do as thou pleaſeſt; but have an eye over thine own affairs; take not Solyman for an angel; he is ſtill but a turban-maker, a frolicſome blade, and a merchant that makes a very ſmall figure.

Couſin Iſouf, forget not the maxims thou haſt learned in thy travels: Be true to thy friends and thyſelf; honour the memory of thy deceaſed parents; love all men that are good; and be not remiſs in praying for the ſoul of thy deceaſed uncle, whenever God ſhall call for it.

Paris, 25th of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1667.

END OF VOLUME SIXTH.

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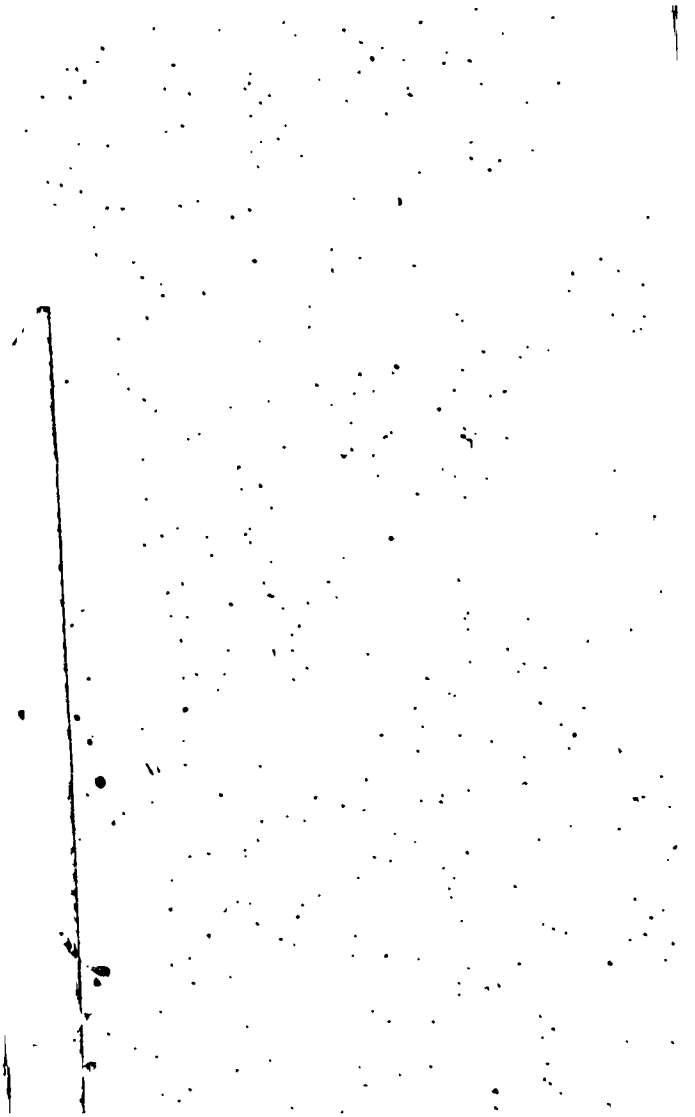

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